

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Edited by Joe Mitchell Chapple:



15 Cents



"It is not necessary to parboil this ham before broiling or frying"

*John Clark*

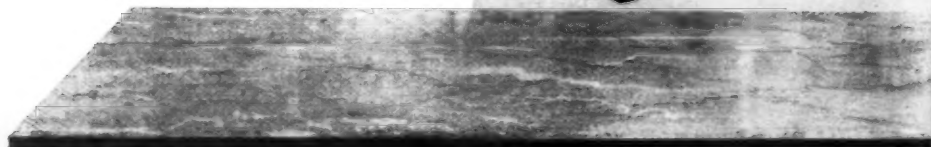
Potter's Grocery & Market  
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## "Swift's Premium" Ham

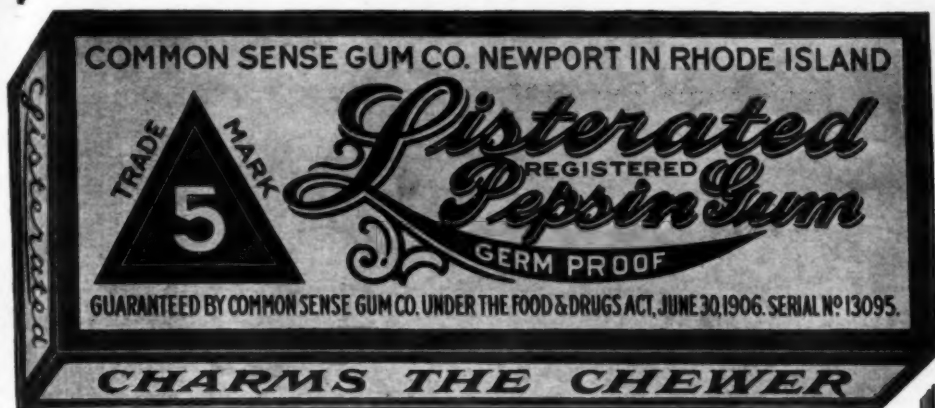
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broiler, and it will re-  
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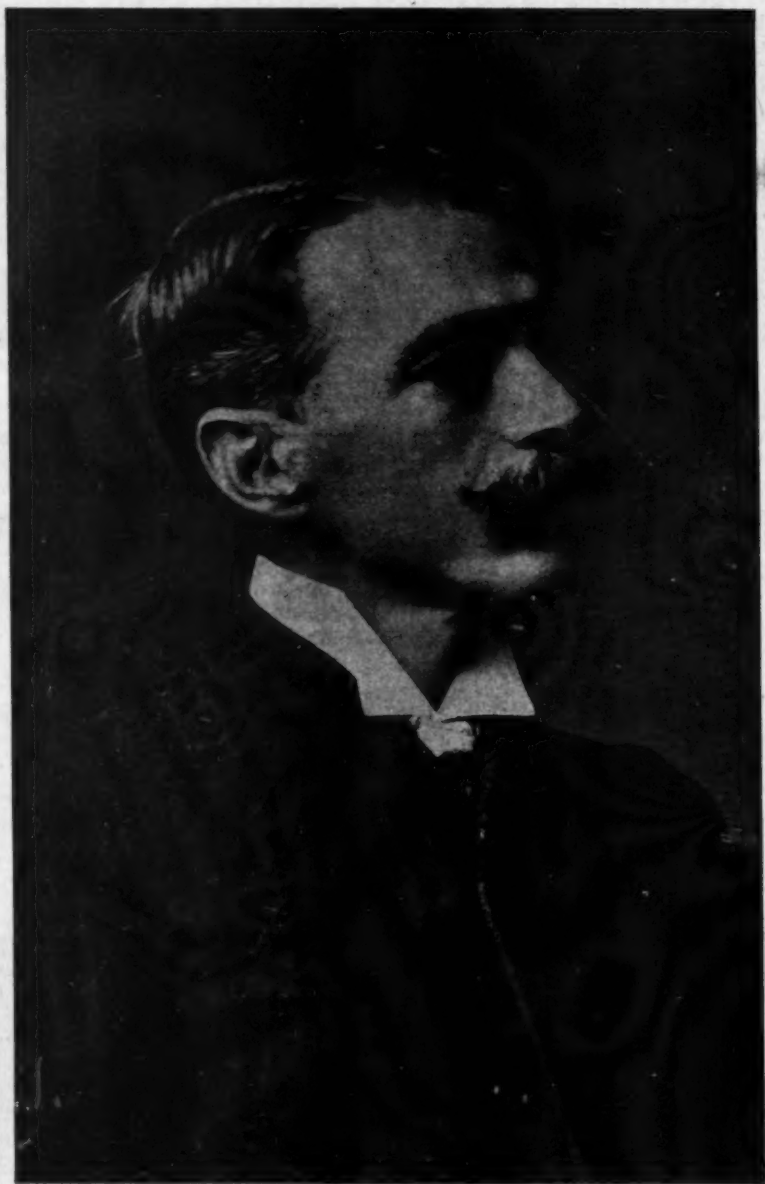


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"President Restrepo is an upright and liberty-loving citizen, whose principles could be compared with those of our greatest presidents" (Colombia and the Panama Canal, page 327)

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1913

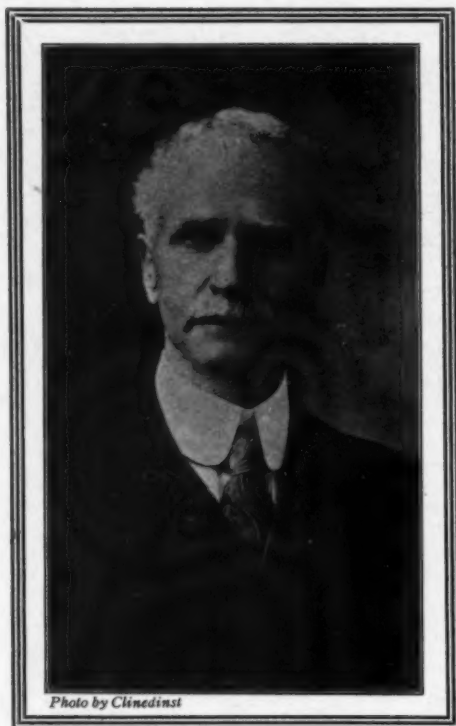
## Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

AS Thanksgiving approaches, a milder spirit of debate and conversation characterizes the association of public men at Washington, as they prepare for the first Monday in December, when, in accordance with the Constitution of the United States, the short session of Congress convenes. Portentous piles of the Congressional Record, reaching as high as the dome, to say nothing of veritable tons of testimony taken at various hearings, foretell a busy session, but the zest of putting new measures into the legislative hopper has to some extent worn away, for the grist of bills has found its way to the various committee rooms, where many thousands of them have entered into that rest from which there is no awakening. What legislative action will be taken it is difficult to foresee, given a President set upon doing certain things and the executive hoppers full of mitrailleuse and desired patronage.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE purple, hazy days of Indian summer were mostly overcast by rain, and the charms of the winter social season are enhanced by the general need of relaxation after an arduous summer's work. There will be infinitely more of the "recreation spirit" manifested during the coming winter than in "the good old summer time" just past, now that the two most momentous administration bills on the calendar have ridden out of the gale of office and come safely into harbor. The interesting sidelights on men and things afforded in the course of various hearings will be sadly missed in the column under the Washington date line, but the general public has been so surfeited with hearings that news of balls and musicales, not to speak of a real White House wedding, is a welcome diversion.



CONGRESSMAN CHARLES W. BELL

The California member who is an ardent champion of "Votes for Women." He is one of those quiet, modest men who does much, but says little, and has had much to do with progressive legislation in the Golden State

WHEN Senator Simmons and Representative Underwood gravely bowed their appreciation as each received one of the two gold pens with which President Wilson signed the Tariff Bill, an impressive scene was enacted at the White House. At nine minutes past nine on October 3, 1913, the President signed his first name with a pen which he handed to Mr. Underwood, and his last name with another which was delivered to Senator Simmons, to show the presidential intention of an impartial and fair division of the two trophies.

Instantly telegrams were flashed to the Custom House collectors throughout the country, and the first Democratic Tariff Bill since 1894 went into effect. The rush to the Custom Houses opened the flood gates of millions of dollars of imported merchandise awaiting that simple signature at Washington.

The new law was enacted without any bitterness in the attitude of Republican mem-

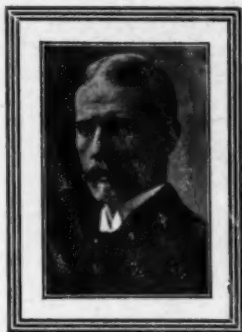
bers. As Congressman Mann said with a twinkle in his eye, "a fair trial would prove the necessity of conserving American markets for Americans," and "if the law operates to the advantage of the people without injury to the American wage-earner, we may be mistaken"—sentiments held by Senators Smoot, Gallinger, Warren and other leaders of the minority.

A few days after the enactment of the law, activity in foreign manufactures toward the capture of the American market was stimulated to a degree never before known. From every center—England, Germany, France and even Canada—a rush was made to get in cheaper goods at once. The effect of this upon American products will be watched with keen interest. Strange to say, it was found that the foreign prices seemed to advance surprisingly. The high cost of living problem has been transmitted, and the question now is "How much will the American people benefit in the lower cost of living, and how much will they suffer in the deduction from the production of American manufactures to supply the home market." It is difficult as yet to tell just what the developments will be, but the Democrats declare that they have at least done one thing—lowered the high cost of living.

**I**T was not all smooth sailing. There was agitation for appealing the five per cent preferential providing for all goods brought to America in American ships. It was felt that this might interfere with treaties signed years ago, but Mr. Underwood, despite the activities of his campaign, insisted that this preferential must be provided to build up the American merchant marine. In essence this involves taking from the reduced rates in the Underwood Bill five per cent additional on all goods imported in American shipping.

From Hamburg comes word of the increased exportation in earthenware, porcelains, packing paper and celluloids, to say nothing of beet sugar. In England the British producers are lining up for an attack on the Yankee shoe trade. There is a feeling that the tremendous prosperity of the country, unexampled in all history, may avert some of the prophesied calamities to the American wage-earner's envelope. The American manufacturers, by becoming interested and allied with foreign industries, may be able to maintain prices that will not immediately be disastrous or ruinous, as was the case in '93, but astute observers feel that the Democratic tariff bill will only be a brief experiment, and that its chief usefulness will be in forcing a proper revision and equitable adjustment of tariff rates.

It was well known in Washington that many Democrats felt doubtful of the success of the bill, although they stood by the administration policy.



**HON. HENRY VAN DYKE**  
The New Jersey author, who has been appointed Ambassador to Holland by President Wilson

**S**CARCELY was the ink dry on the Tariff Bill when the President arose and in his easy, felicitous way insisted that his party had only gone half way toward the goal, and that the Currency Bill must be enacted. Therefore the Democrats had no time for a breathing spell, though when the Thanksgiving holidays approached, there was a feeling of thankfulness in legislative hearts that at least one bill was passed, and they might give attention to other matters besides the tariff.

**O**N an autumn twilight I stood on the terrace of the Capitol outside the marble room, utilized during the summer by Senators who desired a smoke and a breath of outside air during a session. The wicker rockers suggested the veranda of a popular summer resort. The executive sessions of the Senate were adjourning late, and inside the Senate Chamber the air was blue with tobacco smoke as appointment reflections and observations were made. The historic terrace of the Parliament Houses at Westminster was suggested, except that the tea-tables and the tall hats were absent and there was no distant rumble of London traffic. In this meditative mood I looked out upon a twilight panorama that thrilled me as never before with a realization of the beauty and grandeur of the National Capitol.

A purple haze and pink after-glow gilded the western sky. Off to the left on the skyline towered Washington Monument, awaiting the first rays of the searchlight. Silhouetted on the horizon near by was the mosque-like



dome of the new National Museum. The tower of the post-office building loomed up in the center like an old castle. In the distance, toward Arlington, electric cars far away were threading in and out among the sombre gloom of the woodland, and the twinkling lights seemed like tiny Jack-o'-lanterns or sprites at play. On the right were the sparkling and ghastly green lights of the Government Printing Office, and the white shadows of the new Post-office, clinging close to the classic outlines of the Grecian Terminal Station, were a contrast of infernal and celestial color.

In the foreground Pennsylvania Avenue fringed with foliage, the scene of many inaugural parades, military and naval splendor, narrowed toward the Treasury. The pedestal of the new Grant Monument nestled in the leafy botanical garden below. This to me was a scene grander than that described from the heights of Olympus. How I longed for the genius of the artist to put on canvas this inspiring scene. Alone, as one of the ninety million Americans, a citizen of the Republic, I stood looking upon the beautiful Capitol grounds with all the pride and enthusiasm of ownership.



THE ENGLISH MODEL FLYING-BOAT

The latest flying-boat, designed by Glenn H. Curtiss to exhibit to English sportsmen. This type of flying-boat is used by the United States Navy

**A**FTER visiting nearly all the capitals of the old world, I now understand the appreciation of so many foreigners of the "City Beautiful" as the one place that lingers foremost in memory after a visit to America.

The setting and environment for the capital of a mighty nation seemed more appropriate just then than ever before. The great scenes of American history were suggested; in fancy one could see George Washington dismount from his horse and push his way through the brush to make a survey along



the swamp and historic creek of this very land. Washington's dream of the capital city of the new nation was a reality to him as he pored over the plans with Major L'Enfant. In the little triangles of colored dots on the map, bordered by the diagonal avenues and cross-streets, was the vision of the miniature parks now dotting the view, where statuary gleams in the green, leaving a sculptured record of American military and civic genius.

Visitors at Washington often fail to obtain the complete perspective;—the sweep of the capital plans is to some extent realized in the present beauty of the city, but the scope for the increasing splendor of a capital city, upon which a wealthy, generous nation could lavish buildings, statues, parks and institutions adequately and permanently commemorating the lofty personalities and important events of national history, escapes average comprehension.

The shadows deepened along the horizon—the silhouetted sky-line had faded, but as the curtain of night gathered, the searchlight focused a pillar of white light playing upon Washington's monument, not included in his dreams. The lights rimming the radiating avenues marked the peopled highways—some sombre in the shadow of foliage, some brilliant where the sidelights of moving picture shows prevailed, but all outlining the magic wheel of L'Enfant's new Paris.

Here was a living, pulsating moving picture of an autumn night, with the turning leaves quivering in the soft breeze as if loath to leave the branch. The stars were challenging the electric lights for their ancient franchise of the skies. As I walked down the steps and turned about, the arc light in the apex of the Capitol shimmered like a beacon, indicating that Congress was still in session. The harvest moon, coquettishly atilt at the side of the massive dome, added her glory to the nocturnal picture. The sky was sparsely clustered with stars, and I felt that this last view was complete, unfolding an imperial, celestial painted emblem of the nation with a constellation of planets, representing various states in a field of majestic, eternal blue, glorifying the ensign the world honors and a nation loves.

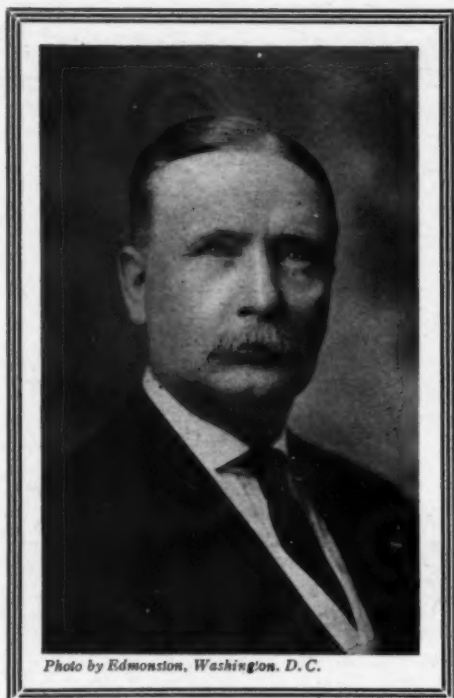
On reaching the avenue the clang of the street car and "Fares, please,"



(Photo by Clinedinst)

MISS KATHERINE TILLMAN

The daughter of Colonel S. E. Tillman, long associated with the United States Military Academy. Miss Tillman has been much entertained in Washington, where she has many friends



*Photo by Edmonston, Washington, D. C.*

**HON. HENRY T. HELGESEN**

The North Dakota Congressman, who is described as one of the most hard-working, practical members of the present House of Representatives

brought me back to the prosaic activities of American life, which of themselves makethese autumn twilight pictures a reality—a glorious fact and not merely a dream picture.

\* \* \*

**W**ELL toward the northeast of North Dakota, from the Pembina Mountain district, comes Henry T. Helgesen, Congressman from the First District. He has been in public service for some years and while he has not been one of the spectacular figures that attracts universal attention, there has been something in his rugged work that appeals to the electors of North Dakota.

He became active in state politics in the territorial days and made a stalwart fight against the domination of the railroad and corporation interests. It was a long fight extending through twenty years, and his battle line has grown from the corporal's guard summoned by "a voice in the wilderness"

calling the manhood of the state to arms, to a mighty organization that numbers in its ranks the best men of the state. In this fight many signal victories have been won for the people, notably primary laws, anti-pass laws, corrupt practice acts, non-partisan judiciary, reduction by law of freight and passenger charges and fair valuation of railway and corporation property.

With all of these measures absorbing his active interest, Congressman Helgesen has never deviated from the lines laid down in early candidacies, and has stood steadfast, disregarding threats and ridicule, just "hammering away" in Dakota fashion. He is one of the men who has proved the power of effective oratory. On every possible occasion he has addressed the people, and it must be a satisfaction to realize that he has at last reached them, and year by year has seen the Republicans adopting the reforms advocated by him from the beginning. His work in Congress has been consistent with the work he did in his home state. Party caucuses or agreements mean to him but little. He remains steadfastly Republican, believing that every industry should be protected by a duty that measures the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad.

Mr. Helgesen opposed the Canadian Reciprocity pact, claiming that its adoption would practically mean placing the products of the American farm

on the free list, and would compel the American farmer to sell his products in open competition with the markets of the world, while at the same time forcing him to buy everything he used in a protected market. Congressman Helgesen's interest in the farmer is easily explained. He was born on a farm near Decorah, Iowa, and after receiving an education in the public schools and the Normal Institute and Business College of Decorah, he located in 1887 in North Dakota. He was first commissioner of agriculture and labor of the new state of North Dakota, and thus he knows the needs of the farmer from first-hand experience. The North Dakota legislator has long been prominently identified with Progressive Republican policies, but declares that meritorious legislation introduced by Democrats would command his vote. Among his fellow-workers at the national capital Mr. Helgesen has won a recognition of which his state might well be proud.

\* \* \* \* \*

EVIDENCE accumulates in the reports from Cuba that President Menocal is making real history. Upon his inauguration as head of the new republic, he began at the foundation to construct and has fulfilled the popular impression of an honest and earnest executive. His country was fortunate in securing his services at the right time. Although a Cuban to the core, he has a vision of the future of the country that reaches beyond the shore line of the Pearl of the Antilles and is going to bring his country to the fore rank of prosperous and thriving young republics. He has done much to stimulate and economize the industries of the island republic. Increasing his individual investments in sugar factories in the east of the island, he furnished further proof of his convictions.

Many reforms have been inaugurated, not with trumpets, but in a business-like way. The President's secretary, Dr. Minez, has divided the city of Havana into twenty-two districts, with physicians at the head of each, to inspect dairies, stables and all establishments where products are



(Photo by Clinedinst)

MISS ESTHER WILLING BROOKE FOOTE  
A Washington girl who made her debut last season, and is taking a prominent part in social affairs of the present year. She is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Brooke Foote

made for the nourishment of infants. The hygienic condition of Havana will rank today with that of any city in the world. The secretary of the Cuban government has already taken an active step toward restraining the use of firearms and toward encouraging a love of peace, after many years of strife. The abrogation of a concession in favor of a company which had in charge the dredging of the harbor of the country has brought forth hearty congratulations from all classes of people.

President Menocal, when approached on the subject by representatives of foreign corporations, insisted that he expected them to see that every obligation with the government was fulfilled. There is no doubt that the party in power under the leadership of President Menocal is much stronger than at election time, for that faction of the Liberal party under the leadership of Dr.

Zayas, former Vice-President of the republic, has joined forces with the Menocal administration. If his policy succeeds, the progress in Cuba under President Menocal will be an illustrious example for republics of South America. It shows how simple the promotion of stable government can be made if the people only have confidence in the ability and integrity of their leaders.

Menocal is an honest man. This much is conceded even by his rivals, who admit that the President of Cuba has the confidence of the people at home to an extent that is most gratifying to all the good Cuban citizens, of all political parties.

\* \* \*

THE only woman member in the press gallery at Washington is Mrs. Mira Webster Richards, and an active and popular member she is. Mrs. Richards is the widow of George F. Richards of Exeter, New Hampshire, a well-known newspaper man, and was closely associated with him in his

work. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Richards came to Washington, and for the past three years has been the exclusive Washington correspondent for the *Manchester Union*, *Concord Monitor* and *Nashua Telegraph*—three of the largest dailies in New Hampshire. Although these papers were sometimes far apart in political policy, Mrs. Richards, with her woman's



CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM L. IGOE

Who started his career as a Western Union messenger boy and is today one of St. Louis' most influential leaders

tact and intuition, successfully filled all their varied requirements. Mrs. Richards has also recently become the Washington correspondent for the Manchester *Mirror*, another leading New Hampshire daily.

Among the newspaper men Mrs. Richards is especially popular. She shares equally with the others the long hours, as well as the comradeship of the press gallery. So modestly inconspicuous indeed does she make herself that it was a year before a magazine editor discovered her. As one of the two hundred members of the gallery, Mrs. Richards has described many important events during her three strenuous and trying years at Washington. She is neither a club woman nor a suffragette, but devotes herself wholly to her work. Besides her newspaper duties, she finds time also for an occasional magazine article and other literary work.

\* \* \*



MRS. MIRA W. RICHARDS

The only woman member of the Press Gallery in Washington

JUST across Executive Avenue from the White House offices in Washington open the portals of the State Department. Visitors who arrive after five o'clock, when the elevator stops running, are compelled to ascend two long, winding pair of stone steps, but the Secretary's office in the State Department has long been working over-time, and is ablaze with light. In room 212 sits Secretary Wyvell, one of the Cornell boys from Ithaca, New York, who since college days has given hearty support to Mr. Bryan.

A suitcase whose exterior tells of strenuous travel and activity, has a prominent place among the stately, sombre furnishings of the office, and the bright polish of the new flat-top desk, under the dignified stare of former Secretaries of State as portrayed around the walls, is another evidence of the personality of the present incumbent.

In the rooms of the State Department, throngs of visitors assemble, remaining even as late as seven o'clock just for an opportunity to see Secretary Bryan, who naturally has more visitors than any other member of the Cabinet. On this particular night the Minister of San Domingo with his arms full of papers has just left, and Secretary Bryan is seated at the desk gathering up his notes and the scattered memoranda of an international conference.



The massive desk is fringed with accumulated papers, and here and there are pencil-scribbled notes which have been already incorporated in state documents—a scrap of paper with a few words is oftentimes the germ of an important state document. Mr. Bryan's activities and official habits differ so radically from those of his predecessors that it has occasioned comment among Washington people who are largely wedded to tradition. None have ever been able to accuse the new Secretary of being aught but the busiest of men, but his methods are both unusual and unconventional, and he insists upon Jeffersonian simplicity, and feels that by doing things in his own way he is dispatching business much more rapidly than by conforming to the habits of his predecessors.

When a knotty problem confronts him, Mr. Bryan writes a letter to a friend to find out the facts in a simple and direct way. There is always some

friend somewhere who can throw light upon a vexed question. Mr. Bryan's travels around the world and in foreign countries have served him well in his present position, for there is scarcely any country in a circle of the globe which he has not visited, and in which he has not personal and accomplished correspondents. He does not delve to any great extent into details, but keeps in mind the great and important problems and purposes at hand.

If some of his critics could follow William Jennings Bryan on one of his working days at Washington, his industry and hours of labor would occasion commendation rather than criticism. In his work at Washington he continues and often exceeds the always arduous effort that has characterized his career. Far into the night his labors continue, and the only indication of activity in the long, dark corridors at the State Department, with its black-and-white chequered floor is the presence of Edwin Savoy, the colored messenger, who has been on duty in the Department since 1869. During his years of service many Secretaries have come and gone, but if you want to know which one



MR. WALT MASON

The writer of the American "prose poem," known to millions of readers as the original breakfast table poet



puts in the longest hours at the office, ask the messenger who patiently keeps sentry outside the door. With his usual candor Mr. Bryan told exactly why he felt it proper to fulfill a number of Chautauqua engagements during the usual time allotted him for his vacation period.

When critics attacked his course, he purposely placed the object of his Chautauqua lectures on the lowest possible plane—a financial reason. He had other reasons, but thought it best to take that which his opponents would be most likely to choose. Furthermore, he insists that if he were to supplement his salary by such means to enable him to live up to all the requirements of his position, it would not only be his right and privilege but his duty to do so, rather than to depend on outside resources: For what property he possesses is not of such a nature as to produce the revenue required to maintain him in his position as Secretary of State.

Introduced to audiences as Secretary of State adds little or nothing to the interest attached to the personality of "Mr. Bryan," under which designation he insisted upon being introduced during his Chautauquan engagements. To those who have known him for many years, Secretary Bryan differs in no respect of geniality, courtesy and fair dealing from William Jennings Bryan, publicist, author and orator—Chautauquan or political.

As Premier of the Cabinet he has maintained that position in deed as well as in name, and many a conference has been held in the White House with President Wilson. The companionship and friendship between the President and his Secretary of State is inspiring, in view of the too frequent jealousy among public officials. Whatever may be thought of his policies, all must admit that the charm of Mr. Bryan's personality has added lustre and distinction to the Wilson administration. In fact, it has been quite as much of a Bryan administration as if Mr. Bryan himself were in the White House, because in conference and action he finds himself in full accord with his chief, Woodrow Wilson.



HON. J. SLOAT FASSETT

The former Congressman from New York, and a close student of the Philippine problem

# "A Get Together" Genius In The Senate by The Editor

A MOVEMENT of nation-wide interest to members of the Progressive and Republican parties was recently initiated in Maryland, where both factions met and talked over their differences, preparatory to forming a combined and solid front for future campaigns. At a great mass meeting, leaders on both sides gathered together and adopted resolutions which were later passed by the Republican state convention. At the Baltimore meeting, Senator Jackson of Maryland was in the chair, and his ringing address awakened the party's spirit of union and confidence. The "get-together" genius of William P. Jackson was in its best working shape.

The Senator's father, still hale and hearty, was one of the first

Republican congressmen from Maryland, and the people on the eastern shore still swear by "Uncle Bill Jackson," whose leadership and liberality in service and substance always indicated a sincere devotion to his convictions. The vote on the eastern shore of Maryland has a get-

together, stay-together complexion which always inspires confidence and leads to victory.

When Senator Jackson opened the fireworks at the recent Baltimore meeting, he stated its purpose as if it had been a business proposition. He talked it over in his "get-together" way. The meeting was a pronounced success, and Senator Jackson received hearty congratulations from brother senators, Progressive and veteran alike. Letters from many colleagues in



SENATOR WILLIAM P. JACKSON

"Success in business and clear-headed judgment, coupled always with the rarer talent of 'getting together,' fitted him for public life"

his party invariably expressed a hope that the "Maryland method" might be adopted in every state, by all factions who believe in the fundamental ideals of the party.

Getting people together is the natural gift of William Purnell Jackson. It matters not whether he is at a political meeting in the Marble Room of the Senate, at his home in Salisbury, or at his camp in the Adirondacks. He mingles with the people himself. Maryland adjoins the District of Columbia and its senators receive frequent visits from the folks at home. You can see the old spirit of the Eastern Shore as Senator Jackson at Washington comes up with a hearty old-time greeting for friends and constituents. The cold and lofty Senatorial reception of popular tradition has no place in the cordial welcome given by Senator Jackson. He typifies the Maryland spirit.

He was born at Salisbury, Maryland, and received his early education in the county public schools, later attending school at Dover, Delaware. As a young man he started work in his father's mill at thirty-five cents a day, and learned the lumber business "from the bottom up." His get-together genius was manifested as he mounted the ladder, and for ten years now he has been active in the organization and management of the Jackson Brothers Company. Success in business and clear-headed judgment—coupled always with the rarer talent of "getting together"—fitted him for public life, and his appointment to the United States Senate by Governor Goldsborough came at an important time for his party. He is one of the youngest Senators in the present Congress, but has a matured and well-balanced mind, and is already looked upon as one of the leaders in the national councils of his party.

He has the strength of his convictions. This summer, I found him, on his brief vacation at Loon Lake, working out some simple propositions on the problem of taxation. He believes primarily that stock in a corporation is nothing more than a sub-divided deed of ownership of a plant or institution, and that property should be taxed on proper valuations in the town, city or county where it is located. Bonds, he insists, are sub-divided mortgages for

convenience, and taxes should go directly against what is taxable in the state or states where taxable.

As we sat in Senator Jackson's camp, surveying from the broad windows and open door the silvery waters of Loon Lake just below, the talk shifted from taxation to general subjects and back to the political



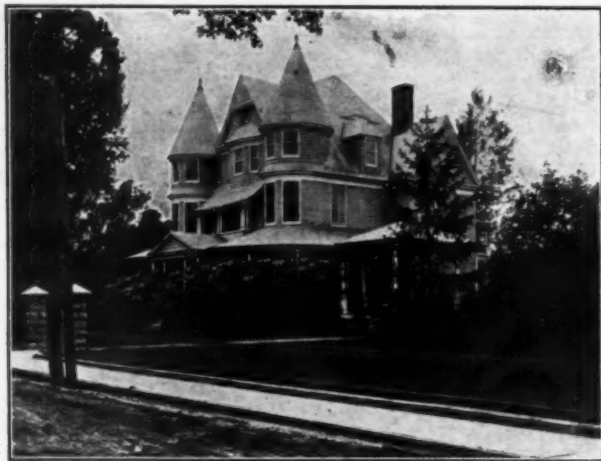
MRS. WILLIAM P. JACKSON

"The lady of the Jackson household also has the genial, kindly nature of her husband, and graces informal little gatherings with the same charm as the most formal official receptions".

situation. The Senator lowered his gaze from an Adirondack peak opposite and remarked: "We must keep our vision, and sight the high spots on the horizon to get the proper political bearings." The stately cedars outside were swaying in the early autumn rains, but the glow of the great fireplace in that beautiful camp, built of timber from his own mills, reflected the cheery spirit of the young Senator from Maryland, thinking out, amid the natural beauties of his camp, a plan to bring discordant factions together and make his party an invincible phalanx in the coming campaigns, on issues vitally affecting the welfare of his constituents.

For many years Senator Jackson has been enjoying brief vacations at Loon Lake, and his camp, "Quantico," named for a famous Indian chief, is one of the charming and unique summer homes in the Adirondacks. Loon Lake is a beautiful sheet of water fed by springs, seventeen hundred feet above sea level, and is surrounded by a beautiful estate of four thousand acres. Here, years ago, Mr.

discussed. There are whist and bridge parties and sociability is enhanced by a rainy day "in camp." The house parties and receptions given by Senator and Mrs. Jackson make a scene that would fulfill the dreams of Adirondacks Murray. For the lady of the Jackson household also has the genial, kindly nature of her husband, and graces the informal little gatherings at Loon Lake with the same charm



SENATOR JACKSON'S HOME, SALISBURY, MARYLAND

and Mrs. Chase founded Loon Lake House and today many of the campers at the Lake have their meals furnished at the olive-tinted hotel among the cedars.

A rainy day at the Adirondacks has a charm all its own. The guests gather about the tables and write delayed letters home. Advertising blotters, announcing everything from cough drops to typewriters, look sociable. Here it is that forgotten political skirmishes are resurrected and

as the most formal official receptions at Washington.]

Now that the "Maryland method" of "getting together" has proved so successful, Senator Jackson is besieged with demands from his colleagues for help and counsel, to urge Progressives and Republicans to come together and to show them how to weld political convictions and make allies of all good people and good ideas for effective service.

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The chief springs of human conduct are group emotions; and the groups with which we share those emotions vary in magnitude from a man and his companion to a nation, a continent, and a world.

—George Calderon.



THE PRISONER AND DEPUTY SHERIFF IN "BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE"  
Mr. John Barrymore and Miss Mary Young in the John Craig-Harvard "prize play" produced this season on Broadway

## In Broadway Playhouses

by Ann Randolph

IT began auspiciously enough—the new season at the theaters. One opening followed another, critical notices were generally favorable, and most of the new productions seemed equally successful. The first sensation of the season was George Scarborough's play, "The Lure," soon followed by Bayard Veiller's "The Fight." Both were founded on the white slave traffic, and both were censured after much newspaper discussion and the intervention of Secretary William Gibbs McAdoo of the President's cabinet. Revisions were made, and the objectionable features eliminated; "The Lure" and "The Fight" went on again, still with thrills enough to attract large audiences.

Miss Mary Nash, who last year, in "The Woman," so successfully played the role of the telephone girl, is cast as the victim in "The Lure," and I had the pleasure of a brief talk with her

in her dressing-room before the curtain went up. She thought, in common I believe with all the people in theatrical circles, that "The Lure" was an effective, worthy drama before the play censors ordered it revised. It was advertised as "The Drama that Will Reform the World," and the capable company which presented it acted their parts in accordance with this epithet.

"Of course, 'The Lure' caused a good deal of a sensation," said Miss Nash, "because it was a different kind of play from what people were accustomed to witnessing even on Broadway. Our company has had all sorts of exciting experiences. When there were reports that the play was going to close, dozens of new manuscripts were submitted to me with a great variety of parts. These ran from shop girls and waitresses to miners' daughters; there wasn't a 'dressed up'



MISS JANET BEECHER

In "The Great Adventure," Arnold Bennett's brilliant comedy produced by Winthrop Ames

part in the lot. I said to Mother, as we looked them over, 'I don't believe I'll ever have a chance to play lady again.'"

Anyone who has seen Miss Nash portray Sylvia Jones, the little department store clerk in "The Lure," will hope that she may keep to simple, lovable parts and leave the stage 'ladies' to others.

While Miss Nash was talking of her work in creating Sylvia's part, Mr. George Scarborough, the author of "The Lure," came into the dressing-room. He had just returned from California where "The Lure" was being rehearsed by a second company, and had not seen the New York production since its revision. Through the performance he sat quietly in a box, making notes now and then, and during the intermissions he slipped in back-stage to consult with the stage manager.

A representative audience watched the play; Sir Johnstone and Lady Forbes-Robertson (Gertrude Elliott) and Mr. Alexander Scott-Gatty, the English actor, were in the stage-box; for the Forbes-Robertson "farewell tour" was not yet begun in New York. This feature opened the new Shubert Theater, and the repertory included "Hamlet," "The Light that Failed," "Mice and Men" and other plays in which Forbes-Robertson is most popular.

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After the excitement of the white slave dramas had subsided, it developed that several new and exceedingly clever plays were quietly enjoying the success of large audiences who went away pleased and "told their friends about it." "The Temperamental Journey," with Mr. Leo Ditrichstein, is one of the most subtle and entertaining plays of many seasons. It has to do with an artist whose work is recognized after his supposed death, while he remains in concealment and grows wealthy. There is a blending of humor and pathos, and a charming love story is unfolded as the play progresses. Mr. Ditrichstein delightfully impersonates the temperamental artist and Mr. David Belasco has given the play an enviable production.

The plot of "The Great Adventure," Arnold Bennett's play, which opened the new Booth Theater, also involves an artist



whose supposed death brings wide fame. The similarity of premise in "The Temperamental Journey" and "The Great Adventure" brings to mind stories of the great French playwrights, Scribe and Sardou, who used to read the first act of a contemporary's drama and proceed to work out the play according to their own ideas. The results were of course widely different. This parallel is not distinct enough to suggest the difference between "The Temperamental Journey" and "The Great Adventure." One is a play from the French, and is French in atmosphere, development and spirit, while the other is—Arnold Bennett. In the former, interest is entirely centered in the artist, Jacques Dupont; in Mr. Bennett's play we have that delightful woman character, Janet Cannot, whose wholesome practicality and sane viewpoint are strongly contrasted with the temperamental genius of the artist, Ham Carve. Such deft character-drawing! Such brilliant touches! Such odd twists in the plot! "The Great Adventure" appeals to one person for a hundred reasons; to a hundred people for one reason. It is admirably produced by Mr. Winthrop Ames; and admirably acted by a company headed by Mr. Lyn Harding and Miss Janet Beecher.

Miss Beecher's Janet is unforgettable. Young women who contemplate marriage with a genius should by all means see her performance and think about the matter. Janet concerns herself little with her husband's art; she concedes him his painting with the same indifference that he accords to her household cares. She loves him whether he is a valet to a great painter or the painter himself;—"What does it matter to me who you are so long as you're *you*?" she demands when his identity is questioned. "Men are so unpractical. You can be the Shah of Persia if you like—I don't mind."

In creating the part of Janet, Miss Beecher has given a glimpse of a whole galaxy of Arnold Bennett's heroines. By a rare artistic touch, she has saved the character from becoming a commonplace, hard-headed housewife, and has emphasized the charm, the splendid sanity, the great humanness, the warm heart of Janet. She is almost a new character on our stage



MISS GRACE GEORGE  
As she appears in "Half an Hour," a playlet by J. M. Barrie

—this successful wife, the woman with the proper perspective.

A Gouble bill at the Lyceum Theater is a novelty. The performance begins with



A COMIC SITUATION IN THE "DOLL GIRL"

Hattie Williams, Will West and Richard Carle in one of their most laughable scenes

"The Younger Generation," a comedy of English life, and concludes with Miss Grace George in "Half An Hour." The first play is by Mr. Stanley Houghton, who wrote "Hindle Wakes"; and the new comedy has all the brilliance of the more sensational drama without its objectionable features. Some splendid English actors are cast in "The Younger Generation," and three of them—Mr. Stanley Drewitt, Mr. Alfred R. Dight and Mr. Nigel Barry—take important parts in the Barrie play, "Half An Hour."

Any play which presents the sweet personality of Grace George is certain to be welcomed; and to find this winsome little lady in a play of J. M. Barrie's is a double treat. "Half An Hour" is one of the most subtle efforts that the creator of "Peter Pan" ever wrote. It presents a woman of birth and breeding as the wife of a bully. She was married to him for financial reasons, of course, and we find her paying the price. When his abuse becomes unbearable, she decides to elope

with a young engineer whom she has long known, but the young man is killed in an accident even as she waits in his rooms for him while he goes out to order a cab. A doctor who comes to offer help learns that she is not the dead man's wife; she departs scorned, while the doctor goes his way to attend a dinner. He arrives at the host's house a bit late, and as the hostess is not yet down he explains to the assembled guests the cause of his delay. He is drawn out about the woman in the case, and comment is free among the guests when the hostess appears. There is mutual recognition as she is introduced to the doctor; the situation is tragic. The strange developments, her husband's suspicions, the doctor's scorn—all these things after the frightful accident, Lady Lillian must face. And face the situation she does, with Spartan bravery. As the curtain falls and she enters the dining-room with the doctor, none know or suspect her agony save the man on whose arm she leans.

So pathetic, so fragile, so wholly pitiful has Miss George made Lillian that many a tear is whisked away before audiences pick up their wraps and leave the theater. Poor little Lady Lillian!

\* \* \*

The evening set aside for the performance at the little Princess Theater, with its new bill of "intimate drama," was spent instead in the big, old-fashioned West End Theater. This was because the Princess opening had been postponed and because Mr. Holde, formerly manager of the Princess, had since located at the 125th Street house, and kindly suggested that his "present performance" might be interesting. It was late, and the papers were not consulted for the name of the attraction; the lights of the West End gave the first revelation that Mr. Holde's performance featured Evelyn Nesbit Thaw in "Mariette." A number of vaudeville bills were given before Mrs. Thaw came on; then, somewhat after the fashion of the downtown houses, she appeared in a sort of "double bill"—first in a dancing act with Mr. Jack Clifford, and then in the little play "Mariette."

Your first impression of Evelyn Thaw on the stage is that she is young—very young. Next you realize that she tries very hard, and as her performance continues, you find yourself working with her—pleased when she gets her steps exactly as Mr. Clifford has taught her, contrite when she feels that some little opportu-

nity has been missed. Her smile is as rare and guileless as a child's; her acting is simple, sincere and graceful; she has a sweet, pleasing personality. She is decidedly in earnest in this new work of hers, as her daily program proves. Lessons, lessons and then lessons—in dancing, in singing, in dramatic art—are arranged between every rehearsal and performance. Her small son has become her incentive; perhaps it is the inspiration of his childish smile that is reflected in the face of the young mother as she works.

\* \* \*

Several musical comedy successes have established themselves for long runs on Broadway. "The Doll Girl," the new,



MISS CHRYSTAL HERNE

Featured in "At Bay," a new drama by George Scarborough. Miss Herne is one of the most beautiful young women on the American stage, and one of the most promising emotional actresses



EVELYN NESBIT THAW  
Playing in "Mariette," a pantomime which owes its  
success to her pleasing personality

long-promised play for Hattie Williams and Richard Carle, was assured of success almost before it opened at the Globe Theater. Three other starring vehicles—Mr. Donald Brian in "The Marriage Market," Miss Christie MacDonald in "Sweethearts," Mr. De Wolf Hopper in "Miss Caprice"—may also count upon a season's run in New York. "Adele," without a star and with a cast of generally unknown young players, has had unusual success; "Her Little Highness," with Miss Mizzi Hajos, came in toward late autumn and pleased many lovers of sweet music and clever plot development.

Miss Hattie Williams' role in "The Doll Girl" is something of a new departure for her. Rosalilla is a Spanish lady of temperament—and temper. A club of devoted swains has sworn undying allegiance to her, and woe to the luckless one who falls in love with another. To admirers of Miss Williams' refreshing personality, it seems a pity to sink a particle of it even in a Spanish accent; however, her smile is the same, and Hattie Williams' smile—without equal on the American stage—is compensation for any theater-goer.

Comedy and farce-comedy for the new season is clever, clean and well acted. A novelty on Broadway was "Believe Me, Xantippe," before mentioned in THE NATIONAL in connection with Miss Mary Young. "Believe Me, Xantippe" has had an interesting history. In the beginning, it was selected last year by Mr. John Craig, the manager of the Castle Square Theater, Boston, as the "prize play" in a contest between young playwrights of Harvard and Radcliffe colleges. This yearly contest is one of Mr. Craig's happy innovations for the encouragement of student dramatists.

The author of the accepted play had named it "The Long Arm of the Law," or something like, and during rehearsals Miss Mary Young, the leading lady (in private life the wife of Mr. Craig) suggested a change of title. The key of the plot hinges on the hero's by-word, "Believe Me, Xantippe," and Miss Young remarked that here was a title which carried the spirit of the play. It was a happy thought, for "Believe Me, Xantippe!" has won

many a theater-goer who might have hesitated at "The Long Arm of the Law."

With its amended title, the play was put on in Boston by Mr. Craig's stock company, with Miss Young and Mr. Craig himself in the leading parts. The news of its striking success reached New York theatrical circles. Mr. William A. Brady came to the Castle Square Theater to see it, and arranged with Mr. Craig for its production in New York in the fall. Miss Young was to be featured in the role which she created; Mr. John Barrymore was secured as leading man, and a cast of well-known actors played in their support. New York audiences liked the play, which has been running now for over three months. As Mr. Clark, of Mr. Craig's organization, aptly put it, "it was one time that Boston 'put one over' on New York."

Another farce that had a successful Boston opening was not so fortunate on Broadway. "Kiss Me Quick"—a "frolic with the movies," as the press representative had it—featured Miss Helen Lowell, one of the most talented comedienues today playing in this country. Perhaps it was because New York critics found Miss Lowell's role in "Kiss Me Quick" too different from her former work; perhaps they were confused by the exuberance of good parts, fun and novel features in the farce. At any rate, disputes arose, and the notices from critics of one city were set up against those of the other. The management finally decided to revise the play and put it on the road, and it may return to New York in triumph.

Among the other offerings for those who would go to the theater to laugh Mr. William Collier may be mentioned in "Who's Who?" a farce by Richard Harding Davis. "Nearly Married," "Seven Keys to Baldpate" and "Potash and Perlmutter" also form a trio of plays that are clever, well-acted and above all, good fun.

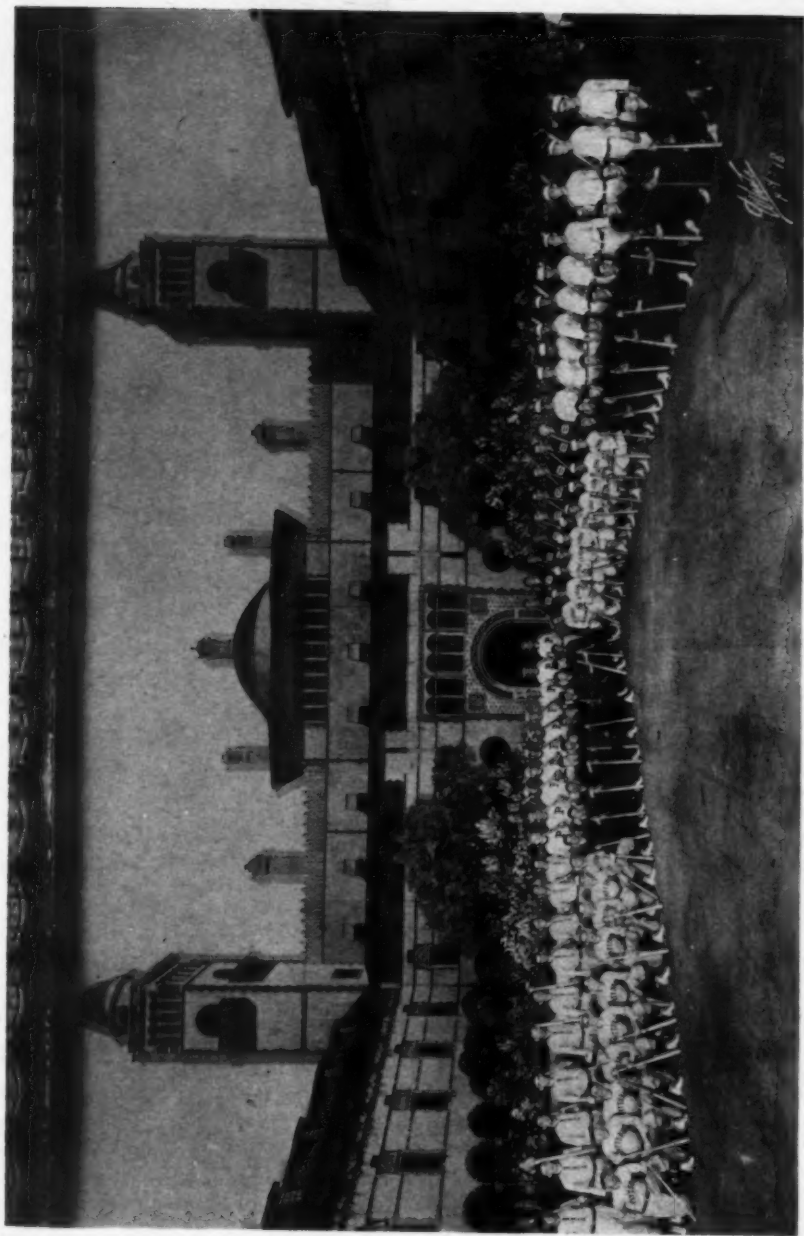
The Hippodrome has this year surpassed all former efforts in spectacular wonders. Its program is outlined as "America," and the scene moves all over our great land, from New York to the western country, from the fastnesses of the Maine woods to the Panama Canal.



MISS HELEN LOWELL

In her delightful characterization of Gladiola Huntley, an emotional lady novelist who "lives her books." The play is "Kiss Me Quick," by Philip Bartholomas





ENTHUSIASM OF THE NATIONAL SPORT ECHOED IN THE THEATRE

The baseball number in the carnival of sports at "America," this year's production at the New York Hippodrome



There are fire thrills, a plunging auto, a suffragette parade, a lumber-cutting contest, horses that turkey trot—in a word, all manner of features to please man, woman and child. Sitting in the audience, one wonders how this marvel of stagecraft can be possible. The closing of "America," in which a steamer is shown moving through the Panama Canal, leaves the audience gasping. How is it done? And usually they come again to see.

Despite pessimistic predictions the theatrical season of 1913 opened with a number

of excellent pieces, and continued week by week to present a new drama, comedy or musical offering that showed the talent of an author; the producing art of a manager, the intelligent performance of a company of actors. New openings continue as the holidays approach; careful managers have new features in rehearsal and await a propitious time for bringing them out. Mr. Heath of the Henry W. Savage offices told me of three plays to be produced by Colonel Savage before the beginning of the new year. One of these is a new Lehar opera, the long-promised successor to "The Merry Widow," another is a European comedy success which is almost certain to meet with a cordial reception in America.

Everywhere there is action. Mr. Edward Sheldon has just completed a comedy later to be produced by Mr. Charles Frohman, and Mr. Avery Hopwood and other popular playwrights are

busily at work on "something new." Those who predicted Shakespeare and Repertory for the season of 1913 were unfortunate prophets. The most auspicious repertory plan yet attempted this year is being tried out in Boston at the Plymouth Theater. Mr. Henry Jewett, long associated with William Hodge and "The Man From Home," is at the head of the company, which includes many talented players. Miss Marie Leonhard, a charming little English actress, is playing important parts; another member of the organization, Miss Ursula Keene, is well

known in England as a writer of artistic comedies. It is hoped that some of Miss Keene's plays will be put on by the Jewett players, whose work is being closely watched in New York as well as in Boston. Everything points to a success; but as Mr. Wright, the Plymouth's manager, summed up the situation: "The company is good, and the plays will be well put on. It's all up to the plays. If we have the play we will have

the audiences. But it must be a play that has red blood. The public simply will not support milk and water drama."

This terse statement from a man who knows the business of the theater from every angle, who combines a splendid appreciation of art with a practical knowledge of what the public likes—this statement gives, in good American metaphor, the secret of every success of the present season. Thus far Broadway has been saved from an overflow of milk and water drama.



MISS MARY NASH

Who takes the leading part in "The Lure," a drama which had difficulties with the play censors

*Life might yet be quite tolerable, if we were only left in peace by those blessed duns who are continually knocking at the doors of us poor folks with their "ideal demand."*

IBSEN.

# A Day at West Point

## *Where Uncle Sam Makes Men*

by

Mitchell Mannering

A PARTY of Senators was on the way to West Point, by way of the scenic Hudson, and the Astor yacht followed the course taken by so many notable vessels since Hendrik Hudson's bluff-bowed and lofty-sterned Holland cruiser slowly half-drifted, half-sailed up the unknown tidal river—whose deep channel and picturesque shores might indeed be that long-sought waterway to India, which if found, would make the intrepid explorer famous and wealthy for life. Thousands of bark canoes bound on adventurous cruises for war and hunting; great flotillas bearing in state the patroons between their huge estates, and city mansions in Manhattan; Dutch governors and generals forever feeling the overhanging menace of Indian ravages and English conquest; hordes of unhappy Walloons, decanted out of Southern Belgium into the American wilderness; traders of a score of nationalities seeking rich furs, and setting the frontiers aflame with strong liquors and deadly rifles; great levies of Dutch, English and American soldiery butchered and swept away by disease in forgotten forays and mismanaged wars; Fulton's famous "Clermont," first of all steamboats to ply on an American river—all these and many other notable and important river-voyagers had in war and peace threaded these same channels on which the visiting committee from the United States Senate were now speeding on their way to the great military school of the New World. A chilly May breeze swept down from the Catskills, and the visitors rejoiced when the stone turrets of the castellated walls of West Point came into view, and the swift steamer checked her way and drifted into the landing pier.

Up the winding drive, past the riding school, and out upon the campus, where for more than a century the United States Cadets have paraded, the party were escorted. On the campus in the foreground were the guns and caissons of the artillery guns, covered with canvas, yet always ready for immediate service, which reminded the war-wise how in January, 1861, the West Point artillery went to the Capital under the command of Captain (later Major-General) Charles Griffin, senior instructor in artillery tactics, to be almost annihilated at Bull Run, but thereafter as Battery D of the Fifth U. S. Artillery to fight effectively through the war from Hanover Court House to Appomattox, especially at Gettysburg, where the gallant Hazlett held Little Round Top against Longstreet's bravest, and even in death knew that his guns had saved the key to the Union battle-line.

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Faultlessly attired and equipped, the sentries paced their allotted beats as if war and not peace was over all; for there is no relaxation of discipline among the soldier scholars at West Point. The visitors conducted to the old West Point Hotel found that its windows and verandas command views of the Hudson where Old Crow Nest overlooks the placid, hill-encircled Gates of the Highlands. Founded on a projecting promontory and surrounded by the most picturesque scenes in the Atlantic States, this famous old hostelry has long entertained the relatives and friends who wish to visit the cadets at West Point, for from the time they enter on their four years' course until its close they are not allowed to wear any other garb than their uniforms, or to leave the

grounds unless special leave is granted—except during the two months' furlough, which is the total allowance during the entire course of study.

It was a distinguished party which sat down to dinner. At one table was General Irwin, long a member of the Seventh Regiment of New York, who entered the army as a surgeon in 1856 and is now on the retired list as a brigadier-general. He

that West Point gave more officers to the Confederate armies in 1861 than to the Union cause. In the class graduating that year, fifty-six in all on January 1, 1861, twenty-two responded to the insistent summons, "Prepare to resign; resign. A commission awaits you in the Confederate army."

It is only fair to say that none of these felt at liberty to do so until his own state



THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT

was on duty as surgeon at West Point in the '70's, and the present cadet hospital was built under his supervision. Next to him sat his son, Major Irwin, and a grandson, Cadet Irwin—representing three generations in one family who had studied or seen service at West Point. Many families seem to have almost a hereditary right in the Academy and United States Army. Thus three generations of Grants, three generations of Sheridans and two generations of Shermans are represented on the West Point muster rolls. At this famous school, Generals Thomas, Grant, "Stonewall" Jackson, Lee, Sherman, Longstreet, Pickett, Hancock, Meade, the Johnstons, McCook, Reynolds, Beauregard, McClellan, Jefferson Davis, Custer, Sheridan, and many other famous soldiers studied and drilled. And this reminds me that a good many people have the idea

had seceded, and that many, not all felt that both honor and duty called him to the defense of his own state. General Beauregard, appointed by Secretary of War Floyd to be superintendent January 23, 1861, and relieved five days later by Secretary Holt, told the young Southerners that as long as he himself remained in the regular army he thought they should all do likewise.

Many sad partings between the class and the departing comrades are recorded. The Battle Monument at Trophy Point bears many names of those who remained true to the flag, and who died in its defense, among them Captain Cushing (a brother of Lieutenant Cushing, destroyer of the Confederate iron-clad *Albatross*), who, already twice wounded, fell dead as the last shot of his battery shattered the head of Pickett's charging column at Gettysburg.

According to a writer in the *North American Review*, "nearly four-fifths of (all) its graduate officers remained faithful; one-half of those from the South stood firm by the Stars and Stripes, and in the battles for the Union one-fifth of those engaged laid down their lives; and more than one-third and probably one-half were wounded."

Ulysses Simpson Grant was sent to West Point against his will, with his middle name changed by mistake from Hiram to Simpson—so it remained and became famous as "U. S. Grant." This recalls the experience of Colonel Goethals, who was appointed a cadet at West Point by Sunset Cox. In giving the young man's name, Cox wrote George William as George Washington, and ever since the

veillance of the officers, the cadets are never permitted to leave except under military orders. If they ride to the adjoining town, Highland Falls, they must not dismount or let their feet touch any soil outside the reservation. In the early days, they were not even allowed to visit at the hotel, but had to talk over the hedge with the pretty girls who haunt the place from Maytime to the fall of the leaves, fascinated by the trim uniforms of the soldier boys.

How severe the system of regulating the standard of the several cadets is, may be learned from the fact that some eighteen thousand acts of each appointee are "marked" during his four years' course, any one of which must be passed as good or given one or more demerits. "Late at



A BATTERY AT WEST POINT

Colonel has been known as George Washington Goethals, for he agreed with "Sunset" that that name was good enough for any army man. Colonel Goethals later came to West Point as an instructor, and is lovingly remembered for his joking sarcasm in the class-room.

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The rigor of discipline at West Point does not leave behind many memories of halcyon college days. There are no week-end larks, for constantly under the sur-

roll call" ensures one demerit; "absence from duty," ten marks; "slight untidiness in dress," one; "inattention at drill or other duty," five, and so on. If in six months out of some two thousand events, one hundred demerits accumulate, the unfortunate student is dismissed from the academy.

Skirting the shores of the river below the Academy is the famous Flirtation Walk. Early on Sunday morning I took the walk, which although deserted and

swept by the bleak winds, was still alluring, for one could fancy its beauty in leafy June with jaunty cadets and white-gowned belles lost in mutual admiration. The Hudson as it winds in around and amid a mass of boulders is here the one predominant note of the scene, and the water batteries which since the Revolution have always guarded this waterway, add their military interest to the landscape.

At half past ten every Sunday morning the cadets gather in front of the stone barracks, as trimly kept as any Fifth Avenue mansion, and form in line, with faultless uniforms, natty white belts and sash, and march up the hill to the chapel service. It is something of a walk, as some of the puffing visitors observed on reaching the summit terrace. Silently, and in perfect time and order, the cadets change

once heard can never be forgotten. The finale, the Dresden hymn, as sung by the West Point choir is an event that musicians from all parts of the world come to hear. The services throughout were impressive and conducted with military precision.

The Senatorial Committee was entertained at the Officers' Club, whose members attended in brilliant full uniform, gleaming with bullion epaulets and gold lace. It seemed a pity that only masculine eyes were there to look upon a scene that would have charmed even the most cynical spinster. The staff of preceptors at West Point maintain a comradeship that surpasses that of ordinary laymen, because in the army there is little talk about business or commercial matters, and a whole lifetime is devoted entirely to the profession of arms.



PONTOON BRIDGE, WEST POINT

formation and file into the chapel under rows of historical regimental banners, some of which have seen service nearly a century ago. Some of the old stands of colors were threadbare, but the field of blue always remained with its story of a nation's development, bearing constellations of from thirteen to forty-eight stars in their imperishable fields of blue. The cadet choir marches down the aisle singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and the ringing voices of those five hundred cadets

Senator Francis E. Warren of Wyoming, as chairman of the Military Committee, passed a bill, providing for increased remuneration for these officers, who, with all those wearing U. S. A. epaulets in the future, will remember gratefully the appreciative help of the Wyoming senator.

While surveying from the window the cadet drill, and realizing that these handsome young men were training for a profession that needed warfare with all its sufferings and perils to utilize their abilities,



and that a full realization of "active service" must result in many gruesome experiences, one could not repress something of a shudder. The first hope of the successful cadet at graduation is an engineer appointment; the second choice, the cavalry; the third, the artillery, and the fourth and last, the infantry.

We visited the ancient cannon dating back to the Civil War, massive, smooth-bore Columbiads with their cumbrous carriages and round shot and shell, and nearby the battery of long, slender, steel rifled modern disappearing guns, under the frowning cliffs, suggested Colonel Goethals' plans for the defences and batteries of Panama on Ancon Hill. Every scene and spot at the Point, nestling among the mountains, has its vivid memories for the boys who in their four years are given

singing after a drill, showing that the real boy is still there.

The high cost of living does not much affect the cadets, but the average cost per day of their meals, formerly 26½ cents, is now over 35 cents, though the allowance made by the government is still 30 cents.

In the riding school every cadet must learn the true "dragoon seat," and the feats taught suggest the wonders of the Hippodrome or a Wild West show. There are strange traditions of breakneck accidents experienced and survived. The boys still tell with gusto the story of Fitz-Hugh Lee, later a dashing Confederate cavalry leader, having to ride the most vicious horse in the stables, which promptly ran away with him. The young man headed the beast into Constitution Hollow, which she madly took, landing, strange to



POINT HENRY LIGHT NEAR WEST POINT

a training that moulds their physical and mental careers. In talking with the cadets, many confess to suffering from the spell of homesickness—really one of the most trying of disorders—and speak of the longing that comes when they view the ferry plying across the river, connecting with the railway station at Garrison. An occasional picture show at Memorial Hall is about all the diversion that they know, and for a visit to the Point it is almost a surprise to find the cadets whistling and

say, with both horse and rider uninjured and "right side up" at the bottom; while Lee, when he got his breath again, thundered to the trembling mare, "Now, damn you, I hope you've had enough."

The spot is still shown of which the same Cadet Lee says in an article written for the *Century* some ten years ago: "I remember in my first-class year at West Point riding a very vicious horse named Quaker, who was so wild that his name was not put in the list of horses to be drawn for by the

first-class men, and I remember that he ran away with me in a charge on the plain and jumped over the very high hedge which surrounds the hotel, alighting within the grounds. I have been informed since that no horse at West Point has ever cleared that hedge."

"The little rollicking fellow dressed in Cadet gray, whose jolly songs and gay spirits were the life of his class," to quote General Gibbons' description of his old pupil, surrendered at Appomattox as a general of cavalry, war-worn yet undismayed, although a five-dollar Confederate bill was, to use his own expression, "the last cent I have in the world." Truly they turn out men at West Point!

Everything on the West Point program is planned to be of service in actual warfare with either civilized or savage foes.

The master of the riding school, Captain Jenkins, was for ten years the champion wrestler of the world, and the personnel of the instructors at the Point at this time includes men not only highly qualified, but very popular among the cadets. This perhaps is one of the compensations for the severity of the West Point curriculum. The friendships formed between cadets and instructors and among the boys themselves are deep and lasting.

The Senatorial Committee met in the writing room of the hotel, and with a mass of reports and details made the most of their visit in studying the methods and necessities of an institution with which Uncle Sam moulds into perfect gentlemen scholars, athletes and soldiers, the boys who are to recruit and discipline as well as command his legions.

## THE MOSAIC

By GRACE G. CROWELL

I HOLD it in my open palm to see  
The wonder of it, perfect,—consummate:  
Inwrought in one rare flawless symmetry;  
Here sardius and sapphire constellate,  
Where opalescent fire and blood-red wine  
Of rubies glow; here rainbowed pearl and grey  
Are prised,—and the star-white diamonds shine,  
Athwart where lustrous moonstone shadows play.

A rare mosaic,—yea, and I am told  
That he who wrought it died,—he went away  
Long since,—yet in my open palm I hold  
His life work,—and he is not dead, I say.

O Lord of Life, when life has grown too old  
For me to keep, and in a hollowed hand  
My tiny, precious, inwrought soul you hold,  
Grant, as the old mosaic, it may stand  
The test of scrutiny,—each deed and thought  
A minute jewel in a flawless whole,  
Each far past hour a gem of prayer inwrought,  
That judging, you may say, "Tis good, O Soul."

# An Old Fashioned DEBATE in the Senate

## *Heard from the Gallery*

IN the days of Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, the verbatim reports of debates in Congress were occasionally printed. In these debates glowed the oratory, the fire and the genius of the great men of a great past. In recent years it has gone out of fashion to print anything that looks like debate in Congress; in fact, some people have the idea that real debate is no longer attempted. The other day I sat in the gallery of the Senate and heard a discussion on fisheries. It did not occupy much time, but it proved how forcibly a skilled orator can open up and thrash out a vital question.

It was a sleepy day, but the ladies' gallery was full and there was enough wind to run a Dutch mill. The messengers made a clean sweep of hats from the railing, meantime awaking two or three fellows who had been "seeing Washington" in earnest. When it was announced with all the impressiveness of opening a piano recital that the Senate was ready to take up the subject by Senator Lodge, the young lady tourists in the back row stopped chewing gum and tittering, and you could hear the sibilant syllable "fish" sound throughout the gallery.

The debate was conducted with all the stately courtesy of senatorial tradition, and if it were not for the modern dress of the ladies in the gallery and of the Senators on the floor, one could almost feel transported back to the old days. True there was no Websterian peroration of "Liberty and Union forever," or stately periods of Henry Clay. Still it all had the atmosphere of earnest appeal and of intelligent legislative deliberation. There was not a dull moment. The importance of American

fisheries and the defense of American fish were told in the lively form favored in our fiction "best sellers."

The pen of the official stenographer plied diligently as Senator Lodge of Massachusetts began to remonstrate against the removal of all duties on fresh, smoked and dried fish, as provided in the new tariff bill:

MR. LODGE. Mr. President, I wish to make a plea for a great industry which by the provisions of this bill is injured in all its parts, while that portion of the industry in which my State is particularly interested is menaced with total destruction.

It has always seemed strange to me that it should be the custom to place the fish paragraph in the middle of the agricultural schedule; but there is this to be said, Mr. President, that the fisherman and the farmer, although the crops which they gather are very different, have had much the same treatment at the hands of the Government. Neither the fisherman nor the farmer has ever received a high protection in any law that has been passed, although, as I shall presently show, the fisheries have been the care of the Government from the beginning.

In every attempt at reciprocity the fisherman and the farmer have been those who have been sacrificed. Sometimes it has been the fisherman alone; sometimes, as in the last attempt, the fisherman and the farmer together; so that they have received a similarity of treatment, they have been companions in misfortune, even if there is no likeness between their respective employments.

The fisheries of which I wish particularly to speak are those known as the northeastern fisheries, carried on upon the Great Banks and in the waters of Newfoundland. The fisheries of the Great Banks are the oldest and the most historic industry connected with the American Continent. Fishermen from England and from France were on the banks fishing for nearly a century before a single white settlement had been established

in the territory now known as the United States. Those fisheries were, of course, continued, and they became a principal source of wealth to the Colonies.

The salted fish gathered by the New England fishermen were shipped to the West Indies and to the southern colonies, where they were very largely used.

The fishing industry was the basis of our commerce in colonial days. How important it was and how much was thought of it at that time is shown by the fact that John Adams considered it one of the greatest triumphs of his life that he had been able, in the treaty of Paris, to save the northeastern fisheries and secure for us the privileges on the Newfoundland coast which substantially we enjoy today. So great a pride did he feel in it that he had a seal ring engraved on which he put the Latin motto, "Piscemur venemur ut olim"—"We shall fish and hunt as of yore"—and his son, John Quincy Adams, I believe, used that same ring with the same motto when the treaty of Ghent was signed.

The fisheries were regarded by all Americans in those days as a matter of great importance. From the time of the famous report on fisheries, prepared by Mr. Jefferson when he was Secretary of State, onward, especial care was given to the fisheries. Although the protection afforded them by the Government was of a moderate kind, it was the belief of all the public men of that day that the fisheries deserved the fostering care of the Government, wholly apart from the question of protection to an industry. Of course, at that time there was a consideration which today, with our enormous population, is no longer so serious, which was that the fisheries were the nursery of the seamen who manned the ships of the American Navy.

In the tariff of 1789 salt fish were given a duty of 50 cents per quintal; mackerel, 75 cents per bushel. In 1816, which was a Democratic tariff, carried through under the leadership of Mr. Calhoun, the duty on salt fish was a dollar per quintal, or about 1 cent per pound; and on mackerel \$1.50 per bushel, or about three-fourths of a cent a pound. The average was about the same as the present rate, so far as the specific duty today is concerned, but as the price was lower in those days, the ad valorem rate was higher. In 1842 mackerel and herring each paid 1½ cents per pound, other fish in barrels 1 cent per pound, while all other fish paid 20 cent ad valorem.

Those duties have remained, except during periods of reciprocity, substantially unchanged down to the present time. It is now proposed to put all fresh and all smoked and dried fish on the free list. This is not a reduction; it is the complete removal of the duties. I now ask the Senate to consider the conditions of the industry thus severely treated, for they are, I venture to say, different from those of any other industry in the country.

It costs no more to bring a fare of fish from the Great Banks or from the treaty waters

to Boston or to New York in a Canadian fishing smack than it does in one that sails from Gloucester or Provincetown. Therefore no freight protection is possible. I next ask you to consider the conditions under which they have to compete with the fishermen of Canada and Newfoundland.

The fishermen of the United States are required by law to build their vessels in the United States. It costs more to build a vessel here. Apart from the labor, lumber is much cheaper in Canada. A Gloucester fishing vessel costing \$15,500 was duplicated in every particular in Lunenburg for \$9,400. Our people are obliged to build their vessels here. More than that, they are compelled by law to buy their outfits here. They cannot buy their nets, their cordage, their sails, their hooks anywhere but in this country. All the outfit of a fishing vessel, under the law, must be bought in the United States. On many of those articles they necessarily pay a tariff duty.

With these burdens they start to confront their competitors. They are handicapped to this extent by the greater cost imposed upon them by law. I shall not go into the question of labor costs, for the case is so strong that the comparison is needless. The President, in his message, said he wanted a fair field and open competition. We will assume, then, that the labor cost in the actual work of fishing is the same. The fishing fleet of Canada receive from their Government every year \$160,000 in bounties, paid to them in cash, the interest, or part of the interest, upon the Halifax award. In addition to that the Dominion Government pays one-third of the cost of the storehouses, the ice houses, or cold-storage buildings, where the fish is stored and preserved.

I quote from the Canadian Annual Review for 1911:

During 1910-11 \$332,300 was spent by the Dominion on fish-breeding establishments. And the usual \$160,000 of fishing bounty was paid in the Atlantic Provinces and Quebec—a total, since 1882, of \$4,580,204.

Mr. President, of course the money I spoke of as additional to bounty was not that spent in fish breeding; but the Canadian Government aids its fisheries by paying one-third of the cost of the construction of cold-storage plants, and makes rebates on the transportation of their products on all the railroads.

By this bill our fishermen will be forced to meet this bounty-fed competition, while being compelled at the same time to use more expensive outfits and more expensive vessels, unaided and without any protection whatever. Under such conditions it is utterly impossible that our fishermen should continue to fish on the Great Banks or in the treaty waters.

If I may call your attention to the views taken of this matter on the other side of the line, the Halifax Chronicle, speaking of this bill, says:

It will place the fishermen, particularly of the western shore of Nova Scotia, in practical control of the New

England market for fresh fish . . . without any abandonment of national rights of any reciprocal concession of fishing privileges to Americans in Canadian waters.

The Herald, of St. Johns, Newfoundland, a Province which was excluded from the benefits proposed by the Canadian reciprocity compact, could not refrain from saying as follows, although the provincial newspapers were urged to say nothing about it before this bill, so precious to them, became a law:

It would be difficult to imagine any change calculated to prove of greater value to this country than the grant of free entry of our fish into the United States. For years we have been seeking this, and vainly; we have been offering substantial concessions therefor in the past, and now it has come to us without our having to give any corresponding concession whatsoever.

The article goes on to say:

The advantage which will follow from this transformation of the industry will be enormous and will grow as the years advance, and opportunities for us in Newfoundland are such as never existed before.

That is what they expect from the removal of these duties. Why, Mr. President, for years Newfoundland and the maritime Provinces have been making every kind of offer, offering all sorts of concessions, in order to get an entry into our market and remove our duties. This bill will turn over the entire fishing industry of the Northeast—that is, the Great Banks and the treaty waters—to the Canadian and Newfoundland vessels. There is no escape from it. It will also turn over to them a large part of the packing industry that is not covered by paragraph 221—the smoked, dried, salted, pickled, or frozen fish. It will probably carry the packing industry with it in the end; but the fish that are now packed and preserved in the factories at Gloucester and elsewhere will be brought there henceforth in Canadian vessels.

Mr. President, I am unable to understand the theory upon which this industry is to be destroyed. We imported last year 5,000,000 pounds of fish from the Provinces. We produced 15,000,000 pounds ourselves. The duty is a large revenue raiser as it now stands. There has been no serious advance in the price of fish. The average profit on fish I will say here is less than the duty—less than three-fourths of a cent per pound. In seven years the price of fish has advanced only from 6 cents a pound to 6.2 cents a pound. It has advanced only two-tenths of a cent a pound in seven years, and that small advance is due undoubtedly to the increasing diminution of the catch.

This industry has another peculiar feature. The fishermen employed are paid directly from the catch. In the case of almost all the vessels that go out of Gloucester the fishermen on the vessel have one-half the profits and the captain and the owners have the other half. Therefore the pay of the men like the profits of the captain and the owners, depends on the success of the voyage. Sometimes their profits are very large, if they have a good catch; sometimes the fares are very small, and the wages and profits go down. At its best it is not a very profitable industry.

But the men who earn their living in the business are paid directly from the business. There is no such thing here as corporations or trusts or anything of that kind so far as the fishing is concerned. There are, of course, companies which pack and preserve the fish after it has been bought by them and delivered to them, and there are companies which have interests in the fishing vessels; but the men who do the fishing, the men whose case I am trying to plead, depend for their livelihood on the result of their hands and their own catch. They are now to be displaced; their places will be taken by the Canadian and Newfoundland vessels. They will be forced to seek a living elsewhere.

We have pretty well rid ourselves of our merchant marine, and now we are preparing to take our flag from the seas where it still floats on the fishing vessels. Mr. President, I suppose it is thought that this is a small industry, perhaps; but even in the part of which I speak, which is only a fragment of it, there are 4,500 men who go out to the banks on the Gloucester fleet alone. That means a good many people dependent upon the earnings of those fishermen. There are 22,000 men engaged in the fisheries of New England. If we go farther afield, we find that Maryland has 18,000; Virginia, 20,000; New York, 18,000; California, Oregon and Washington, 14,000; and the Lakes, 7,000. On the Lakes and in the Northwest, where the fisheries are just beginning to be developed, of course this matter of putting fresh fish, smoked, pickled, and frozen fish on the free list is a heavy handicap to them, as it is to those on the east coast. The difference is that only the east-coast fishermen of Canada, so far as I know, receive the Government bounty, and I do not think it is distributed yet to the fishermen of the west coast.

In a case where we are getting revenue from an article, where there has been no advance in price, where everyone knows that the removal of the duty will not alter the cost of fish to the consumer at all, it seems to me utterly unfair, it seems to me cruel, to put this branch of the industry out of existence and to injure the industry as a whole everywhere.

As the speaker paused for breath, Senator LaFollette, barricaded behind a sheaf of books and papers, suddenly extricated himself and took the floor.

**MR. LA FOLLETTE.** Mr. President—  
**THE VICE-PRESIDENT.** Does the Senator from Massachusetts yield to the Senator from Wisconsin?

**MR. LODGE.** Certainly.

**MR. LA FOLLETTE.** I have been following the Senator's interesting discussion of this paragraph, but I desire to inquire just how and to what extent this Canadian bounty is distributed? I do not think the Senator stated it.



MR. LODGE. One hundred and sixty thousand dollars, the interest of the Halifax award, is distributed directly to the Canadian fishermen. It is given to the owners. I do not know whether they fish on shares, as we do, or not; but it is given in cash directly to the owners of the Canadian fishing vessels. I suppose it is pro rata, according to the tonnage of the vessels or the number of men on board. It is distributed in cash. The other help is indirect, in the form of rebates on the railroads, aid in the cold-storage warehouses, and so forth.

Here, then, we have a situation where it is utterly impossible for our men to compete. This bill simply gives the industry to the Canadian fishermen, wipes out the American fishermen of the Banks and the treaty waters, and, so far as I can see, gets absolutely nothing in return. We do not get cheaper fish. We get no benefit to the consumer. We throw away revenue. We extinguish a portion of a great industry.

Always ready with a suggestion when accurate information is desired, Senator Dillingham of Vermont, having peeped in his notebook, addressed the chair:

MR. DILLINGHAM. Mr. President, if the Senator will permit me, I think I can tell him where he can get the information asked for—from the Commercial Handbook of Canada. He can find there just what the bounty is and how it is paid.

MR. LODGE. I am very much obliged to the Senator.

According to this volume, the fishing bounty was first paid by the Dominion Government in 1882. As I read the totals, nearly \$5,000,000 have been paid out. The highest bounty paid per head—it is paid per head and to vessels—to vessel fishermen was \$21.75 in 1893; the lowest, 83 cents:

In 1908 vessels received \$1 per ton up to 80 tons; vessel fishermen, \$7.25 each; boats, \$1 each; boat fishermen, \$3.90 per man. The Canadian Government received, through the Imperial Government, \$4,490,882 as Canada's share in the fishery award made in 1877. Under the terms of the treaty of Washington, 1871, an amount equal to the interest of this sum was appropriated for bounty purposes to encourage deep-sea fishing on the Atlantic coast.

From behind his horn-rimmed eyeglasses, Senator Bristow of Kansas had been watching the progress of events. With a bow toward Senator Lodge, he addressed Vice-President Marshall:

MR. BRISTOW. Mr. President, I have been very much interested in the discussion, and I should like to inquire upon what theory the Canadian Government contribute such a liberal bounty to their fishermen. What are the purposes which they seek to serve by so doing?

MR. LODGE. They think it a very important industry to be maintained. They have always been buoyed up by the hope, which

has been gratified at times by reciprocity arrangements, that they could get free entry into the American market. They believe, and I think they believe rightly, that if they pay bounties to their fishermen and encourage them in every possible way, and if we take off our duty and give nothing to our fishermen, they will get complete control of the American market. I think they are right as to that.

Clearing his throat, Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota had a word to say for maintaining the Newfoundland fisheries:

MR. NELSON. Is it not a fact, too, that in respect to Newfoundland, fishing is the only industry of any consequence, and unless it is fortified and maintained there hardly anybody will be left on the island?

MR. LODGE. What the Senator says is absolutely true. I was about to make that statement.

MR. NELSON. And it is such a distinct and important industry that I imagine that is one reason why Newfoundland did not enter the Dominion. Newfoundland is not a part of the Dominion Government today.

MR. LODGE. No, it is not in the Dominion.

MR. NELSON. It is an independent province, distinct from all the other Canadian provinces, and I think the fishing industry is the main cause of that. It is the life of the country.

MR. LODGE. It is; and the Senator, I think, is quite right in saying that they stayed out of the Dominion Government largely because they wished, if possible, to make separate arrangements with us, which they have been trying to do through reciprocity treaties. Now, we are going to give our market to them for nothing. Fishing is really the only industry of Newfoundland that is of the slightest consequence. It is the only industry, and in Newfoundland the vessels are all owned by what are known as the planters; that is, they are men of capital and corporations in St. Johns. They own the entire fishing fleet; and the inhabitants of the west coast, who do a great deal of the fishing there, are in a state of the greatest poverty. In fact, it was made an issue in one of the recent elections in Newfoundland.

I do not know about the comparative labor cost. I made no attempt to show any difference in labor cost between the Canadian fishermen and the American fishermen; but there is no question that the Newfoundland boats, run as they are, and all in the hands of these rich owners in St. Johns, are run very much cheaper than ours, and I rather think somewhat cheaper than the Canadian boats; and, of course, they come in, too. They have besides the natural geographical advantage of neighborhood.

Again Senator Dillingham came forward with a bit of information which he quoted at the psychological moment:

MR. DILLINGHAM. I find also, while the Senator is speaking on that subject, that—

Fish and other products of the fisheries of Newfoundland may be imported into Canada free of customs duty unless otherwise determined by the governor in council, by order published in the *Canada Gazette*, and fish caught by fishermen in Canadian fishing vessels and the product thereof carried from the fisheries in such vessels shall be admitted into Canada free of duty, under regulations of the minister of customs.

MR. LODGE. Yes; they let in the Newfoundland fish free, while they have a duty on our fish. I have said nothing about the duty. The bounty is enough.

Not to be outdone in advancing the facts of the case, Senator Nelson in his most winsome manner addressed the chair:

MR. NELSON. I also wish to call the Senator's attention to the fact that France has two islands for fishery purposes at or near the Newfoundland banks, which they retained under the treaty when they relinquished Quebec; and that is a great fishing ground for the Frenchmen.

MR. LODGE. Yes; the French Government retained the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. The Breton fishermen come there, as they have come since the sixteenth century; but, of course, the product of the French fisheries is all taken to France.

MR. President, these fishermen are a strong and hardy race. Their occupation is one involving a great deal of danger. Of late years the death list, I am happy to say, has been much reduced; but for a period of twenty-five years, up to a comparatively short time ago, the average loss of life every season in the Gloucester fisheries reached one hundred and over.

There was a rustling of papers in the center of the House on the Republican side as the Senator from the Sunflower State removed his glasses and hastily took the floor.

MR. BRISTOW. Mr. President—

THE VICE PRESIDENT. Does the Senator from Massachusetts yield to the Senator from Kansas?

MR. LODGE. Certainly.

MR. BRISTOW. I should like to inquire of the Senator if his policy of paying a bounty, in his judgment, has been inaugurated because this was regarded as a desirable occupation for British subjects in order to recruit sailors for their navy? Does that enter at all into the question?

MR. LODGE. The bounty is given by the Dominion Government. I do not know whether that consideration has entered into the matter at all or not as a source of supply for the British fleet, but I think it highly probable that it has. In France the fishermen are encouraged. They receive bounties. They have special licenses which give them the sole right to fish. In return each one of the Breton fishermen has to serve three years

in the navy; then he gets his license, and he gets certain privileges, and every ship is given a bounty.

Stirred to action by the movements of Senator Bristow, who sits in front of him, Senator Perkins of California had a word to say:

MR. PERKINS. We have given bounties, too, at times.

MR. LODGE. Yes, as the Senator from California suggests, there have been periods when we have given bounties. It has been the general policy of the world to encourage fisheries with a view of making them a nursery of seamen.

With our great population, relatively few come from the fisheries, I suppose; but when the Spanish War occurred Gloucester sent a larger percentage of men into the Navy of the United States than any city or town in the country. While in seacoast cities like New York and Boston the average of men passed as physically fit for the Navy was only some fourteen per cent, in Gloucester over seventy-five per cent passed. They sent nearly five hundred men into the Navy. From a small town like Gloucester that was a pretty good contribution.

I asked an admiral of the Navy about those men. He said, "Why, they were the best men we could possibly get. We did not have to teach them anything. The moment they were on board the ship they knew the whole thing. You could put them into a boat and send them anywhere to do anything. They had to learn about big guns, and that was all." He told me that most of them rose to be boatswains and warrant officers at once.

They are a good population. They are a hardy, hard-working population. They carry on their industry at the risk of their lives in the gray and stormy seas of the North Atlantic. I think they are the kind of population it is well to encourage, just as it is well to encourage the men of the farm.

I am not saying what I do as to the danger of the northeastern fisheries as a matter of alarm. There is not any question about it; it is utterly impossible for our people to carry on the Bank fisheries in competition with the bounty-fed fisheries of Canada and the poorly paid fisheries of Newfoundland. We cannot do it. The bank fishermen of New England, of Massachusetts and Maine, where most of them are, will go out of existence.

I can see no reason whatever, on any principle of revenue or of protection or of free trade, for handing over our industries to our neighbors on the north who see fit to give a bounty to their fishermen. I cannot see any reason for it, except, I suppose, that it is thought it would make an engaging cry upon the stump. That seems to be, as far as I can make out, the one coherent principle that runs through this bill. Will it

make a pleasant cry when you get on the stump? "We have given you free fish; we have not cheapened it, but we have given you free fish. We have given you free sugar; we have not cheapened it, but you have free sugar. We have taken the duty off meat and off wheat, and so on." They will not lower the price by doing it. But it makes a pleasant cry upon the stump, and I can see no principle in such a plan as this, putting fish on the free list, except the principle of the stump speech, which is not an economic principle, but a means of vote catching.

Mr. President, I offer the following amendment to go in as a new paragraph before paragraph 221.

The SECRETARY. On page 60, after line 6, insert as a new paragraph:

2204. Herrings, pickled or salted, smoked or kippered,  $\frac{1}{2}$  of 1 cent per pound; herrings, fresh,  $\frac{1}{2}$  of 1 cent per pound. Fish, fresh, smoked, dried, salted, pickled, frozen, packed in ice or otherwise prepared for preservation, not specially provided for in this section,  $\frac{1}{2}$  of 1 cent per pound; fish, skinned or boned, 14 cents per pound; mackerel, halibut, or salmon, fresh, pickled, or salted, 1 cent per pound.

Mr. LODGE. On that I ask for the yeas and nays.

The tension seemed to relax rather than to become intensified as the yeas and nays were ordered. Suddenly from the majority side of the house, a tall form rose from one of the front seats, and all eyes were turned to the Senator about to speak. Through the galleries the whisper "John Sharp Williams" seemed infectious, and there was a smile of anticipation among the young ladies in the back row, for Senator Williams' fame as a wit and *raconteur* is better known to the world of women than his most statesmanlike qualities. Then there was a bit of disappointment experienced, after the straining of ears to drink in every word that the gallant Mississippian uttered—for alas, he spoke in cold business terms:

Mr. WILLIAMS. I want to call the attention of the Senator from Massachusetts to Section 5 of the bill. If the bounty system in Canada operates as a discrimination against us with regard to our fisheries, in Section 5 the President—

Mr. LODGE. If the Senator will allow me, I examined that with great care in the hope that there might be something there, but there is not. There is no discrimination against the United States in that bounty. It applies to all the world.

Mr. WILLIAMS. It says here:

Which unduly or unfairly discriminates against the United States or the products thereof.

Mr. LODGE. It does not mention a bounty.

Mr. WILLIAMS. No, it does not mention *ex nomine* a bounty. It provides—

That whenever the President shall ascertain as a fact that any country, dependency, colony, province, or other political subdivision of government imposes any restrictions, either in the way of tariff rates or provisions, trade or other regulations, charges or exactions, or in any other manner, directly or indirectly, upon the importations into or sale in such foreign country of any agricultural, manufactured, or other product of the United States which—

"Which" refers back to all that—

which unduly or unfairly discriminates against the United States or the products thereof—

Then, the next clause is when found unduly discriminating upon the exportation of any article to the United States from that country, "or"—the next one is pretty broad—does not accord to the products of the United States reciprocal and equivalent treatment, he—

That is the President—

shall have the power, and it shall be his duty, to suspend by proclamation the operation of the provisions of this act.

And the first mentioned among the list of things upon which he may make this readjustment are "fish, fresh, smoked and dried, pickled, or otherwise prepared."

Mr. LODGE. Mr. President, I examined that provision with the most anxious care, for I was in strong hopes that I could find something in it, something which would enable the President to impose the duties provided for in Section 5 in the case of the payment of the Canadian bounty, but there is nothing in the wording of that section which gives him any power to do it. There is nothing discriminatory against the United States either in the duty that Canada imposes or the bounty she pays. To give the President power to act under Section 5 there has to be a discrimination, and there is no discrimination here. It operates against us, and against us alone, it is very true, but it stands in the law as applying to all the world. There is no discrimination against our products, and the bounty is, of course, a domestic affair and does not come within that clause. I wish it did come within it, but there is no relief there.

Mr. BRISTOW. I understand the amendment offered by the Senator from Massachusetts is the present law.

Mr. LODGE. Yes, it is the present law. It was not raised in 1909. It was not left entirely unchanged. It was reduced in some forms.

Mr. BRISTOW. I notice in the handbook that the ad valorem equivalent on the importations of 1910 for the first bracket was 6.72 per cent; on the second bracket, 12.86 per cent; on the third, 12.79 per cent; on the fourth, 13.32 per cent; and on the fifth, 16.20 per cent. That, I understand, is the ad valorem equivalent which these specific duties would impose. So the highest would be only a little over 16 per cent.

Mr. LODGE. The highest would be 16 per cent and the lowest 6 per cent. I am much obliged to the Senator from Kansas for calling attention to that, because it is a point which I overlooked.

The existing duties are very low. The duties imposed are nothing but revenue

duties really, and why should that revenue be thrown away when you will not reduce the result of the reduction to the consumer? You throw away that revenue simply to give the whole business to the foreigner, to the Canadian, favored and supported by the bounty.

MR. WILLIAMS. I find that the importations of fish of all sorts in the year 1910, the only year for which I have the full figures—I have them partly for the next year—amounted to \$3,931,863, in round numbers \$4,000,000, and the total consumption was twelve and one-half million dollars. It does not seem that we have suffered very much in the matter of "invasion" or "inundation" of imports.

Here the argument settled down to a parley between Senator Lodge and Senator Williams:

MR. LODGE. I said when I began that 25 per cent of the fish consumed in the United States were imported, from which we get revenue.

MR. WILLIAMS. In other words, that equivalent ad valorem under the Payne tariff law was 20.9 per cent upon fish in oil or in oil and other substances.

MR. LODGE. I have not been discussing any fish in oil. Those are taken care of. Those are the fisheries of the Maine coast.

MR. WILLIAMS. But the Senator need not get excited. I am discussing all of them.

MR. LODGE. I am not getting excited. I was getting emphatic.

A chuckle from Senator Weeks in the back row was followed by general laughter, while Senator Williams, with a sweeping courtesy toward Senator Lodge, politely accepted "one on him," and went on:

MR. WILLIAMS. Well, emphatic, then. I am discussing the equivalent ad valorem. Taking the entire paragraph and the average ad valorem, we have only reduced it four and a fraction per cent, from 29.37 to 23.21, except when we come to caviar, which we have regarded as a luxury, and on which we have kept up the original figure. Fish, skinned or boned, we have reduced 50 per cent.

MR. LODGE. Mr. President—

MR. WILLIAMS. I did not want to argue the case, but where less than one-third of the total consumption was imported—

MR. LODGE. The figures the Senator from Mississippi has been reading—the paragraph he has been discussing—I have not alluded to at all. You have blotted out half the fish duty. Those are the ones I am speaking of.

The battle of wits was now on in good earnest, and even the most dignified Senator was observed giving a nearby colleague a well-defined wink.

MR. WILLIAMS. You are talking of fresh fish?

MR. LODGE. I am not speaking of the protection on the Maine sardine.

MR. WILLIAMS. You are speaking about fresh fish.

MR. LODGE. Fresh fish, salted fish, frozen fish, pickled fish.

MR. WILLIAMS. As to fresh fish, we have placed them upon the free list.

MR. LODGE. You have also smoked, dried, frozen, and pickled, and all the salted fishes except sardines.

MR. WILLIAMS. All right, Mr. President.

Weakly the Senator from Mississippi sank to his chair, while peals of laughter ran through the gallery.

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Shakespeare was no Sophocles, Milton no Homer, Bolingbroke no Pericles, yet they were in their kind and in their station what those were in theirs. Let everyone, therefore, strive in his place to be what he can be in the course of things; this he will be, and to be anything else is impossible.—Herder.

# The Elimination of Bill *by* Ella Wheeler Wilcox

**H**E was named William; and until he reached the age of five, Willie was used as a diminutive. After that a certain aggressive strength in his character revealed the "Bill" quality, and Bill he became, in the nursery, in the home, in the school, the college, and the business world.

Bill was a born leader in his own domains. Perhaps he lacked a universal ambition, and most certainly he lacked any form of selfishness. Therefore he never sought to be a great financier, a millionaire trust owner, a politician, or a statesman. He was satisfied to be a successful young lawyer, and it was his pride and pleasure to take only cases where the Right was to be defended, and to prove that he could make a clean livelihood without the aid of tainted money.

In the nursery he distinguished himself as a courtier to the fair sex. That was where "Bill" developed out of "Willy." He not only picked up his own things, but it was his delight to wait upon his little sister, upon his mother, upon the nurse. Chivalry shone from his honest and tender blue eyes, and his attitudes were those of the protector and provider for weak womankind. His battles with boys were always in defense of some fair one, and the clinging vine type of femininity appealed to all that was noble and vigorous within him.

When Nature fashions a toiler it usually provides the toil. Bill's father died insolvent just before the son finished his law course. Upon him fell the responsibility

of caring for his mother and sisters, and paying the dead father's debts. All this he did before he reached the age of thirty, by taking various day employments and working nights to finish his law studies.

After having dowered his sister on her marriage, and having buried his mother a year later, he proceeded to take unto himself a wife. She was a pretty, slender little maiden who came to his village to teach the country boys and girls their primaries. Her parents had both died of typhoid fever in one week, and she was an only child, left penniless. Her loneliness, her dependence, her prettiness, all appealed to Bill. He married her one week after her first school term finished. He installed her in a cosy little cottage and insisted that she keep a maid of all work. He wanted her to have time to get strong, to enjoy the books she was so very fond of reading, and to be with him every free hour of his life.

Heaven seemed very near to Bill in the days that followed. His practice was growing steadily; he was regarded as one of the coming men in the legal world, and a judgeship before he was forty was predicted by his friends. His little home became a bower of love and beauty under Helen's hands. He loved to watch her sew and embroider, and to see the results of such dainty work about the house. She fluffed her hair up in the cutest and most coquettish manner, and he never tired of looking at it, and the flower face under it.

Then they read books together. He



read while she sewed; and she, while he smoked his after-dinner cigar and looked at her. And then they talked about the future, and planned improvements for the home, and they had delightful jaunts to places out of town, or they went and dined at hotels and restaurants just in order to enjoy their home table with tenfold more zest the next time they sat down to it. And always love, love, love—was the keynote of their lives.

It was an ideally happy home for the first four years. Indeed it did not cease being ideal after that, not at once, but at the end of four years the baby came, and the anxiety about the health of both wife and child rendered life less ideal, even if it added an element of happiness; and Helen was not quite so free to go about. The baby was a boy and seemed rather delicate for several years. No one of the physicians called in counsel was able to name the cause of his delicacy; and Helen began to pore over doctor's books and to study anatomy in order to satisfy herself in the matter.

At the age of five, however, the boy developed perfect health and vigor, but Helen had acquired a taste for the study of medicine, which did not abate.

"I have learned so much about the human system," she told her husband, "that I can never be satisfied until I learn more. I am convinced that the doctors know very little. I feel that it is what I have learned myself, and what I have done for Bill-boy that has saved him, not what they have advised and you have paid for. I want to take a thorough course of study now. It will fit me so much better to care for Bill-boy in the future."

**I**F Helen had asked for the polar star, Bill would have felt it was right and best she should have it. So he consented to her course of study. At first it consisted in hours of delving in books under the guidance of the family physician, who supposed Helen wished to become a home nurse. Later, when she made the fact known that she intended to graduate as a physician, the family doctor dared to utter a protest.

And Bill was silent, and there was a troubled look in his eyes. He wanted life

to settle again into the dear old honeymoon routine. But Helen argued that she had hours of time every day which she might as well employ in this study, and then she would be able to speak and act with authority when her child fell ill. And Bill consented, because it seemed to him a monstrous thing for a big man to hinder a fragile little woman from following the bent of her desires.

There came a time when Helen had to be absent more than half of every day at the medical college, distant an hour's ride by train. There came times when Bill and Bill-boy spent hours alone waiting her return, and other hours when Bill dined alone, when Helen would return tired, pre-occupied, but radiant, with her sense of victory over difficulties.

Then she graduated. Bill believed the last milestone in loneliness was passed, for was not Helen at home now, with her diploma framed on the nursery wall, and wonderful knowledge tucked away in her dear little brain cells? Knowledge which would help her put the mere male doctors to rout, if the occasion occurred requiring her to display it.

One evening the husband and wife were just ready to go to a theater when the bell rang violently. It was a hurry call from a neighbor ten blocks away. Her child was sick; the family doctor was absent on an all-night case. Would Helen come? She might save the baby's life. Of course Helen went, and Bill stayed at home alone. The baby had a serious attack of croup, and Helen did save its life; even the family doctor owned that.

It was the beginning of Doctor Helen's career, and the beginning of the end of the career of Mrs. Bill. Doctor Helen understood her business, and she possessed magnetism, poise, sympathy and love for her profession. She was wonderful in all child diseases, and marvellous in obstetrics. She added intuition to knowledge, and before she had been in practice two years her name was known all over the state. She was often called in counsel with gray beards.

In the very beginning Bill argued with her, trying to hinder the inevitable.

"I make a good income," he said, "I want to build a larger house for you and the



*He merely grew listless and seemed to have no purpose, no aim, no ambition. He was late at the office; he made engagements and forgot them; he failed to win his cases*

boy next year. I want to take you on a trip to Europe. I want to buy you pretty clothes. I love to see a dainty woman about a house. I am able to do all this. Why go into this hard and difficult work? It means the destruction of our home life, I fear."

"Why, it means nothing of the kind,

you dear, foolish, generous soul," Helen said, patting his cheek. "It only means a larger life for me, a greater usefulness. Why should I make you toil and spend money on me when I can have money of my own earning?"

"But I love to earn and expend for your sake," he said, "and I somehow cannot

bear the idea of your becoming a wage-earner. I want to keep you wholly feminine, and all my own."

And Helen replied, "But I shall always be feminine, and I shall always be your very own. You may build the new house; we need more room. I want a nice, big office, and you may buy the pretty gowns, which I will wear out of work hours, for you alone; and we will take the European trip the first free time we have; but this is an age when woman is developing along her own lines, and you must not ask me to give up my profession. There is no reason why I should not do my work while you perform yours. It will make me a better, broader wife and mother."

So Helen had her way. The new house was built, but the office was where Helen spent most of her time. The trip to Europe was continually postponed because she could not leave her patients, and she found fewer and fewer opportunities to wear dainty gowns.

But Helen was radiant with self-content. She was developing in the way she desired, and she was showing the world that a woman could be financially independent, and a good woman and a good wife at the same time. Her bank account was fast mounting up, and the very best people in her town and neighboring towns were her patrons.

AND all the time, slowly but persistently, Bill's character was deteriorating. Not that he took to drink or drugs or other vices. He merely grew listless and seemed to have no purpose, no aim, no ambition. He was late at the office; he made engagements and forgot them; he failed to win his cases. He spent little time at home, save in sleep, and walked the streets aimlessly or sat in hotel lobbies silently.

Helen was so occupied with her patients and her calls, or her researches, that he felt he must not impose upon her. When they were together, her mind was upon her growing profession. She was elated with her success, and with the recognition she received from men high in the medical world. She was becoming a popular speaker at public professional dinners, and was everywhere respected and complimented.

It was of this she talked mainly when

alone with her husband, taking it as a matter of course that he was proud of her attainments; and it never entered her mind that he missed anything from his own life. She knew that she was an honor to his name, and that she had lifted financial responsibility from his dear shoulders. She did not realize that to a manly man responsibility is an incentive to action and a source to happiness.

She had sent Bill-boy away to a military school at her own expense. Bill would have liked to keep him nearer where he might see him week-ends, but he gave in to Helen's idea as usual, for since she paid the bills at this expensive school, he knew it would be churlish to object.

But the house was no longer a home to Bill. It was big, and handsome, and lonely. He wished in a hopeless desultory way that Helen could care for it in the way she used to care for the old cottage; that she might feel like giving it the homey air, the touch of love and femininity. It spoke now only of upholsterers and decorators. But he reasoned it all out sensibly and knew that her large, new life was too universal and her new obligations too great for her to give time to individual things. There were order and comfort and opulence in his house, and he had no right to complain.

Yet sitting alone in hotel corridors, or in his office, he was conscious of a dread of returning home, and memories of the old cosey evenings came over him with a persistency which was oftentimes maddening.

Everybody congratulated him on the wonderful achievements and the great development of his wife, and he felt like a brute when he confessed to himself that his knowledge of her growing power awoke in his heart a miserable loneliness; a feeling he could explain to no one, lest it be called that mean thing, "jealousy." Helen herself seemed like a stranger oftentimes to him. She wore severe clothes; she was always tailor made, a type he did not admire, save on the street. She had lost her coquettish way with her hair, and her face had taken on a certain look of masculinity, of wisdom and responsibility. She had grown unmistakably intellectual in appearance and pronouncedly self-reliant.

But that had never been an ideal type

of woman to him. He had not knowingly married a woman of marked intellect, but a sweet little creature who needed his love and protection. Helen did not need him; she was a better fellow than he was, more successful in her profession than he was in his.

The very thought ate into his very soul. He hated and despised himself, and he was terribly lonely. He realized that he was a failure long before Helen and other people realized it. Looking in the mirror one day he saw weakness in every lineament of his face. He, Bill, weak! Yet he lacked any incentive to be strong.

Many men, perhaps most men, in his situation, and with his peculiarly developed love nature, would have found companionship elsewhere and would have steered the domestic craft straight to the great hospitable Harbor of Divorce.

Such opportunities came to Bill, for he was a virile man, with a magnetic personality, and he was good to look upon. And the world is full of women who are skilled in the art of making the gentle initiative toward men of his type.

ONE such had shown herself to be so sympathetic, and at the same time so delicate, and best of all so entertaining that she disturbed his mind for weeks. She was a stenographer in his office building and he often needed her services.

A young widow, well born and well educated, she was following a business career, from necessity, not choice. She was possessed of that great charm in woman, a quick wit, without sarcasm, and she always sent her patrons away with a laugh, no matter how despondent or preoccupied they had been when they approached her. And at the same time she maintained a certain dignity of manner which saved her from insult.

That indescribable spirit of comradeship and perfect understanding which sometimes establishes itself between a man and a woman at first acquaintance grew into the subtle sense of spiritual affinity before long in the mind of the stenographer; and had Bill been made of ordinary clay, the ordinary result would

have followed. But there was a certain fineness in the man, and an unusual ideal of loyalty, which prevented him from allowing the young woman to become more than his stenographer. And his visits to her office became fewer and fewer, because his business began to decrease.

Little by little his clients fell away from him; little by little his office meant nothing but books and dust and loneliness, just as his home meant furniture and servants and loneliness.

Doctor Helen was a success, but Bill was nobody; he was nothing; nobody needed him. He had been so used to being needed. His mother, his sister, and then his wife all had needed him, and it was such a joy to feel he was strong and capable and helpful to them. Even his boy did not need him, for Helen had all the money that was necessary for his care and education.

Bill felt himself simply eliminated from the whole scheme of domestic life, and domestic life was all he cared for.

One day he fell into a low fever and Helen said he was anemic and suggested a tonic. But the kind of tonic Bill needed she did not give. She no longer possessed it. She had passed beyond the plane of understanding, for when the woman's head is over-full, the woman-heart is often affected with drouth.

And one day Bill died, sitting quite alone in his office. They said it was heart failure.

And Helen, being a superior woman, bore the shock bravely. "I have my work," she said, "it gives me no time to grieve, and that is why I believe in woman's developing her own individuality. In times of sorrow, it proves her salvation."

And it never occurred to her that the making of the big lonely house into a home, the cultivation of the power of companionship for a lover and a child, And the perfecting of beautiful femininity, means development also.

"Your skill saved my husband's life," said a woman to her one day a little later.

"And it lost me my own husband's life," Helen might have said.

But she did not know, so she smiled with satisfaction.



# The Item

by  
Roy Kilman

THE old shipper stumbled suddenly and pitched forward. His foot had caught. He bent over and picked something from the dusty floor. It was a sign and read: "No gambling allowed."

"Huh!" he ejaculated, looking at me over the top of his glasses. "Never knew the Old Man, did you?"

I laid the many-columned sheet of inventory paper on the table and sat down. The relation between a dusty old sign and my fellow-workman's query was certainly not apparent. Nothing loath, the shipper followed my example. He held the sign so the light could fall on it and regarded it a moment.

"That there sign," he said, with a chuckle, "reminds me of the old fellow and a certain horse we once had; 'The Item' the boys called it. The Old Man didn't come to our branch so often after that affair. He couldn't face us. You see, it happened something like this. The chap who was boss here wrote in asking for authority to buy another delivery horse. He had the animal picked out, mind you, and was looking for a little commission on the deal. Next mail brought a letter from the head office saying a horse would be

supplied from there, kindly fill in the enclosed requisition blank and return at once, yours truly. Never'd been done before. The Old Man was buying his horses in bunches and sending them out to the branches all over the country.

"Well, the horse came on, along with a newfangled thing called a duplicate requisition with a form of receipt at the bottom, referring to the horse as 'Item 428,' and nothing more was thought of it except to dub the horse 'The Item' and take an occasional shot at the manager about the commission he didn't make because of the Old Man's system.

"Then Ethan came."

The eyes of the shipper took on a far-away look.

"That was about a week after 'The Item' had been on the job. Ethan was a thin lad with a big nose. For his age he was tall, tall not because God made him so, but because his neck was long. And he had a mild pair of eyes. I found him one morning at seven o'clock when I came to open up. He was asleep in the doorway and it looked to me as if he had been there all night. So I went at him rough—asked him if he thought it was a blooming



roomin' house. He didn't answer but just looked at me out of those eyes of his. Then I saw the poor devil was shivering with the cold and I let him come inside. When he got warmed up he told me his name and asked for a job. Now it just happened the Old Man was coming that very day, so I gave the kid something to eat and took him down to the basement where the boys couldn't see him; everyone was nervous, and I didn't want them to know about Ethan.

"At ten o'clock sharp in comes the Old Man, blustering, blowing smoke through his nose and wanting to know what in thunder we needed of another horse. That was always his way. I tell you the manager in those days earned his money. The Old Man would plant himself in the middle of the room and just fire questions. There was only one man around the place he didn't ask any questions of, son, and I'm too modest to name him.

"Well, I fetched the kid upstairs. I'd been coaching him all morning and told him to sass back if the old fellow tried to scare him. I knew we needed a boy to help Sam—he's an old fellow been with the firm most as long as I have—take care of the horses, and I reckoned this kid could do the work. He told me he knew horses, and Lord, he did, he did."

THE shipper got up and pulled the window shades down; pulled them down slowly, thoughtfully.

"Yes, sir, that boy knew horses. Well, to make a long story short, Ethan got a job, and it didn't take him long to get on to things, but I had trouble with Sam. Sam couldn't seem to understand his new helper, and the first time he got a chance after the Old Man was gone he came running over to the store and wanted to know what spavined son of a horse doctor hired that boy. I told him I did.

"You!" Sam shouts.

"Sam never could see a joke. 'Yes,' I yells at him. 'I did, and what you going to do about it?'"

"Then Sam saw my dander was up. 'Well,' says he, easing off a little, 'he's a mighty queer un. This morning when I gets to the barn to look after the horses I see him hangin' onto the neck of that

skate the Old Man just sent us—hangin' onto him by the neck!'"

"What of it?" says I. 'He says he likes horses.'

"Likes horses!" Sam hollers. 'Great Jehosaphat! He was makin' love to the animal.'

"I could see Sam was earnest.

"That kid," he goes on, 'slept in the barn all night and when I come in this morning he blinks his eyes almost cryin' and asks if I minds him sleepin' there all the time.'

"But I stuck to it and Sam went away agreeing to let the boy sleep in the barn, but swearing he'd hold me responsible.

"About a week after that Sam came to see me again.

"I don't like the actions of that boy," says he.

"Why?" I puts to him direct.

"Because I don't," says Sam. 'Last night he had that horse out of the barn!'

"And it did look funny.

"Next day I went over to see what I could see, but bless you, there wasn't anything to criticise. Sam owned up the boy was doing good work, and that's all there was to it. Then things began to happen around the store. The Old Man blew in unexpectedly, fired half the force and upset matters so that I forgot all about Ethan for a couple of weeks. One night I strolled over to the stables thinking I might find Sam there and learn how he was getting on with the boy. I got the surprise of my life. Here was the two of them thicker than thieves. I noticed Sam look at me kind of queer when I came in, and as soon as I got a chance I asked him about Ethan. He admitted the boy was all right, but he did it in an offhand way that struck me odd. I took a look at 'The Item.' The horse had improved considerable.

"How is the old skate, Sam?" I asks.

"Skate?" Sam repeats, like he didn't remember.

"I pointed to the horse.

"Oh, The Item," says he. 'Why, he's all right, I guess.'

"Looks to me as if Ethan's taking good care of him," says I.

"Sam only grunted and walked off to the rear of the barn whistling.

"Then I guess about a month passed

when one day I overheard the manager say he was getting complaints from some of the customers. They wasn't getting their goods delivered quick enough. He sent word over to Sam to know if the horses was all working. Sam said everything was O. K.

"And soon after that I overheard a couple of clerks. They dropped their voices, but I got enough to know they was talking horses. Now if there was one thing more than another the Old Man was down on, it was gambling in any form. He was always telling the boys he wouldn't have a gambler around the place. It was a regular hobby of his and he had this here old sign printed and stuck up in the offices. So your job wasn't worth much if he caught you at it.

"**A**BOUT that time I began to notice Sam coming over to see the manager, and I wondered what he was doing in the private office. Sam didn't speak to me the last time I saw him, and that night I got to thinking about it. There seemed to be something in the air I couldn't understand. I remembered every time I'd come near any of the boys they'd shut up talking and make some fool remark about the weather. Finally, one day I overheard two of them gassin' about 'The Item,' and I began to see the light. But I didn't let on and that afternoon I went over to the stables. Sam and Ethan wasn't in. I hung around awhile, and pretty soon down the street I saw the two of them coming with the horse. Ethan was riding the animal and it was hobbled and blanketed like a racer.

"Getting madder and madder I waited for them to come up, Sam trying not to meet my eyes and looking surly; but he couldn't bluff me.

"'Sam,' says I, 'What kind of foolishness is this; you and Ethan putting all this monkey-business on an old hack of a delivery horse and running him around the streets when all of you ought to be working?'

"The next instant Ethan jumped off the horse and was facing me with his eyes as near to the blazing point as I ever saw them.

"'He ain't an old hack,' says he, 'and Sam and me'll show you, too.'

"Then I'm hanged if the boy's eyes didn't fill with tears and he stalked off into the barn, the horse following him like a child.

"Seemed to me mighty near the point where I ought to tell the Old Man. It was a cinch 'The Item' hadn't hauled a load of pickles in two weeks, and I began to understand why there was complaints about deliveries. The whole bunch, manager, clerks, bookkeepers, Sam and Ethan seemed in on it; all except me.

"After a while Sam came out. Glancing at me foxy-like he asked me to take a walk with him and then he told me the whole story. I was the last one to know it. You see, they all knew I was the oldest employee and stood in with the Old Man and they was afraid to tell me. But they had to have me. One of the Old Man's cronies had written a personal letter to him and complained that he wasn't getting his pickles promptly, and would he—the Old Man—make it right. That was Schenkleberger.

"Would the Old Man make it right!

"A sizzling letter had come to the manager wanting to know why in blazes he couldn't make his deliveries and referring sarcastically to the fact that his last requisition had been honored—Item 428—and would he, the manager, be in town Tuesday? That was the next day but one. So you see things was getting close. The Old Man was headed for the office and when he got his gimlet eyes going and me to help him, it wouldn't take us fifteen minutes to know the whole business.

"Well, in the end I promised. The boys was all in it, and if I held out it meant that every man-jack in the local branch would lose his job on Tuesday at 10:05 A. M.

"The next day we spent getting matters lined up so the old fellow couldn't twig it. The manager sent a young German chap out to see Herr Schenkleberger and fix it up with him, and Sam hid all signs of racing gear and passed up grooming 'The Item' for a day or so. The animal was looking altogether too slick for a pickle horse. Wednesday was the day of the race and it was arranged that Sam was to take the horse to the track Tuesday night and Ethan was to ride him.

"Well, sir, everything seemed to depend

on whether the Old Man could be kept out of the way. He showed up Tuesday morning full of questions and usual, and it took some cunning work to keep him from going to the stables. But we did it. Late that afternoon the manager came down to the basement to see me. I'm the oldest employee, you know. The sweat was standing out on his forehead and I could see he'd had a bad day.

"Schenkleberger's a peach," says he, wiping his face with a handkerchief. "The Old Man is going to stay over tomorrow, but Schenkleberger has promised to keep him out there if he has to play pinochle with him all day, and when this business is over you can just bet your bottom dollar that C. Dolliver Jenks—that was his name—is going to call a halt on this racing of dray horses."

"And I agreed with him. He told me the boys had a lot of money down at big odds and it looked like a killing if 'The Item' went over the line first. Even old Schenkleberger had warmed up and got one of the boys to place a small bet for him. It was just plumb queer how that boy Ethan inspired confidence."

"Wednesday came and I tell you there was mighty little work done by anybody. About one o'clock in rushes a boy with a note from Schenkleberger telling us he had played pinochle until he was black in the face and letting the Old Man win all the games, but he couldn't hold him. The Old Man had left saying he had to go back to the office. It looked bad to me. If the Old Man took it into his head to go over to the barn he would find out in a minute two of his employees wasn't working. Well, we waited and waited, and the Old Man didn't show up. Three o'clock, and still he hadn't come. Now the race was set for three and we began looking for word from Sam. The next thing that happened Sam came. He was the most excited man you ever saw."

"**T**HE Item's won," he shouts. "The Item's won."

"And he had. Sam had left the track right after the race. The boys all crowded around him, shaking his hand and shaking hands with each other, and nothing was too good for Ethan. We had forgot all

about the Old Man. About half an hour later in comes Ethan, looking happy and scared and trembling all at the same time. The boys made a rush for him, but before they could get to him he blurted out that he'd seen the Old Man at the race track.

"Then I knew it was all off. The Old Man never forgot a face, and if Ethan had ridden in that race, the Old Man knew it. They all tried to argue me out of the idea, but they couldn't. I knew it was serious. Grabbing my hat I told Sam and Ethan to get back to the barn and I started for Schenkleberger's delicatessen store. Old Schenkleberger wasn't in. They said he'd gone up town. So I hustled back to the barn and there I saw him just going in. He'd heard Ethan's horse had won and he acted like it was the first time he had ever won a bet. I followed him and there he was shaking Ethan's hand, and Sam doing a dance by himself. It didn't make any hit with me."

"Schenkleberger," says I, "the Old Man knows all about it."

"How's that?" says he.

"Well," I tells him, "he was over to the race track."

"Over to the race track," Schenkleberger says, getting purple in the face.

"Ethan saw him," says I, soaking it in.

"The old rascal," sputters Schenkleberger. "He told me he was going back to the office." Then Schenkleberger slaps his leg and starts off. I thought he was going to desert us. "Wait," says he, "just you wait."

"And away he goes calling the Old Man seventeen kinds of a hypocrite. So I hung around, getting more and more nervous, but in about five minutes back Schenkleberger came. He was grinning all over. Well, sir, it was close work. We got to the office just in time. When we opened the door there stood the Old Man in the middle of the floor bellowing like a big bull. He had seen Sam and Ethan, both of them. So he twigged it that the boys must have been betting and he'd fired every man in the place twice over. When he sees me he yells out:

"You, too, you, too, you old villain. I've taken your lip long enough. The whole caboodle of you is fired. Understand! Fired for gambling."

"Then his eye lighted on Schenkleberger and I thought the Old Man would blow up. 'You—you Dutchman!' he explodes, walking up to Schenkleberger. 'You're in it, too. You tried to keep me out there playing pinochle, didn't you?'"

"At that old Schenkleberger began to wind up and he strutted around the office

"'Why, you old fool,' he shouts. 'You can't scare me.'"

"'Scare you!' flutters the Old Man. 'I ain't trying to scare you. I'm ordering you out of the place.'"

"Schenkleberger stepped up close to the Old Man and I thought he was going to hit him. 'You blow-hard,' says he, breath-



"The next instant the Old Man whirled around and faced the kid. "'You knew,' said he, cross-like, 'that you had no business at that race track'"

filled up with English he couldn't get out of his system. So there the old fellows were, glaring at each other, and the Old Man calling his friend everything he could lay his tongue to. It was up to Schenkleberger."

The shipper fairly curled up with the ecstasy of his thoughts.

"Finally the Old Man added the last insult; called him a bum pinochle player, and *that* started Schenkleberger.

ing hard and looking the Old Man square in the eye. 'I licked you when we were kids in Hanover, and I'm going to do it again. Then I'll attend to telling you a few things.'

"And Schenkleberger began to peel his coat.

"But the Old Man came to. He must have realized all the boys were standing around and grinning. So he motioned his old friend into the private office and

followed him in. We all stood there listening but couldn't hear anything but the drone of their voices. They were having it out. Finally Schenkleberger stuck his head out and called for someone to bring Ethan over. I went and got the boy and followed him into the office. I was going to see the end of it. The Old Man was standing at the window. He didn't even turn around, but old Schenkleberger was sitting back in a chair smoking calm enough and he winked at me.

"Ethan," says he to the boy, 'your employer wants to ask you some questions.'

"The next instant the Old Man whirled around and faced the kid.

"You knew," says he, cross-like, 'that you had no business at that race track.'

"Ethan hung his head.

"You knew," the Old Man goes on, trying to hold himself in, 'that I pay you to take care of my horses and help Sam.'

"The kid didn't say a word, and his lip began quivering.

"Then," the Old Man thunders, mad as a hatter when he saw the boy was frightened, 'why was you there?'

"At that Schenkleberger jumped up and placed both his hands on the Old Man's shoulders. 'Heinrich,' says he, soft-like, 'don't, please don't excite yourself.'

"And the Old Man took it!

"Then old Schenkleberger started asking questions of Ethan.

"Now, boy," says he, 'I want you to tell your story so the—Pickle King can hear for himself. Where was you born?'

"In New Hampshire," Ethan says.

"Father and mother dead?'

"The boy only sobbed.

"And this horse, The Item, your folks raised him?'

"He was my pet," whimpers Ethan.

"And after the old folks died everything was sold, including the horse?'

"Ethan nodded.

"And you borrowed money and followed your horse to Pittsburg?'

"Ethan said he did. And then he went ahead and told it all. Well, sir, it seems that boy had followed his horse all the way to Pittsburg and tried to get work from the man that had bought the critter; but he couldn't, and the kid dang near starved

to death. Then the horse was sold again and sent to New York and Ethan went there, all the time trying to earn or borrow enough money to buy his horse back. In New York it took him three months to locate the fellow that had the animal—a baker, and Ethan got work with him for a time. Then the horse was bought by the Old Man and the next thing Ethan knew his horse had been sent way out here. So the kid beats his way after it and I find him in the doorway of the store one morning, waiting for someone to open up; hadn't had anything to eat for two days. And all this time, the boy knowing his horse had speed to burn and not letting on to anyone.

"WHEN Ethan ended his story, the Old Man just walked over to him and shook him by the hand. It was the nicest thing I ever saw him do. And it was comical to see old Schenkleberger. He just beamed, and he and the Old Man slapped each other on the back and jabbered away in Dutch. Then the Old Man told Ethan his job was all right and to hurry out to the race track and get the horse. Ethan started for the door, but before he got away Schenkleberger stopped him, and then looking hard at the Old Man, he says: 'Heinrich, can't you afford to give the horse to that boy?'

The shipper paused and studied the sign for a moment.

"Son," he said finally, "you could have knocked me down with a feather when Schenkleberger said that. I could see the Old Man didn't take to the idea. He grinned in a kind of queer way, and was for getting mad, but somehow Schenkleberger had the Old Man's nerve, and all he could say was, 'How much did the firm pay for the horse?' Ethan told him two hundred dollars, and offered to buy the animal. That fired Schenkleberger again.

"Buy!" he shouts. 'Buy nothing! He's your horse, boy, and you don't pay a cent for him. Now get.'

"It just made the Old Man look sick, but he never peeped. Then I came away leaving the two old fellows together and wondering how the deuce Schenkleberger had such an influence with the Old Man.



It beat me, and I was telling the boys what had happened when I heard Schenkleberger saying good-bye. As he came out he motioned to me and I followed him.

"'Everything is all right,' says he. 'I fixed it up and none of you will lose your jobs. Just sit tight and the Old Man won't ever mention it again.' And the old fellow began to laugh to himself. I asked him how he did it.

"'There's only one way to handle the Old Man,' says he, his eyes twinkling. 'I learned it in Germany. Talk back! Sass him!'

"'Yes,' says I, 'I've knowed that twenty years without living in Germany, but sassing the Old Man ain't going to make him give away horses.'

"Old Schenkleberger puffed and grinned a moment to himself. 'Well,' says he, 'I'll tell you, but it mustn't go any further. The Old Man had a bet on the horse himself. He won five hundred dollars on

The Item and didn't know he was betting on his own horse until I told him.'

"And old Schenkleberger went away holding his sides, and there I had it. The Old Man had been gambling, and Schenkleberger had caught him at it. I never knew how he found it out. He'd never tell me.

"Anyway, we figured it up that all told about twenty-five hundred dollars had been won on 'The Item' by the boys in the office, not including the Old Man's bet."

The shipper got up and stretched himself.

"How much did I wager?" Slowly he repeated the question.

"Son," he said, "I never bet on a horse race in my life, but that fall my wife had a new sealskin sacque, cost three hundred dollars."

The shipper winked portentously, and then added:

"You see, 'twasn't betting—it was investing money on 'The Item,' and he was a sure thing."

## SOCRATES

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

LET the empurpled rose flaunt forth in flame;  
 And the white daisy by the pasture bar.  
 Hide in the cloud of grasses like a star;  
 And loud let every wind shout its own name.  
 The wild roebuck let no fate dare to tame;  
 And let the gipsy folk go wand'ring far  
 Where forests call or golden islands are;  
 Let each race climb its own steep height of fame.

Live thine own life! This is thy message clear  
 Philosopher of truth—this is thy word  
 Plung grandly down the corridors of time.  
 O soul of mine, lift up thy heart in cheer,  
 List to the voices in thy bosom heard,  
 Follow the God within and grow sublime!

# The Corner Table

by  
*Rebecca N. Porter*

FROM the dining room window Constance watched her husband's tall figure swing down the street. At the corner, she saw him break into a run and pull himself up on the rear platform of his car. The wave of desolation that she had been fighting off for days swept over her in an overwhelming flood, deafening her to every sound, save the voice that called to her from the outer world. Slowly she drew her eyes away from the window, and sent them around the room; to the table with its confusion of soiled breakfast dishes; to the room beyond, where the sun struggled half-heartedly at closed blinds. There was a sense of suffocation everywhere. Even when she had thrown wide the windows, and the cooling fog from the bay drifted in, she felt scarcely able to breathe. For a moment she stood, a tense, wistful figure, watching San Francisco's workers on their way to office and store. She envied every careful of them that slid down the steep California street hill into the teeming hubbub below.

The swinging door at the end of the dining room was pushed open, and the maid entered with an empty tray. She began tumbling the dishes onto it, and irritated at the clatter, Constance brushed aside the portieres of the front room. She drew up the shades with a sharp twitch, and the gray light fell upon a great mass of violets upon the center table. She walked over and stood looking down upon them. "Violets, for me!" she murmured, with a ghost of a laugh that jarred un-

pleasantly even in her own ears. Awkwardly she began pushing some of the shorter stems down into the water. Then she slipped an ornamental duster from its case, and flicked it clumsily over the photographs on the table.

The portieres parted again, and the maid, balancing the loaded tray on one hand, peered into the room. "There's a pot of mush left over this morning. Will you have it fried for your lunch?"

The words seemed to snap in Constance a taut cord. She answered with sudden curt decision; "You may do whatever you like for lunch; I shan't be here."

HALF an hour later, she had donned her short-skirted walking suit, and left the house. Walking briskly, she signalled a passing car and sprang aboard. In the way that she swung up the steep steps, there was a dexterity amounting almost to grace. The awkwardness of a few moments ago had vanished, giving place to the perfect ease of one on sure ground.

The car was crowded, and one of the men moved aside and offered her his strap. "Kinder helps to hold onto something steady," he said, with the easy good comradeship that she knew so well.

She thanked him, with a friendly nod, and thus encouraged, he ventured a question. "Say, didn't you used to be a reporter on the *Morning Voice*?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Thought your face looked familiar. You used to drop around to our place sometimes. Madison's Detective Bureau. Remember?"

"Why, Mr. Madison! Of course I remember. You've given me a start on some mighty good stories."

He grinned appreciatively. "What did you break with the *Voice* for? Get a better job?"

"I got something that I thought was going to be better, yes." She knew that the irony of her reply was lost upon him, but he seemed to catch the note of discontent in her voice.

"Didn't pan out, huh?" he said.

There is a sympathy that carries with it a hidden sting. This was the open fellow feeling that he would have offered to another man who was down on his luck, and it warmed her heart as nothing else could have done.

"No, I'm afraid that it hasn't panned out exactly," she answered slowly, "but it's too late to be thinking of that now."

He leaned forward, and spoke in a lower tone. "Don't you ever believe that. Since you left, the *Voice* has been having all kinds of bad luck with their reporters. The only one who seems to stand in at all now is that Nickels girl. She's been there for years, you know, and they all swear by her."

Constance turned the subject abruptly into a new channel. "What brings you up into this part of town so early in the morning?"

For answer, he drew a copy of the morning paper from his pocket. "Did you read about the bank robbery?" he queried.

"Yes. You're after the burglar then?"

He nodded. "The bank has thrown all the reporters off the scent by giving them full information and fixing the crime on Val Plingetto. They ran his picture, and gave complete details, you notice. Well," he folded the paper carefully back into his pocket, "that isn't all the story. Since you're not doing newspaper work any more, you'll appreciate the joke, and it won't do any harm to tell you that he had an accomplice. But the bank isn't anxious to have that get out yet."

AT Powell Street, he swung off the car, leaving Constance to ride on down to where Market street slants across California. She smiled contemptuously at

this guarded bit of information. What mattered it to her now, though she held within her two hands all the clues to every mystery story in the city! Her mind reverted to Marion Nickels. Yes, of course she would stay on with the *Voice*, and go on doing brilliant work for them. She had always been interested in the girl when they had worked together, and now that she was out of the field, her interest in all its workers seemed doubled. Marion Nickels was the right sort. If only more people went into the work as she had, for sheer love of it! She felt herself grow rigid with contempt for those women who, for mere excitement or adventure, dabble in the world's work.

The meeting with Madison had been like a breath of the old life. It seemed to have fanned the smoldering fire within her into flame. Suddenly from a mere purposeless going somewhere, her journey took definite direction. With the yearning for the old activities now grown clamorous, she resolved to go over again some of the old familiar rounds. "I'll go down on lower Mission, wander along the water front perhaps, and then come along up Market, and at noon—at noon, I'll take lunch at Denny's."

Denny's! To be back there again where all the downtown newspaper people congregated for hasty lunches, and the exchange of breezy greetings! She felt that the very sight of Denny's might ease the restless longing of her heart.

At Market, she left the car, and stood for a moment on one of the safety stations watching the long procession of trolleys swing round the circle to the ferry building. The down-going cars were crowded with college students on their way to the university across the bay. The up-town cars swayed with loads of business men and girls, commuters just arriving to take their parts in the great drama of the city's day. Constance, watching both crowds, felt a thrill of envy. On Mission Street, she passed dingy shops, where owners were sweeping off the sidewalks, or carrying in stock from delivery wagons. To many of them she gave a nod of friendly recognition. No one escaped her alert eyes.

On one of the shabby corners she came upon a small Italian boy, howling with wrathful defiance as he gazed after the figures of two larger comrades. She stopped and turned him about gently. "Now, my little man, what's the matter?"

"They won't let me go with 'em!" he wailed. "And they calls me brother a swipe!"

"Where do you live?"

He pointed vaguely. "Hm-hum, well, I think I know." She had been sizing him up swiftly. "You look like one of the Plingetto tribe. Isn't your father's name Joe Plingetto?"

He looked up in awed surprise, and slipped one hand into hers. On the way home she talked to him in a tone of frank good-comradeship that made him feel like a grown-up man. He found himself talking too; telling her about his father's new store, and his elder brother's most recent trip to the county jail. "An' he's allays been white to me too," he confided regretfully. "This time he had promised to buy me a coaster if he wasn't pinched, 'cause he said he'd be a rich bug then."

She conducted him safely to his door, delivered a sharp warning to his mother, and then walked briskly away, nodding with easy informality to the policeman at the corner. "Queer how I keep getting mixed up with that robbery story," she sighed.

THE ferry clock pointed the noon hour when she found herself before the gilt-lettered door of Denny's restaurant. Her own table over in the corner was vacant, and with a thrill of exultation, she marched over and took possession. The head waiter, a little pointed-faced man, trailed after her, napkin and menu card under his arm. She smiled at him with the knowledge that he strongly approved of her. She was the kind that he liked to wait upon; that type so rare among his women patrons, who knows what she wants before she pulls out her chair. She never subjected him to an embarrassing cross-examination of the menu card.

While she drew off her gloves, she gave the order; then drank the glass of cold water beside her plate, and let her eyes travel about the room. How familiar

it all looked! Not a thing had been changed since those days, six months ago, when she had hurried in for haphazard lunches. Even the side mirror with its soap-written injunction, "*Try Denny's Delight*," seemed like the face of a genial friend. She pictured to herself those other lunches eaten at leisure in the oak-finished dining room at the flat, the round table, with its hemstitched covers and the inevitable mass of violets glowing in the center. The dreariness of it made her shudder. How had she endured it? How would she endure it again—tomorrow?

The grating of a chair opposite roused her. "You won't object if I eat my lunch with you, will you?"

Without raising her eyes, Constance answered with the breezy cordiality of the business world: "Make yourself perfectly at home. This table doesn't really belong to me, you know."

Then, as her eyes met those of the newcomer, they lighted with recognition. "Why, I didn't see who you were. It seems good to meet someone from the *Voice* again."

The girl had taken off her wrap, and thrown it over the back of the chair. Her face had drawn, worried lines, and the heavy droop of her eyes confirmed the story of sleepless nights. Constance viewed her judicially. "They've put you in on night work this year?"

"Yes," the other answered, with infinite weariness. "I've been going all the gaits these past two months. We're shy two men and—well, you know what that means."

Constance nodded, with reminiscent thoughtfulness. The waiter reappeared with her order, and began ranging the little dishes about her plate. When he had gone, the girl leaned across the table and spoke in a low, confidential voice. "I've been going steadily since eight o'clock this morning, and there's absolutely nothing to show for it. It's dead this time of year; nothing interests the public."

Constance fitted one empty potato skin into the other, and asked, with abrupt irrelevancy, "Do you see much of Ned Stringham these days?"

The girl shot her a curious glance. "I don't see much of anybody these days,"

she answered. "I've no time for social intercourse."

The older woman smiled. "Do you know, I really believe that you're envying me, Marion."

Her companion flushed. She began toying with the clumsy salt-shaker beside her plate.

"You're envying me for being out of it all, now, aren't you?"

"Yes, I do envy you with all my heart. I envy you for being out of it all and—for other things."

"By the 'other things' of course you mean a home," Constance explained. "Home, sweet home, with your foot on the soft, soft pedal."

"I'm tired," the girl went on, with a tragic little wave of her napkin. "I suppose you've forgotten what it feels like

to be really tired. I've never had a chance to forget. Sometimes I wish I were the fainting kind of woman, and could swoon away in the office some day. Then I would have one moment at least of complete relaxation."

The keen-eyed woman opposite nodded with ready understanding. "I know all about *that*," she answered. "There are lots of things that we women will do when we get keyed up to that point. Some marry out of it."

She paused a moment, then went on in a calm, impersonal tone, but with her eyes still fixed upon the girl across the table.



*She smiled at him with the knowledge that he strongly approved of her. She was the kind he liked to wait upon*



"It's all right to choose that way out of the difficulty too, if—well, if you're that kind of a woman. But if you're a hollyhock that has battled with the world all its life, if you've struggled and fought with the world until you've grown to love it, if you've succeeded too in wresting from it what you wanted, then—well, the most ideal husband in the world and the loveliest home can never make a violet of you."

Her voice had sharpened now, and there was a look in her half-closed eyes that Marion Nickels had never seen there before.

"VIOLETS prefer to hide away under broad, protecting leaves," she went on, "and it's charming to see them do it. But when you see a hollyhock trying the same thing, you call it a freak. We can't change our temperaments with our names, and we make a fatal mistake when we try. Don't do that, Marion," she added suddenly. "Ned Stringham is one of San Francisco's big lawyers; he has a future before him, and anyone can see that he'd like to have you share it. But—there will be days when you won't be so tired as you are today."

The girl had pushed her plate away, and was staring down at the dingy table cloth. "Perhaps you're right," she sighed. "I'm a success here at least. But, oh, it costs too much! It seems cruel that I can't sleep at night when I do get the chance; that ideas and plans and worries must swarm about and settle upon my brain until I feel that my days are eating up my nights."

Constance had finished, and was drawing on her gloves. "Where are you going this afternoon?" she demanded.

"Oh, I don't know; anywhere. I must have something by five."

"Well, I have a proposition to make to you. Go home and go to bed, and go to sleep. Take something to make you sleep, if you must, and meet me here at five. I'll guarantee to have a story for you. Will you do it?"

Marion stared at her, wide-eyed. "Oh, I couldn't let you," she said with the sharp decision of one on the verge of surrender. "It wouldn't be right."

"Don't be idiotic," Constance retorted.

Then she came closer and laid one hand on the girl's shoulder. "Fate has been playing into my hands all morning," she said. "It would be a crime not to use the cards that have been dealt to me. You have it in your power to give me a few hours of real happiness, girl. Will you do it?"

Five minutes later, she was out in the street with Marion Nickels' note book, her brain busy with plans. The aimlessness of the morning's wanderings suddenly assumed definite significance. The inside information that Madison had given her was clue enough perhaps for a complete revelation. She decided upon a visit to the Union Bank. A short walk brought her to the doors, to find them shut, and the information, "Closed," staring at her through the screening. Around at the back, she met the boy who swept out the building, and she stopped for a friendly chat.

"Hello, Bob! You had a pretty lively time here last night, didn't you?"

He grinned, with an air of deep importance. "Been havin' a lively time all day too," he replied.

"How much do you suppose he got away with?" she queried, in tones of casual interest.

"Aw, he didn't get so much, but I bet he's made a bunch of trouble for Hicks."

"Oh, is that so? Hicks is night watchman, isn't he?"

"Used to be," he replied darkly.

"Oh, has he given up the job?" she humored him.

The boy assumed a bored expression. "Guess he'll have to go," he replied, with elaborate unconcern. "They think he was in the deal!"

He paused a moment, to allow this its full dramatic due. Then, "A woman came down here this morning. Gee, but she was all in! Said that the trouble had about killed Hicks; he'd written her a letter about it. The folks here told me not to let anybody in, so I sent her packin' in a hurry."

"How in the world did you manage it?" Constance's face showed awed admiration.

"Oh, I took her 'phone number, and said I'd have 'em call her up. That always sounds like you meant business, and it settles 'em."

"Let me see the number, will you? Suppose she gave you her address, too. Thanks. You're simply a wonder, Bob."

A ROUNDABOUT ride, and a transfer, brought her to the house, out near the grounds of the Presidio. The excited servant girl who answered her ring told her that the lady of the house could see no one.

"I think she'll see me," Constance answered calmly. "Tell her that I come from the Union Bank."

The girl disappeared, and she heard quick footsteps overhead. A few minutes later, a little blonde woman hurried into the parlor. Her eyes were wide and frightened, and her hair tumbled about her ears. Constance noted that she was pretty, very pretty in spite of her dishevelment, with that helpless beauty that appeals to men. Her quick eyes took in every detail of the disordered negligee. She was the type who would be dainty in any disarray. There was an expression almost of envy in the reporter's eyes.

"I'm so glad you've come," the little woman began. "I don't know a soul in this town, and I feel that I must go to him."

Constance drew her toward a chair. "I'm not a bank official," she explained. "I'm a reporter for the *Morning Voice* and I want the details of the bank robbery."

The woman seemed scarcely to hear her. "Will you go with me to the place?" she begged. "He wrote me a letter, Mr. Hicks, you know we are—engaged, and he said that the trouble last night had 'revealed things.' I don't know what kind of things he means, but he thinks that they, the bank people, will do something terrible to him, and he said he was going away."

The steel grey eyes of the woman opposite glowed with sudden fire. "Where does he live?" she demanded.

In distraught, incoherent words, the little woman gave the address. When she had noted it down, Constance rose and took one of the little hands in hers. "You must not come," she said, and her voice was wonderfully gentle and tender. "It would do no good, and might bring

you into disagreeable notoriety. I will go down there and find out all I can and let you know. If it's something that I can't telephone, I'll send a messenger, but you must not stir out of the house."

The woman sank down upon the couch, gazing up at Constance in mute appeal. And, quite unaccountably, the reporter recalled at that same instant a mass of drooping violets upon the center table at home. She stopped halfway across the room.

"Try not to worry," she said. "I will send you word as soon as possible and—I will not mention you in anything that I write."

Then she was gone, hurrying along by the wall of the Presidio, the exhilaration of the old life blotting out all else. What mattered in all the world now that she had struck once more the scent of a story?

At the door of the apartment house to which she had been directed, she paused for a moment; something seemed to be holding her back. No one answered her ring, and she followed the narrow walk around to the back of the house. The colored woman, who was hanging out clothes upon the line, directed her to Hicks' room. "But ah don' know if he's in or not," she called after her. "Ah neveh knows till I goes in to clean up his room of evenins'."

Constance walked along the dark hallway and rapped sharply upon the door that bore Hicks' card. There was no answer. She rapped again. Then finding that the door was not locked, she opened it and went in.

IT was five o'clock to the minute, when the door of Denny's restaurant opened, and a girl hurried in. The pointed-faced waiter recognized her as one of the *Voice* reporters, and knew that she must have come in at that hour to keep an appointment. She crossed to the corner table and sat down. Once she glanced nervously at her watch, and then began moving the salt shakers about, with jerky fingers.

Ten minutes later, another woman, also known to the head waiter, came in and crossed to the corner table. She walked briskly, but the lightness and buoyancy were gone out of her step.

"I've got it!" she said to the girl, and without exultation, she drew out a crumpled note book. "I'm a little late, but I telephoned to them, in your name, of course, and told them to save space. The sooner you get this to the office, the better, for it's a scoop!"

Marion Nickels seized the bundle of papers, and the ex-reporter's hands in both her own. "Oh," she cried. "I can't say it like I want to, Constance, but you're just—wonderful! I'm afraid you're dead tired now and—"

Fairly pushing the girl into her cloak, and jamming the book into one of its capacious pockets, the other woman answered quietly, "I am tired, yes, and somewhat unnerved. But it's a different sort when there's something to go home to. *That's* the difference. Hurry," she broke off suddenly, and then as the girl was leaving, she called after her. "By the way, take your time about leaving the office when you're through. Ned Stringham is going to call for you in his machine."

Then the girl had gone, and Constance sank into a seat and buried her head in her arms. The pointed-faced waiter approached hesitatingly.

"Perhaps madame would like a bite of something, or a little cocktail?"

"Oh, no. I don't care for anything to eat," she told him. But she still sat there at the corner table, until the room began to fill with diners. Then abruptly she rose, and went out into the street.

It had grown quite dark, and the street lights had changed the dusk to evening. On one of the safety stations, where tired homefarers waited for their cars, she collided suddenly with a man who carried a great bunch of fragrant violets. He raised his hat, then stared in surprise.

"Constance!"

"Oh, it's you, Arthur. I—I hardly saw where I was going."

"You're late getting home, dear." His voice was full of solicitude, and he reached over to pull her fur more closely about her. "Aren't you tired?"

The shrill cry of a newsboy broke in sharply behind them. "*Extry! Extry here! All about suicide of bank watchman!*"

Constance leaned over suddenly, and with a new surrender in her touch, a surrender that thrilled the man beside her with happiness, she slipped her hand through the arm that held the violets.

## THE HAUNT

By ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

WHERE does beauty lie?

In a wild-rose heart?

In a sunset sky?

In man's pictured art?

Nay; the rapt heart beat

True beauty brings.

Seldom do we meet

In soulless things.

Its home is in the heart;

'Tis born thereof—

A deed that knows the touch

Of truth and love!

# An Indian Love Tale

by  
Georgia Bell Hellweg

FAR back in the unrecorded history of the great Chippewa or Ojibway people, the father of Rose Cloud had betrothed her to White Crane, an ancient chief whose bent form and snowy locks brought fear and repulsion to the Indian beauty's heart, whose desires or dislikes were utterly ignored both by her father and destined husband.

Curiously enough the Ojibway women themselves had no sympathy for the disconsolate maiden. Lolling in the roomy bark wigwams or under the forest shadows the young girls scornfully derided her objections to so rich a suitor, while the older women scolded and railed at her as they inspected the rich furs of otter, beaver, mink and martin, and the great bale of finished deerskins, yellow as gold, and soft as panthers' supple hide, with which the White Crane had bought the hapless beauty.

"Ah! ungrateful one," they cried. "He who sends such beautiful furs will not let his wife lack beautiful robes and rich belts bordered with dyed porcupine quills and rich wampum or grow thin from overwork, or want of rich food. It is well to be beautiful and an old man's darling. Ah, why weepest thou, fortunate among women?"

But Rose Cloud deigned no reply. She gave the skins a contemptuous little kick and hastened with flying, moccasined feet through the rows of dry, rustling corn stalks, along the trail that led through singing pine trees down to the shore of the great lake. Emerging upon the beach, she flung herself upon the sands and stared in rebellious silence out upon the changeful waters until their monotonous rhythm,

lapping against the sandy slope and water-worn edges, and the whispering zephyrs stirring the branches overhead soothed her to sleep or calmed for a time her bitter hatred of the bondage awaiting her.

Here, too, at times came Leaping Fish, a hardy, handsome brave of her own people and so often they met at last that every day the twilight hour found them by the lakeside forgetful of all else except their love.

One soft, starlit night Rose Cloud came to meet her lover with face so downcast that Leaping Fish knew the end was near. Creeping into his outstretched arms beneath a sheltering ledge of sandstone she told him, with despair in every word and motion that Gray Wolf, her father, had declared that ere the sun rose thrice, she must go in her marriage garb, amid the rejoicings of her people.

Leaping Fish, as daring and resourceful as he was handsome, did not despair, although his heart-beats quickened as he drew Rose Cloud closer and bent his plumed head to kiss her hair and the dusky roses of her cheeks and lips and bade her to go back to her father's wigwam and to feign slumber.

"When the old squaws are sleeping," he said, "meet me here, little one. We will take my canoe and follow the water trail, far into the land of the sun's rising."

Rose Cloud happily assented. Yet, tremblingly she whispered, "Oh, my beloved, I fear for thee. They will torture and kill thee if we are overtaken."

"That will be sweeter," he fiercely replied, "than to submit to the slow tor-

ture and living death of beholding thee the bride of White Crane."

The lake lay like dusky satin under the midnight stars—soft, gleaming reflections of their misty light silvered the waves when the lovers stole to the water-side, and crouching in the canoe, shot with noiseless paddles into the great sea water, guided by the evening stars hanging like jewels above the eastern horizon.

Rhythmically their paddles rose and fell in the velvety darkness; the only sound that broke the spell was the gurgle of the water lipping in the stillness as it parted before the sharp bows, or eddied in miniature whirlpools from the steer-man's paddle.

Leaping Fish steered his course for one of the distant islands that lie like sleeping giants on the bosom of the lake, and all night they paddled without cessation, nor missed one vital swing of the paddles, in peering back into the velvety meshes of the night that shielded them. But as they fled onward, and the stars wheeled above them, marking the flying hours of the night, their hearts beat more lightly with the new sense of freedom and triumphant love.

Came the gray dawn caressing the face of nature. A light wind transformed the satiny gray of the water into opaque ripples of purplish blue. The islands drew near, richly tinted in amber and shadowy belts of darkest green—the sky paled and melted into tenderest hues of rose and pearl and the stars dimmed and dissolved into the greater radiance of the glorious day.

The man and woman rested. And Rose Cloud, flushed with exertion and her happiness, looked over her shoulder into her lover's deep eyes.

But the dawning smile stiffened on her lips.

"Beloved," she sharply cried, "look not behind thee, but make thy stroke the stronger. Many braves are following us in three canoes. Someone hath watched and betrayed us."

For a moment his heart seemed to fail, then the blood came back to brow and cheek and he cried, "At least they shall not harm thee, little one. Leaping Fish will die for thee if we cannot escape them."

For one long moment they gazed into each other's eyes, and then, with a vigor born of despair, they bent to their paddles again with long, sweeping strokes as their muscles rippled and strained and their swift canoe leapt forward like a thing of life.

"I should have kept inshore," muttered Leaping Fish. "We are as visible out here as a deer against the winter's snow."

"It is the will of the Great Spirit," Rose



*The trail that led through singing pine trees to the great lake*

Cloud responded. "Yet I will call upon Him. See! They are close upon us."

A derisive wacry shrieked and ululated across the dwindling expanse of water, and among the echoing clift of the neighboring islands. Yet many of the braves were friendly to the runaways, and their hearts waxed soft within them as they observed the pair. One brave alone, the envious rival of Leaping Fish, loosed with deliberate aim an arrow from his bow and watched it sink quivering into the young chief's arm.

Stoically Leaping Fish smiled as he returned the gaze of his enemy's bitter eyes. But Rose Cloud, with a cry of rage, crept backward until she lay against her lover's breast.



"Now shoot, thou brave one," she scornfully jeered, and the flash of her scornful eyes was followed by the taunts of his companions.

Then, raising her arms and face in despairing appeal to the morning-flushed sky, she called upon the Great Spirit. And suddenly, before the astonished eyes of the almost successful pursuers, a thick, choking mist swirled down, enveloping them in folds so dense and ghostly that no man could see an arm's length away. The mystified braves awaited in wondering silence the passing of this veil of heart-chilling vapor. Then as suddenly as it had descended the veil rolled away, but the lovers were gone. On the lake lay an empty canoe, and as they stared awe-stricken and sick at heart, a great gleaming

trout leaped high into the air, and then disappeared into the lake's opal depths, while overhead a small, rose-tinted cloud mounted steadily into the blue of the sky.

"It is the work of Gitchee manite," the warriors muttered. And without hesitation they turned their canoes homeward.

Since then, say the sages of the Ojibway, the voyager on the lake when its waters lie quietly at dawn or twilight, may sometimes see a leaping fish flash like silver for a moment above the still waters, and looking up, behold a small, rose-red cloud floating lingeringly across the sky, its beauty faithfully reflected in the mirrored lake.

In this wise from generation to generation the Great Spirit grants the lovers a daily meeting.

## WILL THE LIGHTS BE WHITE?

OFT, when I feel my engine swerve,  
 As o'er strange rails we fare,  
 I strain my eye around the curve  
 For what awaits us there.  
 When swift and free she carries me  
 Through yards unknown at night,  
 I look along the line to see  
 That all the lamps are white.

The blue light marks the crippled car,  
 The green light signals slow;  
 The red light is a danger light,  
 The white light, "Let her go."  
 Again the open fields we roam,  
 And, when the night is fair,  
 I look up in the starry dome  
 And wonder what's up there.

For who can speak for those who dwell  
 Behind the curving sky?  
 No man has ever lived to tell  
 Just what it means to die.  
 Swift toward life's terminal I trend,  
 The run seems short tonight;  
 Only God knows what's at the end—  
 I hope the lamps are white.

—"Songs of Cy Warman."

# CLUBS

## *Plupy's Strong Suit*

*by*

*Judge Henry A. Shute*

*Author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," "Plupy," etc.*

A CLUB is a thing which polisemen use to hit fellers over the head with which havent done nothin' at all, so that when they have nocked them insensible they can arrest them for obstructing the sidewalk. Then the nex day when they is in the polise court they don't remember where they wuz the day before and the juge thinks they must have been drunk and sends them up for six months for being drunk with big dents in their head where they has been hit.

They is 2 kinds of them clubs, day clubs which is made of leather with iron on the inside, and nite clubs which is made of hard wood with led on the inside. Nite clubs is twice as long as day clubs, and you can reach twice as fur with them and hit four times as hard. They use them nites becaus peeple can't see them hit fellers as well as in the day time, and if they rock a mans head clean off they can say they has been attacked by a crowd of ruffs and had to fite for their lives. If a poliseman hits a man in the day-time with a nite club, it don't count, and if he hits him in the nite with a day club, it don't count neether, except to the feller which gets hit.

That ain't the kind of clubs I mean to rite about. Then they is the clubs which peeple play cards with which looks like three leaved clover. And that ain't the kind eether, but when a feller gits hit with clubs of that kind he says damitall take the pot, and then he goes home

swaring all the way and his daughter can't take music lessons that winter.

Then there is the kind of clubs which they use at donnybrook fair which has thorns in them like the tommyhawk that old Powhatan hit old John Smith with, only he didn't hit him. They is very crewel clubs. I haven't never seen one but I have herd of them. They is called blackthorn and is used in Ireland. They ain't the kind eether.

The kind I meen is places where fellers get together to have a good time when there wives don't know it. Sumtimes there wives finds it out and then the feller don't have so good a time and sometimes can't go again except when his wife goes to prair meeting or the meeting of the W. C. T. U. or sewing circle.

CLUBS is made of different purposes. Sumtimes it is to see whether Mike Twin Sullivan can lick Danny the Kid, and sumtimes it is political clubs which tries to see whether everybody can lick everybody else. They plays tricks on each other, specially in Boston and in Seabrook, New Hampshire, and in Yonkers, New York, and in other great cities. And sumtimes it is clubs to see which feller can skin the cat or do the mussel grind or put up the biggest dumbbel the eesiest, and sumtimes it is clubs which is interested in natural history like the Elks and the Eagles and the Tarriers. I know a feller whose father belongs to all three of

them clubs and after he has went on a trip with them he sees things in the nite, all kinds of things, blue rats with red tails and monkeys with pink mother hubbards on and green snakes, and toads and lizzards and such things.

Then there is baseball clubs which is the best only sumtimes fellers can lose more money if they bet on games than the card clubs.

Sumtimes a feller which has went to a club comes home with a nother man's hat on which is too tite. It is jest like his hat and sumtimes has his naim on it, but it ain't his becaus it is to auful tite for him. It ain't never too big, but by and by it gits so he can ware it, and then he tells his wife that the feller which took his hat found it three sizes too big for him and brought it back.

**I**F a feller wants to know everybody and be popular and get all the offices he has got to belong to all the clubs he can. Of course, they is some clubs that don't get along very well together like the Tarriers and the First Presbyterian Club and a feller can't belong to both very well. Sumtimes a deekon of the First Presbyterian Church will belong to the Tarriers Club becaus Deekons can do most everything if they ain't found out. When they is found

out the newspapers say a nother good man has went rong and has lived a double life, and the poor deekon has to ketch it.

Then they is the fat man's club which nobody can get into unless he ways 328 pounds, and the lean man's club which nobody can get into if he ways more than 72 pounds, and 10 ounces which don't give much chance for a man which has lived a uprite life.

Then they is the suicide club which don't last very long becaus everybody kills themselves pretty soon and not half soon enough if they is fools enuf to belong to such clubs.

Then they is the Nites of King Arthur and the Christian Endeavor Clubs, which is chirch clubs, to, and can't belong to the Tarriers Club or play brige whist for money becaus that ain't what they is cracked up to be. Sumtimes they backslides and they makes the worse kind of brige whisters or Tarriers. A feller which has been good once and has back slid is worse than a feller which ain't never been good.

I new a minister's son once which was a pretty bad feller. He said he had to be to make up for going to chirch twice on Sunday and Sunday School to and Friday evening prair meeting once a week. It is not best to try to be to good in this world unless you can hold your grip.

## THE PLAYERS

**W**E are all Players in a Play,  
Our acts are changed from day to day,  
We never learn what words to say.

Nature, the great Stage Manager,  
Orders the Stage, and lest we err,  
Quick prompts us if our parts we slur.

The Author, to our eyes unseen,  
Directs the whole, while we between  
The Two, scarce know just what They mean.

Still must we answer day by day  
The Call, yet feel as we obey,  
We may not choose the parts we play.

—*Florence L. Patterson.*

# That Thanksgivin' Punkin Pie

*by William Edward Ross*

**W**HEN the frost has nipped the 'simmons an' the pawpaws' russet glow  
Sets a fellow's mind a-trapsin' to th' days of long ago;  
When the frost king's shimmerin' crystals deck the woodland's regal dress,  
An' th' apples' mellow fragrance steals from out the cider press;  
When a fellow's footsteps crackle in the crisp autumnal air,  
An' it's joy to be just livin' in a land so wondrous fair;  
It is then I bask contented 'neath the clear November sky  
An' regale myself with visions of that flaky punkin pie.

From the distant hills an' valleys flock the nomads of the earth,  
Drawn by mystic waves of feelin' to th' hamlets of their birth.  
Glitterin' brocade, ragged jacket, eyes grown stern in sordid quest,  
All are lured by vagrant memories; all obey th' same behest.  
Deep within each heart is hidden treasured wealth from memories' store,  
For across the dim horizon lie the hallowed days of yore;  
Wistful eyes smile through th' tear drops, for the train is drawin' nigh—  
Nigh to mother gladly waitin'—nigh unto that punkin pie.

When the wind is cold an' piercin' an' the pond is frozen hard,  
An' the turkeys loudly gobble as they strut about th' yard;  
There's a most allurin' odor floats out through the kitchen door  
That is mighty satisfyin' when a fellow's feelin' sore;  
There's a hustle an' a bustle an' a mystifyin' look  
To th' women in th' kitchen as they churn an' bake an' cook,  
Till I hanker most distressful—an' I watch with wistful eye  
All the appetizin' fixin's they put in that punkin pie.

One by one the leaves have fallen an' the land is white with snow  
An' the icicles are hangin' from the eaves in spectral glow;  
So I snuggle 'neath the comforts while the fire cracks an' roars,  
Bravely warrin' 'gainst the blizzard that is ragin' out o' doors.  
While the wind is loudly sighin' I repose myself for sleep,  
But anon I'm quickly wakin' for an anxious little peep,  
Just to see if dawn is breakin', if the light I can espy,  
For I know that on the morrow mother'll cut that punkin pie.

There's a satisfyin' thickness to that yellow, creamy mold—  
The creation of a master with its faded tints of gold—  
An' I'm filled with dreamy rapture as its depths I contemplate  
For its aromatic sweetness all my senses aggravate.  
Turkey, stuffin', an' the trimmin's are but byways to th' throne,  
Where it reigns a regal monarch in a kingdom all its own;  
An' I'm filled with satisfaction—though I heave a plaintive sigh  
'Cause I've nearly reached my limit—when ma cuts that punkin pie.

# UNION B. HUNT, K. of P.

*by Samuel M. Ralston, Governor of Indiana*

UNION B. HUNT is one of the honored citizens of Indiana. He has held several public positions of trust and responsibility, secretary of state among them. He is also one of the distinguished members, not only in Indiana, but in the United States as well, of that splendid order, Knights of Pythias. He became a member of the order in early life, and its principles and work made a strong appeal to his innate manhood and chivalry. Its keynote sentiments of friendship, charity and benevolence found a ready response in his heart; they were as seeds in the fertile soil of his life and character.

Mr. Hunt has been active in the order for twenty-five years, and he has promulgated its high purposes and defended its noble system of ethics in every state in the Union. He served as Grand Chancellor of Indiana for sixteen months, with credit to himself and the order, and represented Indiana with honor in the Supreme Lodge for ten years. For five years last past Mr. Hunt has been President of the Insurance Department of the order, and he has managed the business of that responsible position with marked efficiency and unqualified success.

With large natural capacity, and a careful and practical business training, Mr. Hunt is the type of man who would make a success at almost any business or profession he would seriously follow. But in addition to his natural and acquired executive ability, he is also a man of generous instincts and high ideals. This combination not only makes him a man of broad views, but of judicial temperament and sound judgment.

With these characteristics it is easy to understand how Mr. Hunt not only became interested in Pythian work, but how he would enjoy and be fitted for the manifold duties of the order's insurance department; for this form of insurance appeals to the sentimental side of a man's nature as well as to the purely business instinct.

It is fortunate for the Knights of Pythias, that at the end of the first fifty years of its existence as an organization, such a well-equipped man is among its leaders, and that he has the time to review in such a masterly manner the history and work of the order during that half century.

The facts and figures he marshals give some adequate idea of the scope and sweep of the work of this beneficent fraternity. Its total assets at the beginning of the year 1913 were over seventeen and one half million dollars, of which over seven millions were in cash and cash assets and six millions in real estate. During the year 1912 nearly one million, seven hundred thousand dollars were expended for relief of members and their families, and the amount thus expended during the life of the order is conservatively estimated at forty millions. Of that sum about three hundred thousand dollars were contributed on account of the various great calamities that have visited the United States, beginning with the Chicago fire in 1871 and ending with the great floods of the middle west in the spring of 1913; and an equal amount has been donated to victims of the thousands of fires and other smaller and more isolated disasters in the same period.


Mr. Hunt's reference to the heroes of the Pythian order is most interesting and impressive, and shows conclusively that it is not necessary to appeal to the traditions of past ages to find proof of the nobility of men, or their possession of heroic qualities when tried in the fires of human experience, with all its suffering and vicissitudes. The heroes of modern life may not be as spectacular as those of a bygone age, but they possess the same heaven-born qualities of courage, generosity, sympathy and love for mankind that have marked and set apart the heroes of all time.

Mr. Hunt also gives much information about the various Pythian homes of the country. His review should be read to be appreciated. It speaks for itself better than another can commend it, and he is to be congratulated, as well as the order at large, on his good work.

[NOTE—Hon. Samuel M. Ralston is Governor of Indiana and an enthusiastic member of the order of Knights of Pythias].—Ed.

*Samuel M. Ralston.*





# A HALF CENTURY OF FRATERNITY

*As Exemplified by the  
Order of KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS*

Union B · Hunt

**T**WELVE million men and women in North America are enrolled under the banner of the most powerful army in the history of the world.

It is not an army of war, of carnage, strife and destruction, but a noble army of Peace, with ideals and concepts of love, joy, service, and uplift.

Its phenomenal growth in recent years has been one of the marvels of our civilization; and it is claimed that the outreach of its influence has been so wide that one man in three is today a member of some branch of the army.

Enlistments are for life service, and the altruistic spirit inspires activities that have contributed in no small degree to the best life of millions as well as to the uplift of humanity's cause everywhere.

The name of this great force is "The Army of Fraternity." It believes in the Fatherhood of God and it emphasizes the Brotherhood of Man.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, philosopher, publicist, and disciple of "Lend-a-Hand," said that the key word of the twentieth century, to represent its greatest power, will be "Together." This is but another way of spelling Brotherhood or Fraternity.

Members of the army are "together" in a common cause, with the impulses of a common interest to help them in a great work. They believe that life is worth living, and that the real business is to "make a life" rather than "to make a

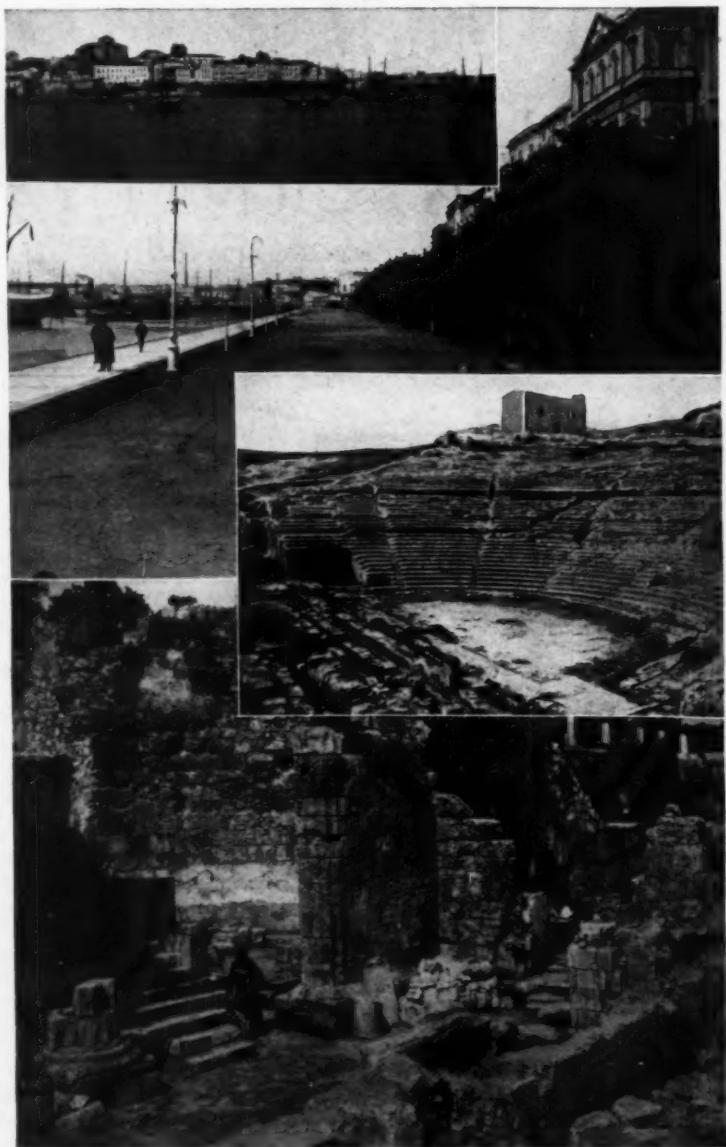
living." The goal of this "together" spirit is the promotion of human happiness and progress.

Time was, and not so very remote in the past, when the various divisions of the army of Fraternity were considered "antagonistic to our form of government, dangerous to our stability as a nation, and injurious to religious ideas and the advancement of Christianity."

Today, however, conditions are different. Fraternity has proven its worth by its work, touching as it does the vital factors and forces in nearly every city, town and hamlet on the continent.

Opposition of the past has become the endorsement and co-operation of the present, as well as the promise for the future, and there is today, not alone among men and women who bulk large in public and social affairs, master minds in realms of literature, art, society and civics, but among the men and women of all walks of life a sincere recognition of the power of Fraternity as "a strong ally of the church and a potent factor in the social, educational and moral advancement of our people."

Whatever seeks to make the world better, brighter and happier, that emphasizes the Golden Rule, that exalts manhood and character, that stresses the best ideals of life and expresses love and sympathy by its service, that works for others rather than self, has a rightful claim to the esteem



SCENES IN MODERN SYRACUSE, SICILY

- 1—Water front    2—Promenade    3—Greek theatre    4—Entrance to catacombs  
 (Photographed by George W. Penniman, S. R., Massachusetts, June, 1913)

and co-operation of all good men and women everywhere.

Such a force is Fraternity, represented in America by more than half a thousand branches with a contributing membership extending from the small branch of a few hundred to the greater organizations, two of which have nearly two million members each.

The Knights of Pythias is one of the great organizations of Fraternity, and is the third largest, in its membership, of the societies of its kind in the Western hemisphere.

The achievements of this organization for the fifty years of its history are such as entitle it to receive the expressions of the warmest approval from all who are interested in the growth and development of the social life of the people and in the factors that contribute so largely to the power of our national life.

The Supreme Lodge Knights of Pythias has promulgated the following declaration of principles:

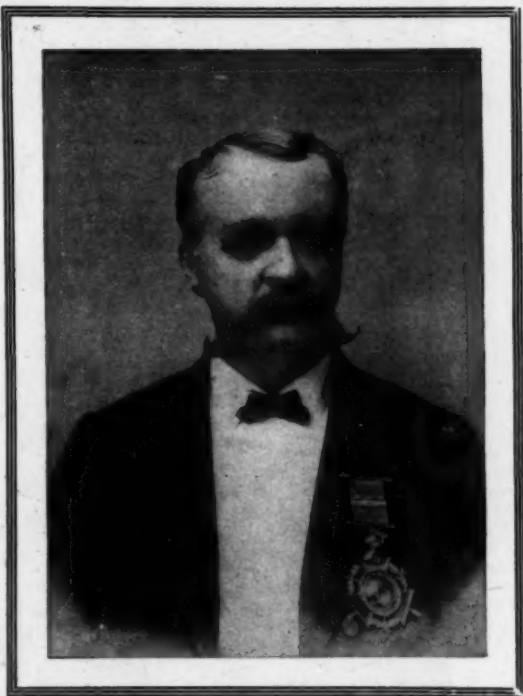
"Pythian Knighthood had its conception in the exemplification of the life test of true friendship existing between Damon and Pythias.

"Friendship, or mutual confidence, being the strongest bond of union between man and man, and only existing where honor has an abiding place, is adopted as a foundation principle.

"As the ideal knight of olden time was the personification of all the higher and nobler attributes of man's nature, the candidate for knighthood had to prove himself worthy of acceptance by those who valued friendship, bravery, honor, justice and loyalty.

"The order of Knights of Pythias—founded in Friendship, Charity and Benevolence, which it proclaims as its cardinal principles—strives to gather into one mighty fraternity worthy men who appre-

ciate the true meaning of friendship; who are cautious in word and act; who love truth; who are brave in defending right; whose honor is untarnished; whose sense of justice will prevent, to the best of their ability, a personal act or word injurious to the worthy; whose loyalty to



JUSTUS H. RATHBONE, P.S.C., FOUNDER OF THE ORDER

principle, to family, to friends, to their country and to the constituted authority under which they enjoy citizenship is undoubted; and who, at all times, are prepared to do unto others as they would that others should do unto them."

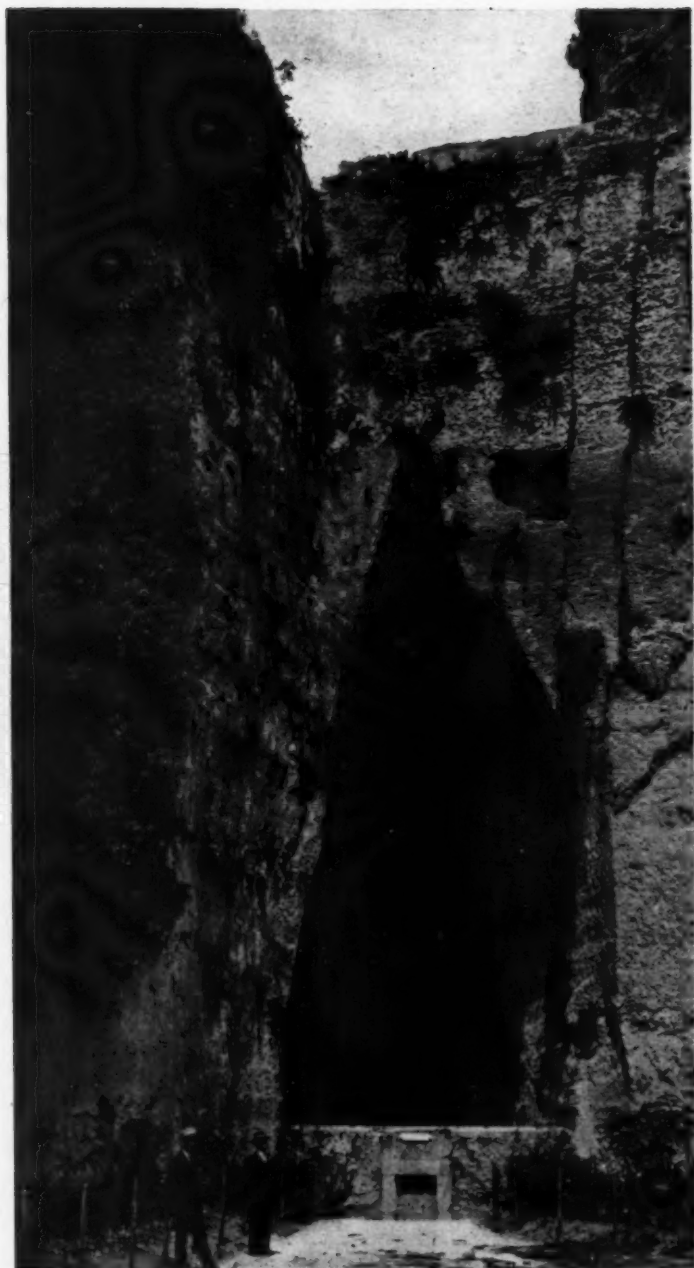
With such a platform of principles we might well expect that the fifty years of existence of our order would be replete with deeds for the good of mankind. This great order emphasizes in the achievements of its half-century of existence the truth of the thought that has found expression in some form since the dawn of the Christian era, "That a good deed never

In this  
dungeon  
the  
tyrant  
king of  
Syracuse  
kept his  
political  
prisoners.

Pythias  
was a  
political  
prisoner  
2300 years  
ago,  
acting as  
the hostage  
for  
Damon.

Syracuse  
is the  
Mecca  
of the  
Pythian  
Pilgrims.

The  
dungeon  
shown on  
this  
page  
is the  
chief  
point of  
interest  
in  
Syracuse  
for  
Pythians.



#### THE DUNGEON OF DIONYSIUS, SYRACUSE, SICILY

Photographed June 28, 1913, under the direction of George W. Penniman, S. R., of Mattapan, Massachusetts, chairman of the Supreme Lodge Committee on Pythian Education.

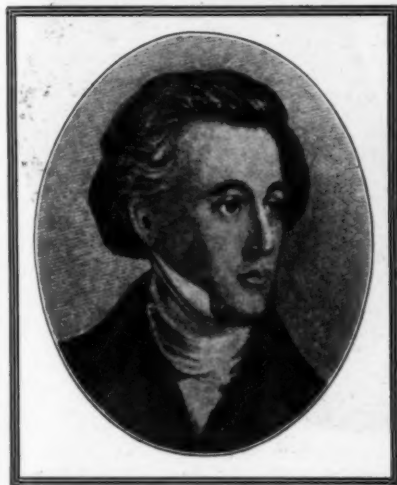
Mr. Penniman is seen standing nearest the dungeon

dies." The incident that inspired the idea that brought Pythian Knighthood into the world and made it a potent factor in modern civilization occurred more than twenty-three centuries ago—many, many long years before the Man of Nazareth said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

It is not our purpose in this article to dwell at length upon the historic event upon which our order was founded, preferring rather to discuss the achievements of Pythianism since the birth of the order in the nation's capital, fifty years ago; but at least a brief discussion is necessary to a proper understanding of the lives and times of our illustrious prototypes.

The island of Sicily is the largest and most beautiful island in the Mediterranean

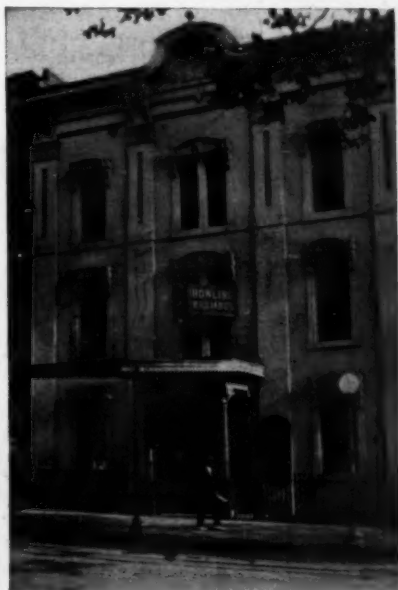
as the "Tyrant of Syracuse," appeared upon the scene, trampled upon the rights of the people, assumed despotic power and caused himself to be proclaimed king. It was in resisting this usurpation of power



JOHN BANIM

The Irish dramatist whose play, "Damon and Pythias," gave Rathbone his inspiration for the new fraternity

Sea, lying midway between Europe and Africa, and has from time to time been inhabited by the people of many races and nationalities. On this island is located the city of Syracuse, where occurred the event which made the names of Damon and Pythias illustrious throughout the ages. Syracuse was at times a democracy and at times a monarchy. It was enjoying a democratic form of government when Dionysius, the Elder, known to history



MARINIS HALL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Where the first lodge was instituted, February 19, 1864

and authority that Damon incurred his displeasure and was condemned to the block.

Many versions of the story of Damon and Pythias have been given to the world. Writers have differed as to which was the senator and which the soldier, which the condemned and which the hostage; but history has removed all doubt of the existence of these men and of the truth of the incident that has made their names immortal and has established beyond question the fact that they did live more than twenty-three centuries ago; that one of them was condemned to death, and the other offered his life as a hostage that his friend might see his loved ones for the last time; that the condemned man kept faith with his friend and returned to Syracuse with the full expectation that he would be



put to death. In the face of this greater fact, the question as to which role was assumed by Damon and which by Pythias becomes insignificant, but Pythias accept the version adopted by John Banim, the eminent Irish author and dramatist, who, in 1821, gave to the world the great drama of "Damon and Pythias." According to this version, Damon was a senator and Pythias a soldier, and when Damon in the senate chamber denounced Dionysius as a

In the meantime, Dionysius in disguise told Pythias that steps had been taken to prevent Damon from returning. Calanthe, who was soon to be the bride of Pythias, besought her lover to escape with her to safety, but he refused, though believing Damon's return had been prevented. Having been reared in the stern school of truth and duty, he could not be induced to break his pledge with his friend. Damon was just as true to duty and honor



THE "ORIGINAL FIVE" TO WHOM THE RITUAL WAS FIRST READ FEBRUARY 15, 1864  
 Justus H. Rathbone, "The Founder," seated. The others, from left to right: D. L. Burnett, R. A. Champion,  
 E. S. Kimball, William H. Burnett. Mr. Kimball is the only one living

tyrant and was set upon by the hirelings of the king, Pythias rushed to the rescue and saved Damon's life. Damon was denounced as a traitor by Dionysius and in turn denounced Dionysius and rushed upon the tyrant for the purpose of slaying him. For this he was condemned to die, and the soldier Pythias offered himself as a hostage for the return of his friend in order that Damon might visit his home and family. The tyrant accepted the offer, and Damon was freed from his shackles and started on his homeward journey.

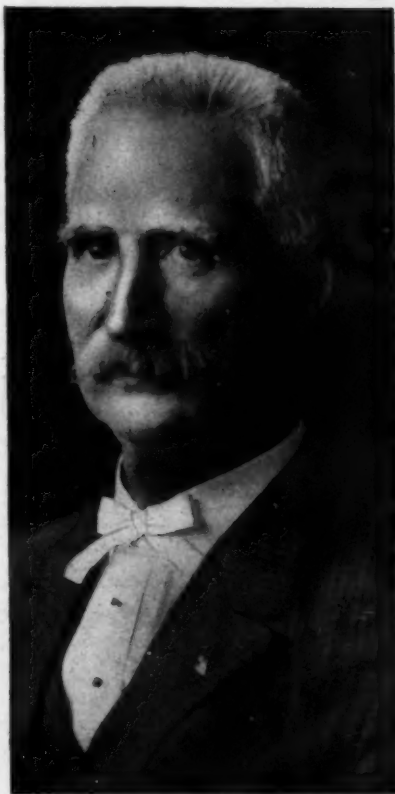
as Pythias, and, though his servant had slain his steed, reached Syracuse in time to save the life of his hostage. This evidence of fidelity and friendship touched even the cold heart of Dionysius, and Damon was granted full pardon.

It was upon this great event in the world's history that John Banim based his immortal drama, and it was upon this event and inspired by this drama that Justus Henry Rathbone builded wiser than he knew and gave to the world one of its greatest and best fraternal organizations.

tions. He had long contemplated an organization based upon some story of brotherly love, and after reading Banim's play of "Damon and Pythias" concluded to make it the foundation of the ritual of his organization, which he read to four of his friends who joined with him in promoting the plan and to call it the "Knights of Pythias." And so this order was launched by Rathbone and his associates February 19, 1864, the following being the first members of the order: Justus H. Rathbone, Joel R. Woodruff, Joseph T. K. Plant, David L. Burnett, William H. Burnett, Robert A. Champion,



MAJ. EDWARD DUNN, P.S.C.  
The oldest living continuous member of the order



HON. THOMAS J. CARLING  
Supreme Chancellor

Edward S. Kimball, George R. Covert, John S. Roberts, Aristide Roderique, Matthew H. VanDerVeer, Abraham Deyau VanDerVeer, and another person by the name of Driver, whose Christian name is unknown.

The oldest living continuous member of the order is Major Edward Dunn, of Washington, D. C., a member of Franklin Lodge No. 2, since April, 1864. He was created a P. S. C. in 1868.

The order was born at a time when our country was torn by dissension and rent by the awful curse of civil war; when North and South faced each other in battle array; when brother met brother face to face on the battlefield; and when sons and father oftentimes found themselves

*Upon this Bible the original members of the Order of Knights of Pythias were obligated, Monday Evening, February 15, 1864; also the original members of Washington Lodge No. 1, Friday Evening, February 19, 1864, at Washington, D.C.*

*Presented to the Supreme Lodge of the World Knights of Pythias August 24, 1876 by the Founder of the order*  
*J. M. Rathbone*

*This Bible was a gift to Mr. Rathbone, from his mother, on his fifth birthday, October 29, 1844.*



*THE PATENT FIELD*  
 PUBLISHED BY  
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 1723 MARKET STREET

#### INSCRIPTIONS ON "THE FOUNDER'S BIBLE"

contending with each other in the bloody fray. The wives and mothers of the nation were in tears, their hearts torn as only the heart of woman can be torn when those she loves are in peril. The gentle hands of the daughters of the North and of the South were ministering alike to suffering friend and foe. Gloom and sadness settled like a black pall upon the land, and the hearts of strong men as well as of gentle women yearned for some event that would stay the fearful conflict and end the awful sacrifice of life.

In the midst of this tense condition, the order of Knights of Pythias came into being, appearing like a star in the midst of the swirling clouds of storm with its message of "Peace on earth, good-will to men," and it has rendered untold service in reuniting the warring sections of our land and in bringing together within the charmed circle of fraternity those who

once clashed in deadly conflict on the crimson fields of carnage. Realizing the right relationship of man to man, the one-time heroes of the battlefield have banded themselves together in the holy cause of peace; they are animated by the common purpose of lifting up the fallen and protecting the weak, and inspired by the common enthusiasm that springs alone from an unalterable desire to everywhere maintain the sacred rights of man. The members of this organization in both North and South have clasped hands and come to know each other better, and, knowing each other better, respect each other's views and are willing to forget the dark days of the past. If our order had done no more than to aid in welding the North and South together into a common brotherhood, it would not have lived in vain; but it has many other noble achievements to its credit.

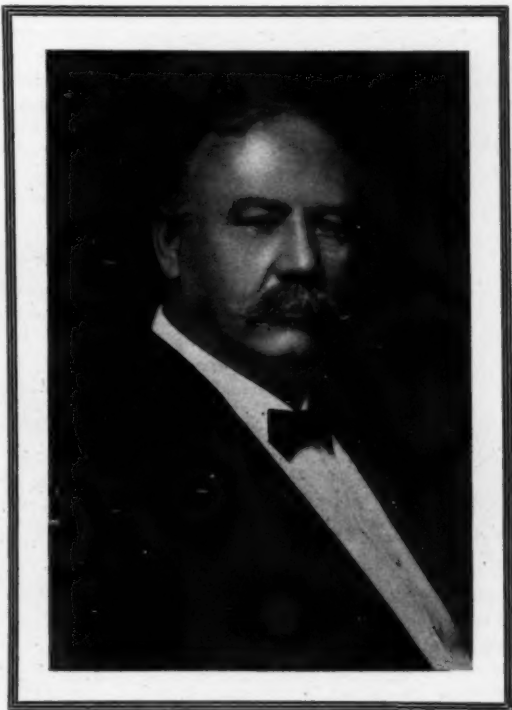
From an humble beginning in Washington fifty years ago, when thirteen men took the obligation of Pythian Knighthood, it has grown until 715,000 men are enrolled upon the roster of almost 8,000 subordinate lodges in the United States and Canada, with a few scattering lodges elsewhere. There are fifty-four Grand Domains working under Grand Lodge organization and nineteen Pythian districts working directly under Supreme Lodge authority. The order is in a fair way to reach the million mark in a short time, for it is assuming new vigor under the leadership of Supreme Chancellor Thomas J. Carling, affectionately known as "Uncle Tom" throughout the Supreme Domain. The Supreme Chancellor is a man of large affairs, one of the leading business men of the South, and is applying methods of systematic organization to the work of building up the order, and his efforts and the efforts of his associates are finding a ready response both in the United States and Canada.

Along the line of promotion work, the Supreme Lodge convention held in Denver, Colorado, in August, 1912, for the first time in its history made an appropriation of \$10,000 for Pythian extension. This was only a small part of the amount needed, but under the wise and business-like direction of Supreme Chancellor Carling, his official associates and finance committee, it is being expended to good advantage.

The Supreme Chancellor has not only kept in touch with the Grand Lodge officers but has gone to the subordinate lodge officers and members, and his direct appeal has aroused much personal interest and enthusiasm. At the Denver Convention a committee on Pythian education was appointed, the purpose of this committee being to set before the world in a

way that would appeal to all believers in the brotherhood of man the principles, purposes and achievements of Pythian Knighthood. The following are members of this committee:

George W. Penniman, Massachusetts, Chairman,  
Carroll S. Bartram, Minnesota,  
Orno Strong, Washington (deceased),



BRO. SAMUEL M. RALSTON, GOVERNOR OF INDIANA  
Who wrote the introduction to this article

Herman M. Beck, Alabama,  
George J. Clarke, New Brunswick,  
J. Edward Richardson, Maryland,  
Charles J. Deckman, Ohio,  
John N. Tillman, Arkansas,  
Albert Watson, Illinois,  
Bernard Murphy, Iowa,  
Frank J. Martin, New York,  
Bradley V. Sargent, California,  
James A. Steese, Pennsylvania,  
Charles F. P. Conybeare, Alberta, and  
Fred E. Wheaton, Minnesota.

Supreme Representative George W. Penniman, of Massachusetts, the Chairman of the Committee, has the distinction of having twice visited the city of Syracuse, in Sicily, and looked upon the prison where Pythias awaited with anxious heart the return of his friend.

This Committee has arranged many interesting educational features in con-



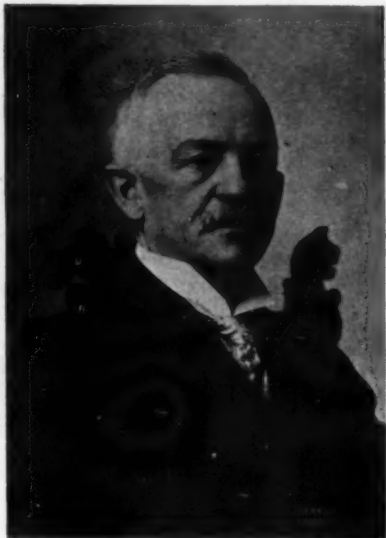
WAYNE CASTLE, K. OF P.—DETROIT, MICH.

nection with Pythian work, among which is a scholarly and instructive lecture prepared and delivered by Supreme Representative Penniman, called "The Story of Pythian Knighthood." This lecture is illustrated by more than a hundred stereopticon views, many of them beautifully colored. It is a brilliant presentation of a trip to Syracuse and the scene of the immortal and inspiring friendship of Damon and Pythias, including also a concise and comprehensive story of the origin and progress of the Order.

Another important feature of this educational work is a number of brilliant lectures under various titles by Fred S. Attwood, of Minneapolis, who is Grand Chancellor of Minnesota and known throughout the country as "the blind

optimist." While this man's physical vision has been destroyed, his spiritual vision is unusually keen, and the sunlight in his soul makes glad the hearts of all that are blessed by his association or permitted to sit under the matchless magic of his eloquence. This man is naturally cheerful, but he says that his connection with Pythianism has done much to brighten his pathway and make him happy and contented. Attwood is an apostle of optimism and benediction to his associates.

Perhaps no more effective feature of educational work has entered into Pythian advancement than the Rathbone Bible Classes. The daughters of Justus H. Rathbone, Mrs. (Rev.) George W. An-



WALTER B. RICHIE—LIMA, OHIO

draws and Miss Lucetta S. S. Rathbone, both at the present time residents of Dalton, Mass., presented to the Supreme Lodge their father's Bible, upon which Rathbone and his associates took the obligation of Pythian Knighthood. There is a sentiment clustering around this sacred book that can be felt but not described. It has stirred the hearts of Pythians as they have seldom been stirred before, and created a fervid interest in the Order that has re-



sulted and will continue to result in great good to our fraternity, not only in point of numbers, but in the more important point of a heartfelt interest in the cause.

The original Bible Class initiation was held in the Lima, Ohio, lodge, the home of Hon. Walter B. Richie, one of the most eminent and eloquent disciples of Fraternity in the world. Brother Richie is one of the best known and best loved of fraternalists. He is a Past Supreme Chan-

Bible for the purpose of obligating the initiates. At times Brother Wheaton has accompanied his chief, the Supreme Chancellor, and at times he has gone alone, carrying this work into many states of the Union and the Dominion of Canada, awakening new enthusiasm for the Order and aiding in increasing its membership. The Committee on Pythian education has done and is doing a splendid work in the promotion of publicity and co-operation, which must bring good results.



THE GOLDEN JUBILEE COMMISSION

Left to right: Edward A. Horton, Ontario; J. W. Carter, District of Columbia; Hon. W. F. Broening, chairman (seated), Maryland; George W. Penniman, secretary, Massachusetts; P. M. Sommerkamp, Georgia

cellor of the order, and as the author of its ritual, has made splendid contributions which have greatly enriched the literature of Pythian Knighthood. He was a warm personal friend of Founder Rathbone, who died in Lima, Ohio, following a lecture in that city.

Inspired by the tender sentiment aroused by this historic book, Brother Fred E. Wheaton, Supreme Keeper of Records and Seal, emphasized the idea of initiating Bible Classes and using the founder's

Elaborate preparations are being made to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of the Order next year. In every Grand Domain lodges are preparing to commemorate this important event. Many State meetings will be held, and the fires of fraternal enthusiasm will be aglow in hundreds of Pythian castles throughout the Supreme Domain. But the big event will occur in Washington, D. C., the birthplace of the Order, on the 19th of February, 1914. A Golden Jubilee Commission has been

appointed, consisting of the following well-known Pythians:

William F. Broening, of Maryland, Chairman,

George W. Penniman, of Massachusetts, Secretary,

gates chosen by Grand Lodges, or appointed by Grand Chancellors upon authority granted by Grand Lodges, and some Grand Domains are arranging to send special trains. Pythian fervor will be at its height and this meeting will mark an epoch in fraternal history.

Much has been said about our order being an American organization, and in a sense it is, for it was first instituted under the Stars and Stripes; but it is by no means limited in its membership or influence to the United States. Its lodges are found in all the provinces of Canada, in Porto Rico, Mexico, China, and the Canal Zone, and the Order is soon to be located in England and Australia and New Zealand. In the great Dominion of Canada are thousands of true-hearted



INDIANA PYTHIAN BUILDING,  
INDIANAPOLIS

Ed. A. Horton, of Ontario,  
James W. Carter, of the District of  
Columbia, and

F. M. Sommerkamp, of Georgia.

■ These brothers have been working with tireless energy to make this a great event in the Pythian world. Many distinguished men, including the President of the United States, and Hon. William J. Bryan, Secretary of State, a Past Chancellor of Lincoln Lodge, Lincoln, Nebraska, have been invited to participate. An excellent program will be arranged; most of the Grand Domains will be represented by dele-



PYTHIAN CASTLE, FREDERICK, MD.  
To be dedicated November 18, 1913

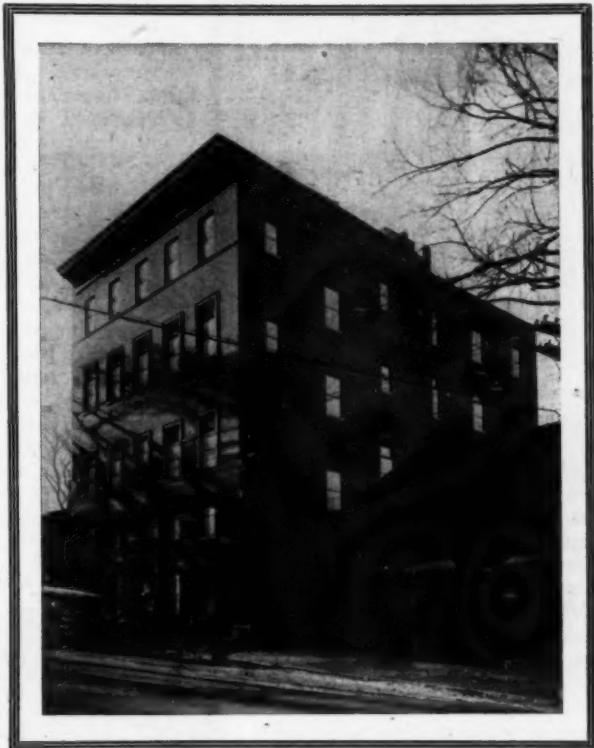
Pythians who are as loyal to the flag of the British Empire as our American brothers are to the flag of this country, and this is as it should be, for our platform of principles declares that the loyalty of Knights of Pythias to the constituted authority under which they enjoy citizenship should be undoubted. Thus,

when a man is a Knight of Pythias, he owes allegiance to the constituted authority under which he enjoys citizenship, whether that authority be exercised by the United States of America, by Great Britain or by the government of some other land.

And what a stupendous work this organization has wrought! Its achievements of half a century are marvelous and rival the creations of the world's romancers. The mere accumulation of wealth without an intelligent purpose in its distribution is not commendable, but every dollar in money and property collected by the order of Knights of Pythias has been obtained for good purposes: Helping humanity; assisting to bear the burdens of our unfortunate brothers; alleviating suffering in the hour of storm and flood; providing food for the hungry and clothing for the naked whenever destitution and want have visited the human race; relieving the distressed when great fires, mine explosions or disasters of whatsoever character have visited communities and devastated homes; providing for those of its members who have reached that stage in life where their earning capacity is gone; caring for the dependent widows and orphans of Pythians who have taken their last long journey; and making possible the education of the children of those with whom we clasped hands at the Pythian altar.

We, therefore, have a just pride in the financial growth of this great fraternity because of the many worthy objects of its

beneficence. The assets of the order are quite large, and according to information furnished the writer by the Grand Keepers of Records and Seal of the several Domains, to whom he acknowledges his obligation, the assets of subordinate lodges on December 31, 1912, amounted to \$17,510,548.44, of which \$2,444,355.63 was in cash, more than \$5,000,000 in cashable securities, and



PYTHIAN TEMPLE, PORTLAND, MAINE

almost \$6,000,000 in real estate, the balance being in furniture, fixtures, etc.

Many of the Grand Lodges, as well as some of the subordinate lodges in the larger cities, have erected beautiful and substantial castle halls and temples. The Grand Lodge of the state of Washington has a castle hall in the city of Tacoma valued at \$125,000. Maryland has a new Pythian Castle, located at Frederick, valued at \$50,000, which is to be dedi-

cated Nov. 17, 1913, and is a magnificent Temple of Fraternity, and is raising \$150,000 with which to build a Rathbone Memorial Temple in Baltimore. Mississippi



PYTHIAN CASTLE, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

has a \$50,000 castle hall at Jackson. Montana has a \$70,000 castle hall at Butte. The Grand Lodge of New York is preparing plans for the erection of a magnificent Grand Lodge building in Greater New York. Altoona, Pennsylvania, has a splendid Pythian building. Delaware has a fine Pythian Temple in Wilmington, as well as other buildings. Maine has a \$100,000 temple at Portland, and Waterloo and Cedar Rapids, Iowa, have fine buildings; the one at Waterloo, valued at \$75,000, is said to be one of the finest buildings owned by a single lodge. The Temple at Montgomery, Ala., is one of the finest structures in the city. The new castle of Wayne Lodge, of Detroit, Mich., is to be dedicated Nov. 12, 1913. The D. O. K. K. has a temple in Louisiana. British Columbia has a castle hall at Victoria valued at \$50,000, and Alberta, Canada, has a \$30,000 castle hall. The Grand Lodge of Indiana has a Pythian Castle, which, together with the grounds, represent a value of \$1,000,000. The

Pythians of Indiana expect to use the income from this building later to erect and assist in maintaining a Pythian Home. In addition to the castle halls mentioned above, hundreds of subordinate lodges throughout the country own commodious and comfortable Pythian buildings, thus securing for themselves permanent homes and also homes for the generation that is to follow.

During 1912 the subordinate lodges throughout the country expended for relief the enormous sum of \$1,686,097.41, and from information obtained from the sources mentioned above, it appears that sums similar to this have been expended every year for the last quarter of a century. Based upon information before us, we think it a conservative statement to say that since its organization the order of Knights of Pythias has expended for the betterment of humanity the enormous sum of \$40,000,000, and this does not include the expenditures of any of its auxiliaries.

The great good accomplished by this expenditure, especially when considered in connection with the brotherly spirit that prompted it, is beyond conception. Since the birth of the order, many calamities have fallen upon the country. The most notable of these and the amounts contributed on their account by Knights of Pythias are the great Chicago fire in



PYTHIAN CASTLE, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

1871, \$12,165.10; the yellow fever epidemic in Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana in 1878, \$8,409.86; yellow fever in Florida in 1888, \$13,697.04; Johnstown flood in 1889, \$32,534.69; Galveston flood in 1900, \$45,000; Utah mine disaster in



PYTHIAN TEMPLE, MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

1900, \$10,420.63; Jacksonville fire in 1901, \$15,000; San Francisco earthquake and fire in 1906, \$110,970.31; the Middle West flood in 1913, about \$50,000; making a total contribution to the victims of these great disasters of about \$300,000.

In addition to this, there have been many lesser calamities that are not taken into consideration here, and to which the aggregate contribution has equalled, if not exceeded, the amount given to the victims of the greater disasters. It is true also that the members of the Knights of Pythias in addition to the sums they have contributed through the organization, have been among the leading contributors to the funds raised by states and cities, and by organizations seeking to relieve suffering and distress; and many individual Pythians, responding to the common instinct of humanity and having in mind the great lessons taught by our order, have given liberally of their time and means to assist those less fortunately situated than themselves. Thus it will be seen that our order has been doing a wonderful work during all the years of its existence. The human mind can scarcely grasp the enormous financial contributions it has made, while

the happiness and good cheer it has brought into the world cannot be estimated in figures or told in columns of statistics.

#### PYTHIAN HEROES

Some there be who tell us that the devotion of Jonathan and David, the friendship of Damon and Pythias, and the numerous incidents of heroism, love and friendship that have come down to us from the ages of the past, are but the creation of mythology and the makers of legendary lore. We believe these stories are true, for they are supported by history and are neither impossible nor improbable, and certain it is that they have made their impression upon the minds and hearts of men, and the world of today is better because they have been handed down to us. It is also true that every crisis in the affairs of nations and of men has produced as great heroism and as true friendships as these. We do not need go back beyond the birth of Pythianism to establish this fact. We have our own great martyrs.

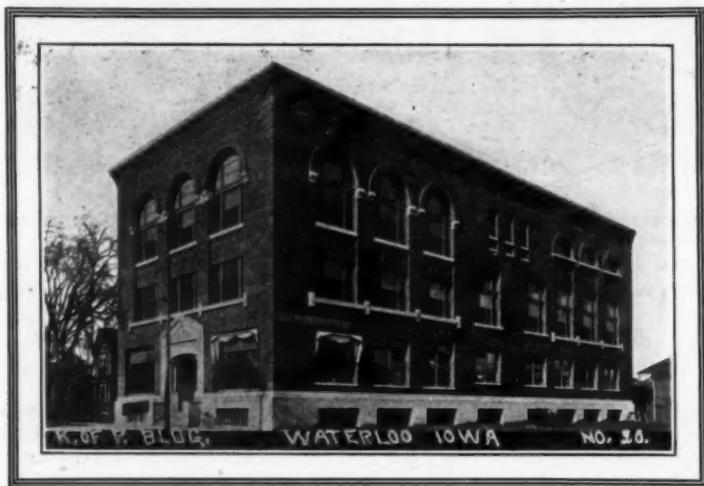
The first of these was Samuel Holder Hines, of Richmond, Virginia, who on Christmas Day, 1879, gave his own life a willing sacrifice in attempting to save the



life of his friend and brother. Hines had fought his way through smoke and flame to safety when he remembered that his friend and brother Knight was somewhere within the terrible holocaust. The building was a veritable hell of fire, but without a moment's hesitation the first Pythian martyr fought his way up through blistering heat and torturing smoke to his friend, whom he found unconscious. Claspings the nerveless form in his arms, he made his way to a window, but before assistance could reach him the building collapsed, and Samuel Holder Hines and his friend

deem it my duty to remain, and should I fall, I will fall at my post of duty," and he died serving his people. Was not Henry Shelby Reynolds a true hero, in whose veins coursed the blood of martyrs?

In 1880 another Pythian hero gave his life that others might live. It was at the time of the great Hudson River Tunnel disaster, and Peter Woodland might have saved his own life, but he knew that if he left his post of duty many other lives would be lost, and so he stood amid the raging waters of Hell Gate, calmly looking death in the face while he helped his friends and com-



HOME OF HELMET LODGE, WATERLOO, IOWA

went down to death together. Was not the heroism of this man as great as that of Damon and Pythias? Life was his. He had fought his way to the free, pure air, but he cheerfully made the sacrifice that he might at least try to save his friend.

In 1878, when the South was stricken by yellow fever, in the city of Memphis, Tennessee, lived Henry Shelby Reynolds, the Grand Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias. Men and women were dying around him by the hundreds. Thousands were fleeing from the plague-stricken city, and the Grand Chancellor was urged to go while there was yet a chance to save his life. His answer was: "So long as there is a member of the Order in Memphis, I

rades to safety and life. He died that others might live.

And no longer ago than May 13, 1913, Dr. Edwin F. Brooks, a prominent Pythian of the Empire State, residing at Newburgh, New York, cheerfully gave his own life to save that of a patient.

We might continue indefinitely incidents of this kind, for they have been many, but we have sufficiently demonstrated that ancient heroism was not improbable, and that it has its counterpart in heroic incidents that have happened in our own land and in our own day.

Nor has our order been slow to show its appreciation of the work of its distinguished dead, but has commemorated in



OHIO PYTHIAN HOME—SPRINGFIELD

proper form the work of Rathbone, Hines, Woodland and other great Pythians. But the good deeds of these men will live in the hearts of their brothers long after the marble and granite that rise above their silent dust have fallen in decay, teaching us how to die for our friends, if need be,

and, what is more important, how to live for them and for the good of all who come within the range of our influence.

#### PYTHIAN HOMES

As a natural result of the teachings of this order, the Pythians of many states



NURSERY—OHIO PYTHIAN HOME



BEDTIME AT THE OHIO PYTHIAN HOME

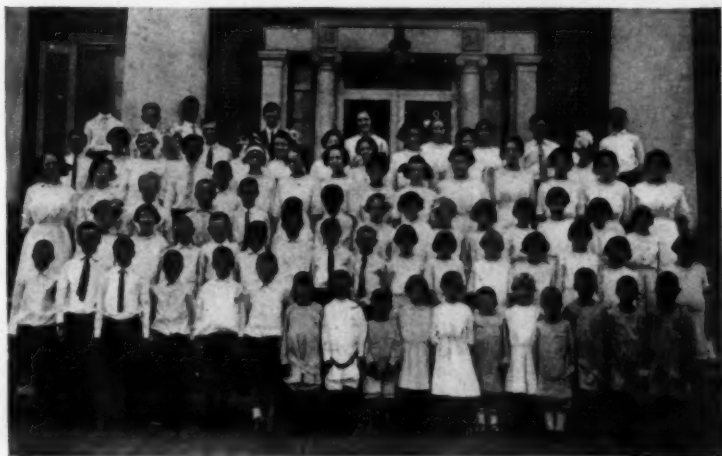


"A YARD OF KIDS"—OVOCA, TENNESSEE

have established homes for the widows and orphans of deceased members of our fraternity, and in some instances for indigent Pythians and their wives, who, through sickness and misfortune, have been unable to lay by a sufficient amount of this world's goods to make comfortable their declining years. These homes illustrate the character and purpose of our order as well, if not better, than any other phase of Pythian work, and it is to be regretted that we cannot devote more space to them.

Among the first to establish a home was

according to ages, the boys and girls being cared for separately. Each family has to itself a large sleeping room containing thirty beds, dressing room, sitting room and room for the governess. The buildings have complete equipment, including dining-room, gymnasium, library, hospital—in fact, everything necessary for the comfort, pleasure and health of the children. The hospital, however, is practically untenanted and the fees paid to physicians for attendance upon the children do not, it is said, amount to \$25 per year; and this healthy condition of the children is due to the



GROUP OF EIGHTY CHILDREN. KENTUCKY PYTHIAN HOME, LEXINGTON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1913

the great State of Ohio, with a membership of 85,000. This was in 1894, and the cornerstone of the first building was laid the same year and the building completed in 1895 and occupied by a family of sixteen. Later other buildings were erected until there are now ten buildings on the grounds, representing a value of \$350,000. The Home is maintained by the Grand Lodge Knights of Pythias at a cost of \$35,000 per year. There are 124 girls and 112 boys being cared for and educated in the Home. The children are divided into classes of thirty, known as "families," each family in charge of a governess and arranged

splendid sanitary measures that have been adopted. The children are given all the advantages of the public schools in Springfield, including the high schools. Not only are they educated in the branches usually taught in our schools, but the girls are also taught plain sewing, embroidery, cooking, etc., and are educated in music and art.

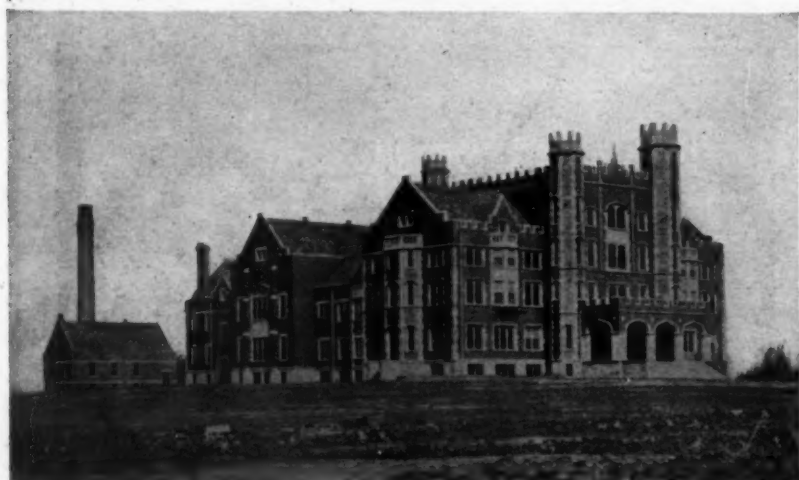
During the summer vacation the boys are taught manual training. There are no uniforms in this Home. Everything which might tend to make the children remember that they are in a charitable institution has been removed, and the

visitor is given the impression of a large, harmonious and happy family. In a room in this Home there lives a family of thirty little girls. In this room are thirty little white beds, and on the pillow of each of these beds, after they have been made up in the morning, is placed a beautiful doll which Santa Claus brought to each of the little girls last Christmas. When Christmas comes again, he will bring each of them a new doll and the dolls of last Christmas will be their playfellows during the coming year.

The Kentucky Pythian Home is located near the city of Lexington, in the beautiful

likewise been established and paid for by the County of Fayette. The boys do farm work during the summer. The girls work in the sewing rooms and assist in the household care. Like Ohio, this Home has sought to free itself from institutional appearance and to make a real home for the children.

Tennessee also has a Pythian Home, located at Ovoca, on five hundred and twenty acres of land, three and one-half miles from Tullahoma. This Home is described as a Pythian Home in which indigent Pythians and the widows and children of deceased Pythians may live



PYTHIAN HOME, DECATUR, DEDICATED JUNE 9, 1910

and historic Blue Grass region of that state, and admits and cares for widows of Pythians and boys and girls over two and under fourteen years of age. Under the rules of the Home the boys remain until they are sixteen years old, and the girls until they are eighteen years old; but the Board of Directors may permit them to remain longer. The buildings have a capacity of one hundred and fifty children, and eighty boys and girls are residents there at this time. The Home donated to the county two acres of ground upon which to erect a school building, and a \$12,000 house was erected on this land, and the school is attended by seventy-five of the Home children. A high school has

in comfort. It has been said of this Home that it is an industrial commonwealth, where every person, man and boy, woman and girl, is a producer of wealth and in a large measure self-sustaining. The Home is conducted on the cottage plan and in each cottage is housed a Pythian widow in charge of several children. It is a home in every sense of the word for the widows and the boys and girls and the feeling of dependency is eliminated. The cottages are modest and unassuming, but sanitary. A splendid literary school is maintained and religious services are held each Sunday.

The first steps taken toward the erection of a Pythian Home in Texas were in 1897. In 1905 it was decided to erect the





AT THE TEXAS PYTHIAN HOME—WEATHERFORD

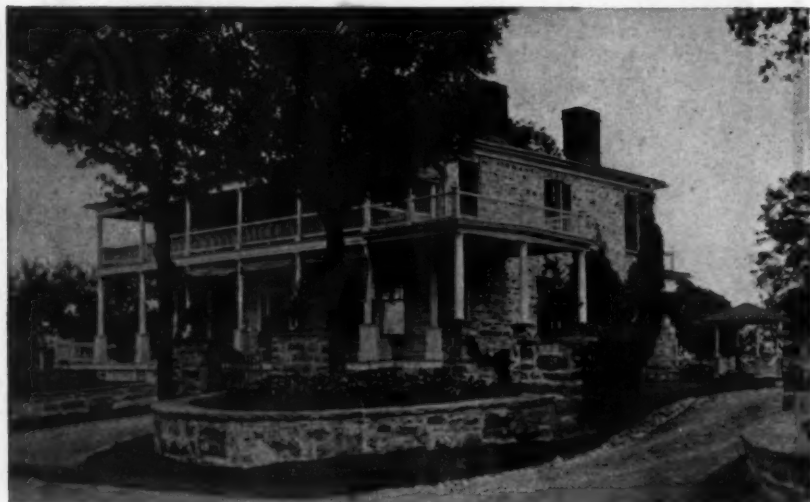


A GROUP AT THE KENTUCKY PYTHIAN HOME, LEXINGTON

Home at Weatherford, the home of Brother Henry Miller, the "Grand Old Man" of Texas Pythianism. On March 1, 1909, the Home was opened for the reception of residents. The Grand Lodge has invested about \$150,000 in buildings and equipment, and has an endowment fund of nearly \$80,000 invested in interest-bearing bonds. The Home admits the children of deceased Knights whose age does not exceed sixteen years; also all children of Knights of Pythias, if their

their dependents. This Home is located at Clayton, where the citizens and the Pythian Lodge donated to the order forty acres of land and \$7,500 in cash. The Home was completely furnished by lodges and individual members at a cost of about \$2,500. The Orphans' Home Fund has \$10,000 in its treasury. Since establishing the Home, one hundred and forty acres of land have been purchased in addition to the forty donated.

Illinois has an excellent home at Deca-



PYTHIAN HOME AND MAIN ENTRANCE, OGDENSBURG, NEW YORK

father is in destitute circumstances or permanently disabled from earning a livelihood; all childless indigent widows of Pythians; and any wife of a Pythian, who is in destitute circumstances and whose husband is unable to earn a living.

The Pythians of North Carolina have gone about establishing and maintaining a Home on a more modest basis, but are making ample provision for caring for all

tur, occupied at present by men, women and children, but contemplates a separate home for older people. This Home is now occupied by thirty-five children and sixteen adults. It was built and is maintained by a small per capita tax and free-will contributions from Illinois Pythians.

The Pythians of Missouri are preparing to open a Home in the city of Springfield early in 1914 to care for aged and dependent

(NOTE—We regret that we have not been able to secure the pictures of the Pythian Home at Clayton, North Carolina—described on this page; that of the Pythian Home at Harmony, Pennsylvania, near Pittsburgh; the Washington, District of Columbia, Pythian Temple, or the Altoona, Pennsylvania building. We will take pleasure in a later number of the NATIONAL in publishing these pictures and in presenting a description of the magnificent property in Pennsylvania, which is such a pride to the members of the order and a joy to those who occupy it. The Harmony Home is a real "home" to its occupants, and it fills a large place in the splendid program of the loyal Pennsylvanian Pythians who maintain it.—Editor.)



A GROUP OF GIRLS, WEATHERFORD, TEXAS

members of the order and their wives, also for the widows and orphans of Pythians. A handsome fireproof building is now being constructed at a cost of more than \$100,000. The Home will be supported by the generosity of Missouri Pythians.

In the beautiful city of Ogdensburg,

New York, on the banks of the St. Lawrence River, the Knights of Pythias of the Empire State, on July 4th of this year, dedicated a splendid Home for the care and comfort of dependent members of the order, their wives and widows. This Home and its location are beautiful beyond

*(Continued on page 350)*



"PARTNERS"—TENNESSEE PYTHIAN HOME, OVOCA

# Robert Jones Burdette

*Genial Humorist, Gentle Philosopher and Eloquent Preacher*

by George Wharton James

## PART II

WE are all familiar with Æsop's fable of the man driving his ass to market —how he listened to the remarks of all the passers-by until at last he and his sons were carrying the ass instead of the ass carrying him or them. Burdette presents the same idea in homely country-town fashion in his "Sodding as a Fine Art."

"One day, early in spring, Mr. Blossberg, who lives out on Ninth Street, made up his mind that he would sod his front yard himself, and when he had formed this public-spirited resolution, he proceeded to put it into immediate execution. He cut his sod, in righteous and independent and liberty-loving disregard of the ridiculous city ordinance in relation thereto, from the patches of verdure that the cows had permitted to obtain a temporary growth along the side of the street, and proceeded to beautify his front yard therewith. Just as he had laid the first sod, Mr. Thwackery, his neighbor, passed by.

"'Good land, Blossberg,' he shouted, 'you'll never be able to make anything of such a sod as that. Why, it's three inches too thick. That sod will cake up and dry like a brick. You want to shave at least two inches and a half off the bottom of it, so the roots of the grass will grow into the ground and unite the sod with the earth. That sod is thick enough for a corner stone.'

"So Mr. Blossberg took the spade and shaved the sod down until it was thin and about as pliable as a buckwheat cake, and Mr. Thwackery pronounced it all right and sure to grow, and passed on. Just as Mr. Blossberg got it laid down a second time, old Mr. Templeton, who lived on the next block, came along and leaned on the fence, intently observing the sodder's movements.

"'Well now, Blossberg,' he said at length, 'I did think you had better sense than that.

Don't you know a sod will never grow on that hard ground? You must spade it all up first, and break the dirt up fine and soft to the depth of at least four inches, or the grass can never take root in it. Don't waste your time and sod by putting grass on top of such a baked brick-floor as that.'

"And Mr. Blossberg laid aside the sod and took up the spade and labored under Mr. Templeton's directions until the ground was all properly prepared for the sod, and then Mr. Templeton, telling him that sod couldn't die on that ground now if he tried to kill it, went away and Mr. Blossberg picked up that precious sod a third time and prepared to put it in place. Before he had fairly poised it over the spot, however, his hands were arrested by a terrific shout, and looking up he saw Major Bladders shaking his cane at him over the fence.

"'Blossberg, you insufferable donkey,' roared the Major, 'don't you know that you will lose every blade of grass you can carry if you put your sod on that dry ground? There you've gone and cut it so thin that all the roots of the grass are cut and bleeding, and you must soak that ground with water until it is a perfect pulp, so that the roots will sink right into it, and draw nutrition from the moist earth. Wet her down, Blossberg, if you want to see your labor result in anything.'

"So Blossberg put the sod aside again, and went and pumped water and carried it around in buckets until his back ached like a soft corn, and when he had finally transformed the front yard into a morass, the major was satisfied, and assuring Mr. Blossberg that his sod would grow beautifully now, even if he laid it on upside down, marched away, and Mr. Blossberg made a fourth effort to put the first sod in its place. He got it down and was going back after another, when old Mrs. Tweedlebug checked him in his wild career.

"'Lawk, Mr. Blossberg, ye mustn't go off an' leave that sod lying that way. You must take the spade and beat it down hard, till it is all flat and level, and close to the ground everywhere. You must pound it hard, or the weeds will all start up under it and crowd out the grass.'

"Blossberg went back, and stooping over the sod hit it a resounding thwack with his spade that shot great gouts and splotches of mud all over the parlor win-

of whom Mr. Blossberg bought his apples and butter.

"'Hello, Mr. Blossberg!' he shouted, in tones which indicated that he either believed Mr. Blossberg to be deaf or two thousand miles away.

"Mr. Blossberg winked violently to get the soil out of his eyes, and turned in the direction of the noise to say 'Good evening.'

"'Soddin', hey?' asked Mr. Thistlepod.



Photo by C. J. Grandall & Co.

"SUNNYCREST," THE WHITE ROSE TERRACE

dows and half way to the top of the house, and some of it came flying into his face and on his clothes, while a miscellaneous shower made it dangerous even for his adviser, who, with a feeble shriek of disapprobation, went hastily away, digging raw mud out of her ears. Mr. Blossberg didn't know how long to keep on pounding, and he didn't see Mrs. Tweedlebug go away, so he stood with his spade poised in the air and his eyes shut tight, waiting for instructions. And as he waited he was surprised to hear a new voice accost him. It was the voice of Mr. Thistlepod, the old agriculturist,

"'Trying to, sir,' replied Mr. Blossberg, rather cautiously.

"'Spect it will grow, hey?'

"Mr. Blossberg, having learned by very recent experience how liable his plans were to be overthrown, was still noncommittal, and replied that he hoped so.

"'Wal, if ye hope so, ye mustn't go to poundin' yer sod to pieces with that spade. Ye don't want to ram it down so dad binged tight and hard there can't no air git at the roots. Ye must shake that sod up a little, so as to loosen it, and then jest press it down with yer foot ontill it jest teches



the ground nicely all round. Sod's too thin, anyhow.'

"So Mr. Blossberg thrust his hands into the nasty mud under his darling sod, and spread his fingers wide apart to keep it from breaking to pieces as he raised it, and finally got it loosened up and pressed down to Mr. Thistlepod's satisfaction, who then told him he didn't believe he could make that sod grow anyway, and drove away. Then Mr. Blossberg stepped back to look at that sod, feeling confident that he had got through with it, when young Mr. Simpson came along.

"'Hello, Bloss, old boy; watchu doin'?"

"Mr. Blossberg timorously answered that he was sodding a little. Then Mr. Simpson pressed his lips very tightly together to repress a smile, and let his cheeks swell and bulge out to the size of toy balloons with suppressed merriment, and finally burst into a snort of derisive laughter that made the windows rattle in the houses on the other side of the street, and he went on, leaving Mr. Blossberg somewhat nettled and a little discouraged. He stood with his fingers spread wide apart, holding his arms out like wings, and wondering whether he had better go get another sod or go wash his hands, when a policeman came by and paused. 'Soddin'?' he asked sententially.

"'Yes, sir, a little,' replied Mr. Blossberg, respectfully.

"'Where did you get your sod?' inquired the representative of public order.

"Mr. Blossberg dolefully indicated the little bare parallelogram in the scanty patch of verdure as his base of supplies.

"'You're the man I've been lookin' for,' replied public order. 'You come allong with me.'

"And Mr. Blossberg went along, and the Police Judge fined him \$11.95, and when Mr. Blossberg got home he found that a cow had got into his yard during his absence and stepped on that precious sod five times, and put her foot clear through it every time, so that it looked like a patch of moss rolled up in a wad, more than sod. And then Mr. Blossberg fell on his knees and raised his hands to heaven, and registered a vow that he would never plant another sod if this whole fertile world turned into a Sahara for want of his aid."

What a deliciously crazy, fantastically funny burlesque his "Automatic Clothes-Line Reel" is. A Barnes Street resident suffered from the clothes line being left out in the back yard on wash days.

"One bitter cold winter morning, he ran out to the woodshed after some kindling, and the first line caught him under the chin and pulled his neck out till it was a foot long, and he ran into the house and frightened his wife into fits by his terrible appearance, and she threatened to apply for a divorce if he ever made faces at her that way again. It was nearly three hours before his neck shrunk back to its natural size. And a few nights after that he was all dressed to go to a party with his family, and he went bounding down the back yard to see that the alley gate was fastened, and a slack line caught him amidships, let him run out the slack, and then when it hauled taut, just picked him up, tossed the breath out of him, turned him clear over, and chucked him down on his back, splitting his coat from the tail-buttons to the neck. And he couldn't move, and he couldn't speak, and he couldn't even breathe, only about thirty cents on the dollar, so he couldn't answer his wife and his daughter when they screamed to him that they were ready, and they concluded that he had run away to avoid going with them, so they went off without him, and never came back till eleven o'clock, and the man lay out in the back yard all that time, trying to die. And one time after that, he was joggling across the back yard with his arms full of about three hundred pounds of wood, and he was laughing like a hyena at something he had read in *The Hawkeye*, when a clothes prop slipped just as he passed under the line and dropped on his head, raising a lump as big as an egg, and he fell forward, another line caught right in his mouth, and sawed it clear back to his ears, so that when he smiled the top of his head only hung on a hinge."

The result was he invented a patent clothes-line reel, which was inclosed in a heavy cast-iron box, and was worked by a powerful automatic arrangement. You only had to wind up the box and set it for a certain hour, just like an alarm clock, and at that hour the reel would go off, and pull on the line like a team of mules, the

spring hook at the other end of the line would be rolled up at the rate of a thousand miles a minute.

Feeling sure his wife would see that the clothes were taken in before seven p.m., he set the appliance for that hour. Unfortunately for some reason, well understood by a woman, the clothes were not removed from the line. The result is thus described:

"About seven o'clock that evening, while he was toasting his feet at the fire and

tions a minute, and was whirling around like a thrashing machine, and the line was tearing around the posts like a streak of runaway lightning, and the clothes were trying to keep along with it, and around the posts they were ripping, tearing and snapping more than any cyclone that ever got loose, while where the line shot into the hawse-hole in the iron box, the striped stockings and white shirts and things, and flannels, and yarn socks, and undershirts



"SUNNYCREST," A CORNER OF THE LIBRARY

reading the almanac, the family were disturbed by unmistakable indications of a fight going on in the back yard between a hurricane and an earthquake, in which the earthquake appeared to be getting a little the best of it. The affrighted family rushed to the back door and looked out upon a scene of devastation and anarchy. The air was full of fragments of linen, and cotton, and red flannel, white shirt buttons, clothes pins, and little brass buckles were flying like hail. The reel in the iron box was making about sixty thousand revolu-

and more things, and aprons, and handkerchiefs, and sheets and things, and pillow slips, just foamed and bulged, and tossed wildly, and ripped, and tore, and scraped, until the yard and air were so full of lint that it looked worse than an arctic snow storm. Oh, it was dreadful. It was terrible. Everybody shrieked in dismay.

"Somebody's at the clothes line!" screamed the man's daughter.

"Good heavens!" yelled the man. "Haden't you taken the clothes in?"

"The man thought he could save what

was left. He sprang at the clothes line. He caught the flying hook at the end with both hands, and the next instant, before the terrified eyes of his shrieking wife and daughter, he was jerked through the hole in the iron box, a quivering mass of boneless flesh, while his glistening skeleton fell rattling upon the porch.

"They gathered his frame work off the porch, and unlocked the box and drew out his covering. He was not dead, so deftly and quickly had he been removed from his framework. They sent for the doctors, but their skill could not avail to get the man together again, and now he sits, limp and boneless, in a high-backed easy chair, smiling sadly at his grinning skeleton, which sits in a chair on the opposite side of the fireplace, grinning sociably at its counterpart, and rattling horribly every time it crosses its bony legs, or scratches the top of its glistening head with its gaunt, fleshless fingers. And thus that poor man will have to drag out a dual existence until death comes to both of him. It is a painful, expensive life, for the skeleton eats just as much as the flesh, and the flesh has taken to smoking ten cent cigars, and the skeleton can't sleep a wink unless it has a big, hot whisky every night at bed time. And all this is the result of wicked, wicked carelessness. A terrible warning to women who leave the clothes-line up after dark."

This was the kind of thing that, in the earlier days of his literary career, flowed constantly from Burdette's pen. But there was ever a deep, earnest and serious purpose within him. He was always a constant, devoted and lifelong reader of the Bible; a believer in its inspiration, an admirer of its literature and poetry. He has an artist's appreciation of its marvelous word painting, a student's comprehension of its history and its prophecies; he is possessed of a power to interpret the Scriptures with a clearness, modernity and convincing narrative equalled by few men, and for many years he occupied the pulpit of his own church, the Baptist, at his home, during the summer months, and when on his lecture tours, preached all winter in the pulpit of all denominations in every State in the Union, though never for remuneration.

It was while he was preaching that he found time to write out some of his army experiences.

They were written for his friend, Dr. Trumbull, of the *Sunday School Times*. In his own quaint and inimitable fashion, he sets down the "Lure of the Drum" to an eighteen year old boy. War looks very different to a man in the afternoon of life and a lad in the full flush of morning on his face. *Then*, war meant glory, thrill, splendor, glamor, victory. *Now* he sees all the horror, tragedy, murder, blood, defeat of it.

In writing of his army life, he gives us many sidelights that should be preserved; they are war seen with a poet's eyes and vision—hence are true literature. Some day I hope to see them in book form. In telling of the call as it came to him, and the way his devoted mother took the announcement, he says:

"I once heard a man say—he had never been a soldier—'If a woman is ever given the ballot, like a man, she should be compelled to shoulder a musket and go to war, like the men.'"

"Such a foolish, cowardly, brutal thing to say! Sometimes the government has to conscript men to make them fight for their country. When has woman ever shrunk from going to war? 'She risked her life when the soldier was born.' She wound her arms around him through all the years of his helplessness. Night after night, when fell disease fought for the little soldier's tender life, she robbed her aching eyes of sleep, a faithful sentinel over his cradle. She nourished him on her own life, a fountain drawn from her mother-breasts. She stood guard over him, keeping all the house quiet when he would sleep in the noisy daytime. She stood on the firing-line, battling with the foes of uncleanness, contagion, sudden heat and biting cold, protecting her little soldier in the clean, sweet fortress of his home. She taught him his first cooing words that some day he might have mighty voice and brave words of defiance to shout against his country's foes. She taught him his first step—such a wavering, uncertain little step—that some day he could keep step to the drum-beat and march with the men—a free, swinging stride—as they followed the flag."

She trained him up to be a manly man, to hate a lie and despise a mean action, to be noble and chivalrous. She builded a strong man out of her woman's soul.

"And then one day, when the bugles shrilled and the drum beat, she kissed him and sent him forth at the wheels of the guns—her beautiful boy—to be food for the fire-breathing maw of the black-lipped cannon! Her boy! Heart of her heart! Life of her life! Love of her soul!

"The exultant news flashes over the wires. 'Glorious victory,' shout the papers in crimson headlines, 'ten thousand killed!'

"And in the long list there is only one name she can read. It stands out black as a pall upon the white paper—characters of night against the morning sunshine—the name she gave her first-born.

"And that is the end of it all. All the years of tender nursing; of tireless care; of patient training; of loving teaching; of sweet companionship; and of all the little walks and talks; the tender confidences of mother and son; the budding days; the blossoming years—this is the harvest. This is war."

"I went into the army a light-hearted boy, with a face as smooth as a girl's and hair as brown as my beautiful mother's. I fought through more than a score of battles and romped through more than a hundred frolics. I had the rollicking time of my life and came home stronger than an athlete, with robust health builded to last the rest of my life. And my mother, her brown hair silvered with the days of my soldiering, held me in her arms and counted the years of her longing and watching with kisses. When she lifted her dear face, I saw the story of my marches and battles written there in lines of anguish. If a mother should write her story of the war, she would pluck a white hair from her temple, and dip the living stylus into the chalice of her tears, to write the diary of the days upon her heart."

How much grim truth of fortunes made by "Army Contracts" is hidden in the following humorous description, where he tells of "The Real Thing," when he actually joined his regiment at Corinth, Mississippi:

"I never dreamed, when first I looked upon it in the field, how proud I was going

to be of it. It was only another of the disillusiones that illumined the understanding of the recruit, and showed him the difference between tinsel and gold. It taught me the distinction between dress parade and a skirmish line. For the regiment had fought at Iuka, and then marched day and night to reach Corinth in time to meet Generals Price and Van Dorn for a three-days' try-out. It was forced marching, and the barber, the manicure, hair-dresser, and chiropodist had been left behind with the pastry cook—back in Illinois. My regiment! In my dreams it had always looked like a replica of the Old Guard at Marengo. Now it looked more like the retreat from Moscow. Save that it never retreated.

"Uniforms grimed with the dust of the summer roads and the rains and mud of the spring campaigns. Some of the soldiers wore military caps, but none so new and bright, so blue and bebraided as my own. Hats were largely the wear. The army hat of 'the sixties.' A thing fearful and wonderful when it was new, with a cord that was strong enough to bind an enemy hand and foot, and terminating in tassels big enough and hard enough to brain him. One side looped up with a brass eagle, not quite life-size. The inflexible material of the hat made it break where the side was turned up. The crown was high and the brim was flat, the general effect being a cone with a cornice. Sometimes the soldier creased a pleat in the top, that it might resemble the Burnside hat, by which name, indeed, I think it was called. This broke it in two and let in the rain.

"Well, my comrades had marched in this grotesque headgear in the dust and in the rain. They had fought in it. They had slept in it. They had used it for a pillow in the resting halts on the march. On occasions they had carried water in it. One warrior told me he had boiled eggs in his. But you can't tell. You may guess what it looked like when I first saw it. I can't. I saw it, and I couldn't recall anything I had ever seen in my life that it faintly resembled.

"The most comfortable way of wearing the trousers on march was by tucking them into the legs of the army sock. Oh, yes; plenty of room. A man could put both

legs into one army sock of 'the sixties.' I never tried slipping one over an expanded umbrella. Wearing the sock over the legs of the trousers was the best, and, save in the new days of the sock, the only way to hold it up. The sock was made by machinery. In one straight tube, I think, and then pressed into sockly shape. This lasted until they were washed the first time. Then the article reverted to type and became the knitted tube from which it had evolved."

Here is a rich extract from the chapter entitled, "The School of the Soldier":

"It was the private soldier who taught me not to step on the heels of my file closer. He also taught me how to make a feather-bed of two oak rails. How to grind coffee in a tin cup with the shank of a bayonet. How to boil roasting ears in their own husks in the ashes. How to drink boiling coffee without blistering my throat. How to conceal my person behind a sapling not half as thick as my body. How to fill my canteen from a warm pond and let the water cool in the sun on a hot day. How to march eighteen or twenty miles over rough roads day after day without getting an ache in my feet. How to make one day's rations last three days without getting hungry. How to get a refreshing drink of water without swallowing a drop. How to lift a nervous hen from the bosom of her family without any outcry from herself or her relatives. How to fool the sergeant on roll-call—once. That trick was like a limited ticket, good 'for this day and train only.' How to 'explain things' to the captain. How to launder one's linen, which was woven of the coarsest flannel, in cold water. How to make oneself clean when it was muddy, and how to look fresh when it was dusty. How to divide the last pint of water in your canteen so as to get a drink and a sponge bath and have enough left for coffee. How to make two months' pay—\$26—last till next pay day, two or three months away, after you had sent half of it home and spent half of the remainder. How to keep awake on picket all night when your dry eyes ached and burned for sleep. How to sleep like a tired workingman under the guns of a battery shelling the enemy's lines. How to light a fire in the

woods, with wet twigs in a pelting rain and a fretful wind, with your last match."

In "Bugle Echoes," a history of the regiment, Major B. C. Bryner of the 47th Illinois thus speaks of the humorist as a fighting soldier:

"In the excitement of battle a man's inner nature is apt to show forth. A preacher may become profane and a pirate may pray. Look into the mild, laughing brown eyes of America's sweetest humorist, read the tender sonnets from his pen or listen to the loving pleadings from his pulpit and imagine, if you can, Robert J. Burdette a tiger in action. Yet so he was. With every crack of his rifle his face became illumined. Battle was to him an inspiration. His wit was never so nimble as when under fire. The boys of Company 'C' often laughed with the gentle Robert, but always they laughed most loudly and frequently with him upon the battle line."

He has two chapters devoted to the "Coward" and "Testing Time." What wonderful analysis of motive and character are here, and how searching and illuminating are his words. He knows men through and through, does "Our Bob," yet how tender and gentle he is with their frailties and weaknesses, and how marvellously he understands that slim borderline between what men extol as bravery and condemn as cowardice.

The series as a whole contains some of the finest work Burdette has ever done as a writer, as these few extracts will attest, and they forever demonstrate that he is fully entitled to a high place in the proud army of California's literature makers.

One of his chapters he entitles "Ready to Kill and to Laugh," and shows how the soldier sways from one emotion to another. Yet he depicts with sure and certain lines the sharp, ruthless, cold-blooded deadliness of war's purpose and thus fills us with horror at the thought that man has not yet learned the elemental principles of Christ's teaching, which are those of "peace on earth, good will to men." He tells us of the steps taken to train the soldier for his bloody purpose, to make him a reliable fighting machine and then switches off to the other side of his life, thus:

"But if the soldier grumbles at many



things, he laughs at anything, and many times just as heartily he laughs at nothing. 'For once, upon a raw and gusty day' as ever 'the troubled Tiber chafed,' we were marching through a pelting rain, splashing through the slushy mud. A tired soldier sought an easier footway upon the sloping roadside, and pulled off both shoes, one after the other, in the sticky claybank—an insult in the face of misery. The men who saw him roared with pitiless mirth. The next company, which could not see, howled in sympathy with laughter they could not understand. Down the line it went, increasing in volume as it got farther away from the cause of the unkindly merriment. The regimental teamsters caught it up, and their stentorian haw, haw, haws set the mules to braying. This passed it on to the Second Iowa Battery, and the gunners made the soaking welkin ring with their cackinnation. It drifted back to the Eighth Wisconsin, and they slapped the spray out of their soaking trousers as they added gesticulation to emphasize their guffaws. And all along the column the struggling groups of happy freedmen shrieked with ignorant delight after the manner of their mirthful kind.

"Well, that's one mission of laughter. Every soldier will tell you of such things. There is one army story that echoes from the Potomac to the Mississippi. Vociferous cheering, 'a cry as though the Volscians were coming o'er the wall,' breaks out at some point in the marching column. It goes down the line of march, a great wave of laughter, cheering, exultant; increasing in jubilation until it reaches the rear guard in a mighty climax of rejoicing uproar, that would terrify the troopers of the enemy hovering on our rear, but that they understand it all as well as we, for the custom was as one in both Union and Confederate armies. Either a favorite general has galloped down the column, or a frightened rabbit has dashed across the line of march. In either case it is the same—the bravest of the brave, the fightingest general known of that division, or the timidest, scared-to-deathiest little animal in the world has received the same mead of tumultuous applause. Every veteran will tell you

that his regiment, the fighting Hundred and Onety-Oneest, had an exclusive saying on such occasions: 'Old Smith, Mower, Sherman, Sheridan, Hubbard, Logan,' etc., etc., — or a rabbit!

"There were few copyright stories in the army. A California regiment crossing the plains to join the army east of the Rockies would meet its own anecdotes, told with a nasal twang by the Steenth Vermont. Army stories are uniform as army rations. The soldier on the stormy march who longed to be under the old barn at home, because it would be so easy to get into the house; the one who asked the sutler if his pies were sewed or pegged; the one who, when the dear old lady listening to his account of the battle asked him why he didn't get behind a tree, scornfully replied that there weren't half enough trees for the officers; the soldier who was surprised on picket by his brigade commander, with his gun apart, oiling it, said, 'You just wait till I sort o' git this gun sort o' stuck together and I'll give you a sort o' salute,' was a Confederate, but we stole his story just the same; the soldier, missing everything at target practice, asked by his impatient sergeant where under the sun his shots went, who replied, 'They leave here all right; I can't tell where they go to after they get away from me'; the sentry who challenged, 'If you don't say Vicksburg mighty quick I'll blow your head off'; the Irishman who said 'Bags' when the countersign was 'Saxe'; the slovenly soldier who, reprimanded on inspection by his captain, 'How long do you wear a shirt?' replied, 'Thirty-four inches'; the jayhawker who killed a sheep in self-defence because it ran after him and tried to bite him; all these narratives and many more were ascribed to men in my own regiment. Quick as we heard a new story we found the hero of it in our own ranks. All the regiments in both armies follow the same patriotic custom. For when we exchanged stories with our prisoners, hoping to get some new anecdote material for our regimental fame, lo, the captives of our bow and spear told us our own threadbare tales about the Eighth Georgia and the Louisiana Tigers. Doubtless the guards at Libby prison suffered the same bitter-

ness of disappointment when they sought to add to their own stock of 'the best and latest.' The army stories with which the archers of Parthia and the left-handed slingers of Benjamin were wont to set the tables in a roar were easily adapted to the stage settings of the time by the musketeers of Frederick and the Grenadiers of the Old Guard. And now the pontoon stories are the uncopyrighted property of the aeroplanes."

Here is a vivid piece of realism. As the editor of the *Sunday School Times* wrote on reading it:

"O the pity of it!" That is the cry that leaps to the lips as one emerges from the spell of this battle-story, with its haunting pathos and sharp realism. The strongest peace argument is not always in documents that bear the peace label. If this is war—and it is—who wants it? It is seldom that word-painting, in such lights and shadows, such color-contrasts, and with such unsparing fidelity to grim fact, is set before the student of human life even in these days of good writing."

This is what Burdette wrote: "I was looking at a young artilleryman. He was half seated on the hub of one of the Waterhouse guns, resting his face against the arm with which he cushioned the rim of the wheel. He was a boy about my own age, not over nineteen. He was tired, for serving the guns in hot action is fast work and hard work. His lips were parted with his quick breathing. He lifted his face and smiled at some remark made to him by one of the gunners, and his face was handsome in its animation—a handsome boy."

"I heard a sound such as I had never heard before, but I shuddered as I heard it—dull and cruel and deadly. A hideous sound, fearsome and hateful."

"The young artilleryman leaped to his feet, his face lifted toward the gray sky, his hands tossed above his head. He reeled, and as a comrade sprang to catch him in his arms the boy cried, his voice shrilling down the line:

"Murder, boys! Murder! Oh, murder!"

"He clasped his hands over a splotch of crimson that was widening on the blue breast of his red-trimmed jacket, and fell into the strong arms of the comrades who carried him to the rear. Him, or—It."

"The rain began again, and the warm drops fell like tears upon his white face, as though angels were weeping above him. I watched them carry him away to where the yellow flag marked the mercy station of the field hospital."

"Fear, before unfelt because unknown, clutched my heart like the hand of death, with the voice of that hissing, spiteful bullet. My very soul was faint."

"I did not know—I will never know—who shot this boy. Nor, I think, does the man who killed him. Another boy, maybe. For there were as many schoolboys in the Confederate armies, it seemed to me, as men."

\* \* \*

"The bugles called sweetly and imperiously, the Colonel's voice rang out stern, peremptory, inspiring, the line sprang to its feet, and with mighty shoutings rushed forward like unleashed dogs of war. Thundering guns, rattling musketry, cheering and more cheering, a triumphant charge, a wild pursuit, a mad dash—we were over the works and into the city. That night my regiment bivouacked in the pleasant grounds of the beautiful capitol of Mississippi. My first battle, and it was a victory—a victory—a brilliant victory! And I had a soldier's part in it. How proud I was! I could not sleep. I mentally indited a dozen letters home. And again I whispered a prayer, and looked up my good-night at the stars."

"Calm, silent, tranquil. Undimmed by the smoke of the guns; unstained by the blood that had besmeared the meadow daisies; unshaken by all the tumult of charging battalions. Sweet and pure the glittering constellations looked down upon the trampled field and the dismantled forts. Looked down upon the little world in which men lived and slept, loved and hated, fought and died. The quiet, blessed, peaceful starlight."

"Far away, yet thrilling as a night alarm, came dropping down through the starlight the cry that went up from the sodden earth ages and ages ago: 'Murder! Oh, murder!'"

On the 25th of March, 1899, there came a great and wonderful change into his life, the influence of which was to be far-reaching and add materially to the scope

and power of his work. On that day he married Mrs. Clara Bradley Baker of Pasadena, California, and thenceforward this beautiful city became his home, in a flower-embowered mansion, named Sunny Crest, on the world-famed Orange Grove Avenue.

The Easter Sunday following Mr. Burdette's marriage, the preacher-humorist delivered his first sermon as pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Pasadena. In the beauty and power of the simple gospel he preached, untouched by witticism or jokes, and for over a year the congregation listened with increasing interest and loving devotion. The loyalty to the teachings and convictions of over fifty years was severely tested when Mr. Burdette was invited and urged to turn from the church of his fathers to become the permanent pastor of these loving people of another denomination, but with a conviction and a sense of duty that is the final salvation of every man during the ups and downs of years, he declined to serve them longer, saying, "A man of your own faith is entitled to lead such loyal followers." After fourteen months abroad, he returned to the lecture platform, until the summer of 1903, when he decided to retire to his desk, and do literary work that should be more permanent.

But this was not to be—at least not yet. For a call came from Los Angeles. A new Baptist Church was organized there and Burdette was asked to be its pastor. He accepted the call. Though fifty-nine years of age and entitled to take a well-earned rest, he neither hesitated nor faltered. The history of this church has been written by Mrs. Burdette in a story entitled "The Rainbow and the Pot of Gold," and it is as interesting as a romance.

For many years she had been one of the leaders in the Women's World of Southern California. Possessed of a large fortune which she was using for the benefit of charitable and philanthropic movements—the Children's Aid Society and the Pasadena Hospital being her chief charge—her keen brain and wifely devotion were now especially enlisted in enlarging the scope of her gifted husband's labors. She organized the Temple Auditorium Com-

pany of Los Angeles which built the Temple Auditorium—The Theatre Beautiful—which was immediately engaged by the Temple Baptist Church for its services. One of the largest and most powerful organs of the country was included in the equipment and a master organist engaged. The fame of the preacher immediately attracted a large audience, and from the very start the auditorium was crowded. Here was a gathering that any man might be proud to address. Travellers from all parts of the world, people of note in every walk of life, meet continuously in Los Angeles to enjoy the exquisite climate of this Land of the Sun Down Sea, and these thronged each Sunday to the unique church to hear the humane philosopher and witty humorist expound the doctrines of Christ in modern fashion and apply them to the problems of everyday life. And many who knew him only as a wit and humorist and went expecting to laugh came away thoughtful and serious, prompted to new endeavor and higher aspiration by the earnest and sincere words that fell from the lips of Burdette the Christian teacher.

With the devotion that only a large love knows, Mrs. Burdette gave up her home comforts and travelled with him when he went forth on his yearly lecture trips. With tender thoughtfulness she supplemented and supervised the too-often indifferent accommodations and provisions of the country hotels where they were compelled to stay and beguile the tedium of his lonesome hours of travel and waiting for trains. And in all his life, public and private, since their marriage she has devoted her many and varied powers and capabilities to enlarging, supplementing and sustaining him. She has proven a real helpmeet—the most valuable that a worker for the world's good could find, hence his heart constantly rejoices in her as God's choicest and best gift.

One of the things she has done, until it has come to be regarded by the literary, musical and artistic people of Pasadena—indeed of California generally and of the distinguished visitors that it constantly entertains—as an Institution, is the holding of a monthly Salon. The first Tuesday of every month when they have been at

home, regardless of Weather, Chance, Fate or Circumstance, a large group—fifty or more—of friends and guests have assembled, either to hear an arranged or an impromptu program of music, reading, speech, song or debate. World-famed figures in literature, art, science, in dramatic, operatic and concert circles have graced Sunnycrest with their presence and given of their best to the gracious host and hostess and their guests.

while the mocking-bird makes the night rejoice with his merry carolings. The gorgeously-clad humming-birds come and whirl their busy wings over the flower-beds and the bees hum and sing in the clover on the lawn. In the spacious library Dr. Burdette does his work, while adjoining, in an equally large and delightful room, Mrs. Burdette sits at her desk.

The house throughout is beautified with the accumulated treasures of the years



Photo by Hance, Los Angeles

#### TEMPLE AUDITORIUM, LOS ANGELES

Where on many a Sunday Dr. Burdette has expounded the doctrines of Christ in modern fashion and applied them to the problems of everyday life

Sunnycrest is one of the ideal residences of ideal Pasadena, situated upon the crest of a ridge overlooking on the one side Orange Grove Avenue, and on the other the Arroyo Seco and the world-famous Busch Sunken Gardens. It is embowered in flowers of a thousand varieties, hues and shades, each giving forth its own delicious fragrance and attracting scores of songbirds. The rich melody of linnets, larks and thrushes may be heard all day,

gathered in all parts of the world on various trips, or received from the hands of loving friends. Books galore, autographed by their authors, cover tables and line shelves, attesting the esteem in which the poet-humorist-lecturer-preacher and his wife are held.

But more delightful than all the work of man's hands in rich adornment of rooms is found by Mrs. Burdette in the scene upon which the eye falls through

her north window. This she calls her "million-dollar picture." Framed in the large plate glass reveals the myriads of flowers, vines, ferns, shrubs, plants and trees, brought from every semi-tropical land; beyond are the magnificent streets lined with such residences as make Pasadena the most beautiful residence city of the world in proportion to its population, while further out are the glorious foothills, which lead the eye to the Majestic Mother Mountains—the Sierra Madre division of the great range of the Sierra San Bernardino, whose peaks are snow-clad a large part of the year.

Few preachers, few even of the world's millionaires, have so superlative a site and so delightfully surrounded a home, yet no one—not even the severest Socialist or Anarchist—envies Burdette his happy lot. Few men, indeed, are there who have so completely won the universal heart.

Of the Temple Beautiful I have not room to speak further—the illustration must be its own interpreter. It is interesting, however, to note that the curtain scene is of the reputed place where Jesus was baptized in the Jordan, and just below this is the baptistry of the church.

One literary feature connected with the Temple cannot be overlooked. This is the fact that weekly for six years a Temple-Herald—a kind of Church calendar—was published, for which Dr. Burdette wrote a "little poem." These verses were read each Sunday morning as the congregation assembled, and have since been gathered together into a dainty volume entitled "The Silver Trumpets," from Numbers x: 2, 3. Many of these would bear quoting, but I must be content with one:

#### "MY LORD AND MY GOD!"

How do I know He is Jesus the Lord?

I was leprous, and foul, and mean:  
I fell at His feet, and He lifted me up—  
Saying, "I will! be clean!"

How do I know He's the Christ of God?

I was blind; and men trampled on me;  
"Have pity!" I cried; and He touched my eyes—

"Be open," He said; and I see!

How do I know He's the Son of God?

I stood by His cross, afraid;  
For I'd driven the nails; but He looked upon me—  
And, "Father, forgive!" He prayed.

How do I know He's the living God?

In corruption of sin I lay dead;  
But Life Everlasting thrilled into me, when—  
"Thy sins be forgiven!" He said.

It seems to me at the close of an active public career, no man could have had a more gracious, befitting and beautiful opportunity than Mrs. Burdette's genius afforded her husband in the erection of the "Temple Beautiful."

Los Angeles is a city of peculiar component elements. It is a cosmopolitan city. It attracts tourists from all parts of the world. Hundreds of these would never care to go to the ordinary church, but the Temple Beautiful and the unique reputation of its pastor allured and attracted them, so that as Burdette quaintly remarked: "If the church had not had its own name, I should have suggested that it be called 'The Church of the Holy Procession,' on account of the varying audiences that came every morning and evening during the Sundays of the year."

In speaking of the emotionalism of some churches, Burdette once said: "I recently read in the *Atlantic Monthly* an account of an English clergyman who happened into a meeting of the Holy Rollers. He was much shocked by the noise, shouting, ejaculations and fervent callings upon God, and all the rest of it that accompany these people's worship, and finally he went to the platform and began to address the assembled audience, protesting that God did not love chaos and noise, for He was a God of order and reverence. He then quoted those passages in the scripture which speak of the building of Solomon's temple, and that not even the sound of a hammer was heard therein. The leader immediately turned upon him and said, 'But look here, Sir, we aren't building a temple, we are just blasting out the rocks.'"

In the Temple Beautiful until July, 1909, he continued to preach, and then, for health considerations, he felt constrained to ask for rest. His church with tears and yet with gratitude for what he had been enabled to do for it, unanimously elected him its pastor emeritus.

Could one have stood in the lobby as the people passed out after the services and listened to the remarks of the audiences that have heard Mr. Burdette



preach during these years, he might have gathered enough bright sayings to make up a very unique and interesting volume. For instance, one Sunday a visitor turned to an old member of the congregation and said: "I never heard before of Dr. Burdette as a preacher. I thought he was a humorist. Does he know much theology?"

"Not enough to hurt his preaching," was the immediate reply.

When I jokingly alluded to this and suggested that perhaps that was the reason he got his degree of Doctor of Divinity, he at once replied, "There is not the least doubt of it."

At a later date, June, 1913, Occidental College conferred upon him the honor degree of Doctor of Laws. "Bob," said his friend, John G. McGroarty, "you are growing famous by degrees."

A few years ago Mrs. Burdette built a beautiful home at Clifton-by-the-Sea, close enough to Redondo Beach and Los Angeles to be near to civilization and yet in the perfect quietude of the seaside.

Here recently I paid a visit to the genial humorist. His physician had sent him down for a rest. When I asked him how he was, he answered with a whimsical smile: "Oh, today I am worth about eighty dollars a front foot instead of a thousand." And a little later, speaking of his physical condition he laughingly said, "You know those shelves in a bookstore on which is a label: 'All books on these shelves Ten Cents.' I feel as if I were on the ten cent shelf. But I have the hope I will stay on long enough to become an antique, and then they will mark me a bargain at thirty dollars."

And yet in a couple of weeks he was off to Reno, Nevada, Los Angeles and elsewhere preaching baccalaureate sermons and commencement day addresses—cheering, helping, stimulating, inspiring.

His last bit of philosophy is thus beautifully expressed, and it is daintily printed on a neat card, side by side, with a picture of his cheery face, so I have it framed and hung up before me in my office, as a constant reminder of my friend's joyous and blessed trust in God.

"GOD'S DAYS AND MINE.

"There are two days in the week about

which I never worry. Two Golden Days, kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension.

"One of these days is Yesterday. Yesterday, with all its cares and frets and disappointments, with all its pains and sorrows, has passed forever beyond the power of my control, beyond the reach of my recall. I cannot undo an act that I wrought; I cannot recall a word that I said; I cannot calm a storm that raged on Yesterday. All that it holds of my life, of regret or sorrow, or wrong, is in the hands of the Mighty Love that can bring oil out of the rock and sweet waters out of the bitter desert—the Love that can make the wrong things right, and turn mourning into laughter. Save for the beautiful memories, sweet and tender, that linger like the perfume of dried roses in the heart of the day that is gone, I have nothing to do with Yesterday. It was mine; it is God's.

"And the other day I do not worry over is Tomorrow. Tomorrow, with all its possible cares, its burdens, its sorrows, its perils, its boastful promises and poor performances, its good intentions, and its bitter mistakes, is as far beyond my reach of mastership, as its dead sister, Yesterday. Its sun may rise in roseate splendor, or behind a mass of weeping clouds. But it will rise. And it will be God's Day. It is God's Day. It will be mine. Save for the Star of Hope that gleams forever on its brow, shining with tender promise into the heart of Today, I have no possession in Tomorrow. All else is in the safe keeping of the same infinite Love that holds the treasures of Yesterday. All that Tomorrow has for me I can trust to the Love that is wider than the skies, deeper than the seas, higher than the tars.

"There is left for myself, then, nothing but Today. And any man can fight the battle of Today. Any man can carry the burdens of just one Day. Any man can resist Today's temptations. This is the strength that makes the way of my pilgrimage joyous. I think, and I do, and I journey, but one day at a time. That is the Best Day, that is the Human Day. And while I do that, God the Almighty and the All-Loving, takes care of Yesterday and Tomorrow, which I could never do."

# "Baby Boy"

by

Horace Hazeltine

*Author of "His Sentimental Highness," etc.*

DAVID, having rinsed the two tall glasses and wiped them dry, restored them to their place on the ledge beside the small soda fountain. Then, very carefully, with a damp cloth, he rid the white marble counter of the few sticky spots spilled upon it by the boy and girl who had just gone out after smacking their lips over his nut sundaes.

The evening was very warm. Scarcely a breath came in through the widespread door, and the kerosene lamps, with which the drug store was lighted, added several degrees to the temperature. David, who was twelve years old and small for his age, made his way from behind the counter to the open air. The street, a little while before alive with town folk, was now almost deserted. Webster's Hall, directly above the store, in which a moving picture show was being given, in aid of the Baptsit Sunday School, had swallowed them up. The notes of a piano, signifying that the exhibition had already begun, came clearly to his young ears.

A moving picture show in Elmerton was an event. David had never seen one, but he had always been curious about them. More than once he had listened with absorbed interest to the descriptions more fortunate boys gleefully gave him. He sat on the store step and tried to imagine just what was taking place above him. Presently he heard a storm of hand-clapping. After a little, a gale of unrestrained laughter floated down to him; and then more applause, louder than the first. All of which awoke in David a hitherto ill-repressed spirit of rebellion. He rested his elbows on his stocky young knees, and brought his hands, wrist to

wrist, to the support of his round, chubby chin. His big brown eyes stared, unseeing, across the street, and his forehead wrinkled in a funny little frown.

It wasn't fair, he mused. He didn't mind waiting on the soda fountain and looking after the store in general, on ordinary occasions, but this evening was different. If his father must stay with his mother, who hadn't been very well of late, why not have closed the store? There would be little or no business until the show was over. His father had never been fair to him, anyway, he grumbled to himself. He wouldn't stand for being called "baby boy" much longer. If it wasn't for his mother, whom he worshipped, he would have run away, long ago, from that humiliating substitute for his given name. He had told his father dozens of times that he didn't like it; had reminded him that he was christened "David," and had begged him to call him that. And his father had just smiled a sad sort of smile and had said, "You'll always be 'baby boy' to me, I reckon." The reply never varied.

BABY boy! He wasn't very big, it was true; but there was no reason to "rub in" his lack of size all the time. Besides the fellows at school had taken it up. For a while he had been kept pretty busy teaching those of about his own size, or smaller, that he resented the nickname. He had tried to teach the same thing to one boy nearly twice his size, and he hadn't yet forgotten what happened. And of course he blamed his father for that, too. It was the same way here in the store. Half the customers called him "baby boy" because they heard his

father do so. He hadn't spoken very often to his mother about it, because, for some reason, which he couldn't understand, his mention of it always seemed to distress her. The last time he made his appeal he had come back to her a few minutes later and had found her crying. So he knew that she must feel pretty bad over it herself.

But what David didn't know was that, twelve years ago, just after he was born, his father and mother had had their first and only quarrel over this very question of what he should be called. And the aftermath of that quarrel had lasted to this day.

David's father's name was Samuel—Samuel Tindell. His wife had contracted it to "Sam'el," but she never liked it. She was a good woman, Mrs. Tindell; a Sunday School teacher and a Bible student. She knew the history of the Biblical Samuel, forward and backward; he was a judge and a prophet, but he had never been an heroic figure to her. David, on the other hand, was her favorite character in Scripture. His very name meant "beloved"; he had been a king and a poet. She believed confidently, of course, the romantic story of his encounter with Goliath. That was the sort of man she wanted her son to be—a giant-killer, a hero. And so, in spite of her husband's protests, the child had been called David. Samuel Tindell had suggested a half dozen names, any one of which he declared he liked better, while all the time there was a hurt feeling at his heart that his wife could think of any name other than his own. The child was his first-born, and his soul craved that he should be named Samuel. Not until long afterward did the wife and mother realize what the husband and father had so keenly desired. And then it was too late. But, as the years passed and the baby grew into a lad, and still "Sam'el" with unrelenting persistency held to his "baby boy"—never once in the child's life had he called him David—the appellation came to hold for her a personal reproach. In silence, and with pity alike for her husband, her son and herself, rather than with the least savor of resentment, she bore it. And when David, now so strong and manly for his

years, pled with her for intercession, it was doubly hard.

THE gaze of the youngster on the drug store step, fixed itself, after awhile, on a tall electric light pole across the way. The pole was furnished at intervals with protruding iron footholds, or rungs, which made its climbing a very easy matter indeed; and from one or another of these, he knew quite well he would be afforded an unobstructed view of the moving pictures, through one of the hall's open windows. Moreover he could keep watch on the store door for customers just as well from that vantage perch as from here on the step. He was only sorry that he had not thought of it before. In that way he might have seen the show from the beginning.

He sprang up and with a cursory glance up and down the street, started eagerly forward. But he was destined to further delay. A sharp whistle arrested him, and on looking back he saw Doctor Hammond, who, at that instant, had come around the corner.

"I want a can of ether, baby boy,"—the doctor was one of those who had adopted that detested term of address—"and I'll have to get you to show me where your father keeps it."

David, in no too good humor, led the way through the store, around the partition at the back, and into what was dignified by the name of "prescription department." He had to hunt around a little bit himself for the ether cans; and while he was so engaged, Doctor Hammond, who was a young man, not beyond certain minor vices, drew a cigarette case from his pocket and lighted a cigarette. The delay, however, was not prolonged. With an alacrity inspired more by his own personal plans than a desire to please the physician, the boy very speedily produced the anesthetic, and Doctor Hammond went his way.

Whereupon David lost no time in returning to the street and scaling the electric light pole. Although the hall was darkened, he could see that it was crowded, for even the window sills were occupied. This cut off his view in a measure, but by climbing another rung, the great screen and the wonderful gray and white pictures,

mammoth photographs in which the figures were alive and active, came pretty well into his range of vision and held him spellbound. It was far beyond his expectation. It was reality itself.

OF course at first he had no means of knowing just what the pictures were all about, but pretty soon he divined that the boy on the screen, who appeared of his own age, had been left in charge of his little baby sister, asleep in her crib. With mouth and eyes wide, and his little body all a-tremble with excited interest, he saw the boy go to the door and listen, and then snatch up a tiny air rifle which stood by the head of his bed. For an instant there was a blank—just about long enough for David to wink—and then the scene had changed altogether. It was a larger room now, like a parlor, and two terrible looking men were getting in through a window. But as he watched the boy appeared again, sneaking softly down the stairs. Another moment and he was pointing his toy rifle at the men, who were evidently burglars. David felt like crying out, when they overpowered the boy, gagged him and bound him. He wanted to see him shoot them. But after they had gone upstairs, leaving him lying there on the floor, the boy rolled over and sat up and "Whew!" cried David, "he's a good one, that kid!" For he was free in about a second and a half, and had found his father's big rifle. No make-believe, this time.

For ten minutes—possibly more—the boy clutching the pole watched through the open window of the hall, in breathless absorption, the heroic boy on the screen. Customers might have come and gone, unheeded, in that time; for not once could he take his eyes away to look down. For that space the store was as totally forgotten as though it had never been. But when the little play that had so interested him was over, and the lights went up, and the applause rang out once more, he came back to a realization of his duty with something like a start. Suppose the boy on the screen had let himself get interested in a book, what might have happened to his baby sister?

David turned a searching glance down-

ward. Through the big bulk window the interior of the store was plainly visible. No, there was no one there. He could see all the way back to the partition. He was looking at that partition now. What was the matter with the top of it? It looked odd, from up here. The upper edge seemed to waver. He bent down to get



*For ten minutes—possibly more—the boy clutching the pole watched through the open window of the hall, in breathless absorption, the heroic boy on the screen*

a better view. Why, it was smoke. There was a cloud of smoke coming over it. Something was on fire back of it.

The lights in the hall had gone down again, and there were other pictures on the screen; but David didn't know that, nor care. He was going with all speed down the pole, and thinking all the while that it had doubled its length since he climbed it. Would he ever reach the bottom? He took a chance, and dropped

the last ten feet. The shock brought him to his knees, but he was up in a wink, and tearing across the street he shot through the open door. Half way to the partition he checked himself. He must keep the smoke inside, if possible, until the show upstairs was over. If the audience got a smell of it, there was no telling what might happen. So he ran back and shut the street door, and then he made haste once more to investigate. And all



*With his little remaining strength he began shoveling them upon the burning steps*

the while he was thinking of Doctor Hammond striking a match to light his cigarette, and wondering whether he had dropped it, still blazing.

Back of the partition he found the smoke thicker. It was coming up from the cellar, through the open trap which admitted to the short flight of descending steps. Some of it was escaping through a lowered window, and David, whose little head was remarkably clear in the face of the danger, coolly pushed up the sash, for the same reason that he had closed the door. So far, he concluded, the fire had

not done much harm. At the foot of the stair, he knew there was some loose excelsior, and into this Doctor Hammond's match had evidently fallen. There were some empty packing boxes, too, which had probably been ignited. From beneath the prescription department sink he lifted an empty pail, placed it under the water faucet and turned on the water. But the stream seemed to have no force behind it. It did little more than dribble, and all the

while the smoke was becoming denser and blacker. It seemed to him as if the pail would never fill. And then, all at once, he remembered that back of the steps, not more than five or six feet from the excelsior and the empty boxes, was the kerosene barrel, and beside that a barrel of gasoline. Of their explosive qualities David was not too young to be well informed. More than once his father had warned him, when taking a lighted candle into the cellar.

HE seized the pail, three-quarters filled, plunged halfway down the stair, into the blinding, suffocating reek, and flung its contents where a red blaze showed through the veil of black. Instantly a hot, hissing vapor ascended, and fought him back. But the little lad shut his eyes tight and held his breath, and with teeth determinedly clenched felt his way, step by step, downward. Experience with village bonfires had taught him that smoke has invariable habits, one of which is that it ascends, and another that it seeks an outlet. Just now the stair was its chimney, and if once he could reach the open cellar he believed he would be free to fight the fire, unhampered. And he must fight it. He must keep it from reaching those explosives. Otherwise that audience overhead—those children, his own friends and playmates, their parents, their brothers and sisters—would never be able to escape alive.

As he had dropped from the pole, so now he leaped the remaining steps. He landed in the very bed of the fire. But in an instant he had sprung clear, scattering embers and a shower of sparks. He forgot his smarting eyes and the sharp pain in his chest, when he saw that the water he



had thrown had been of small service. The boxes were still blazing fiercely, with a vicious crackling sound that seemed to David like the voice of the fire demons that lived in the flames. Worse still, the foot of the stair had caught, and long red tongues seemed to be reaching out toward the kerosene and gasoline barrels, which already glowed threateningly pink in the bright reflection.

Though he had escaped the smoke in a measure, he realized now that the cellar was a furnace. The heat, as vigorously he strove with small hands and untrained muscles to beat out the stubborn, insistent flames with a heavy coal shovel, became minute by minute more stifling, and he was making discouragingly little headway. It seemed to him that the heat alone must be nearly great enough to explode the gasoline, and he worked on, desperately, in momentary expectation of a deafening report and a killing sheet of fire. Eventually, with hope staggering, an inspiration came to him. He had nearly stumbled over a pile of ashes, left unremoved since winter, and they suggested a new weapon in themselves. With his little remaining strength he began shoveling them upon the burning steps. To his joy the fire thus smothered began to quaver and to quail. He worked harder; he built a mountain of ashes around the stair end and over it; he piled ashes upon the blazing boxes; he saw the cellar gradually darken; he saw the last spark die.

And then the shovel dropped from his tired, nerveless little hands, and his exhausted little body, without a single ounce of strength left, crumpled and sank, and the light of consciousness was as dead as the fire he had conquered.

They found him when the moving picture show was over, when the audience, happy, laughing, in utter ignorance of the peril in which they had sat, came trooping down from the hall, to break, thirstily, into the still smoke-laden drug store, in quest of Baby Boy's refreshing soda. It was Doctor Hammond, passing homeward, at the moment, who restored him, and it was he, too, who, after putting out the lights and locking the store door, carried the young hero away from a veritable crush of grateful, handshaking men and kissing women, who were proud to bear on their own hands and faces some of the communicated soot and grime in which the lad was so rich.

Samuel Tindell sat alone in his dining room when the Doctor and the boy entered. At sight of his son, looking more like a chimney sweep than anything he could think of, the father sprang up in alarm, but Doctor Hammond waved him back to his chair. "Just a minute, Sam," he said, "till I explain."

It was not a long explanation, but when it was finished, "Sam'el's" eyes were red and his cheeks were wet, and his son, never so little, it seemed to him, and yet never so big, smoke-stained and ash-soiled though he was, was being hugged close in the glad, proud, paternal arms.

And the boy's face was all alight with pure joy, glowing through its disfiguring smudges, and his heart was gleefully pounding beneath his soiled shirt. For, over and over again his father was saying his name:

"David! David! My brave son David!"

Upstairs, not yet an hour old, was another "baby boy," whose name was to be Samuel.

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"I think that the root reason why we do not do as our fathers advise us to do is that we none of us want to be like our fathers, the intention of the Universe being that we should be like God."

—George Bernard Shaw, in a letter to Count Tolstoy.

# AMERICANS IN Mexico

The Story of "The Mexican," a Drama by  
Mildred Champagne

UNSETTLED conditions in Mexico have turned the eyes of modern playwrights toward a new field for the exploitation of their dramatic instinct. While the Wild West of former days is slowly fading from the platform of melodrama, the gun-shooting, tropical Mexican atmosphere is coming into the limelight.

Miss Mildred Champagne, the well-known author and playwright, whose name is a household word, has recently scored a "beat"—to use a newspaper term—on rival playwrights, in the production of "The Mexican," a drama in three acts. The play presented a modern phase of Mexican life, with a full complement of Mexican characters, chicheros, laborers on the ranch, peons, charros, and the fortune-hunting American in Mexico, who spreads danger like butter upon his daily bread.

The story of "The Mexican" begins in New York City, where John Hudson and H. Bremer Fleming are in difficulties because of a Mexican plantation scheme, which they had over-capitalized. Jim Deering, the son-in-law of Hudson, who because of his wife has invested in the project, objects to the conduct of affairs and decides that something must be done.

Deering (thundering)—There'll be no more stock sold in the Hudson Land and Timber Company. I'm going to Mexico!

Hudson—W-what?

Fleming—W-what?

Deering—Yes. If you want me to stick by you, then I'm going to Mexico. According to this circular there's ten million dollars' worth of property in Santa Clara. If a tenth of this is true, and good God, if it's only like

other circulars, a tenth ought to be true, there's a million dollars' worth of stuff there to be gotten out. A million dollars would put us on our feet. I'm going down there to get it!

Hudson—But the Falls—how are you going to do it? You don't know the country and—

Deering—Don't you worry about me. Falls or no Falls, I'll extract that million. I speak at least as much Spanish as Fleming does, and he seems to get along all right. Besides, I'm a practical cattle man.

Fleming (peevishly)—But we don't need no cattle man down there. We've got Don Jose to water the cattle. We want you up here to water the stock.

Deering—The stock has been watered until it is rotten to the core, Mr. Fleming, and now it's going to be stopped. And you're going to Mexico with me!

Fleming—Me? I—why I just come back (After a pause)—Well—feller—I don't care if I do. There's a little black-eyed filly on the ranch there, living in the Casa Grande with Don Jose and his mother, a sobrina of his, or some relation, and—

Hudson—What's to become of me, Jim? How can I stay here all alone?

Deering—You and the madame take a cruise along the Mediterranean in the Serenata. You need the rest. You can gradually work your way toward the Gulf and come to see us if you like.

Hudson—Don't mention Mexico to me! It gives me the horrors. I can never forget what I suffered there in my youth and what I am suffering now because of it in my old age. I'll cruise away from the Gulf—not toward it, thank you. So you're determined on going?

Deering—Surest thing you know.

Hudson—And Madge?

Deering—Madge goes with me. (Enter Madge and Mrs. Hudson, talking simultaneously.)

Mrs. Hudson—Oh, yes, here you are, John—

and Mr. Fleming and Jim. (Gives her hand to Mr. Fleming, Madge goes to Jim, kisses him, then kisses her father and greets Fleming.)

Madge—How do you do, Mr. Fleming? I'm wild to hear about your trip to Mexico. Daddy, how do you feel? Jim, you were saying as I entered the door, "Madge goes with me." Now where does Madge go, and please consult Madge about it.

Deering—Where would you like to go?

Madge—To Mexico.

Deering—All right, I'll take you.

Madge (delighted)—No—really?

Deering—Really!

Mrs. Hudson—Why, Jim! What is this? Are you really going? Why and what for?

Hudson—One question at a time, my dear. Mr. Fleming has seen conditions down there and decides one of us—either Jim or I must go down.

Fleming—Yes indeed, marm. Somebody will have to go down there and stay until—

Mrs. Hudson (alarmed)—John can't go. His health is too poor and he couldn't stand the climate. His nerves are all shattered. He's been working too hard. I was going to suggest that we go somewhere in the Serenata when you got back, Mr. Fleming. She's in commission now, isn't she?

Fleming—All ready to set sail any minute.

Deering—It's what I was suggesting for you and the governor.

Hudson—And Madge—will you come with us, Madge? You couldn't rough it down in that heathen Mexico.

Madge (rising and runs to her father, ruffles his hair)—Now, daddy, I'm not such a hot house plant as you think. Anybody that can go through a New York season can rough it for awhile in Mexico. Besides, I'm just crazy to go. To see the charros with their tall hats, and tight breeches, and to ride over the plains, to lasso the cattle and—and to eat tortillas—and—and the lovely Senoritas. [All laugh.]

Deering—Say, Madge, you're getting things rather mixed, aren't you? You don't expect to eat the Senoritas, do you?

Fleming—Nor the tortillas either, I'll bet yer. Do you know what a tortilla is?

Madge (eagerly)—No—Not exactly. It's something to eat, isn't it?

Fleming—Yep. A tortilla is a hunk o' dough patted between the hands of the native woman till her hands are clean. [All laugh.] And a wise gink don't eat the first one. As for lassoing the cattle on the plains, marm, I guess you're thinking of the cow country where I came from. Down in Santa Clara there ain't no plains but a little bit of clearing, in front of the Casa Grande, and all the rest is thick woods that you got to chop your way through with a machete.

Madge—And thick woods—tropical forests primeval. It sounds perfectly lovely and thrilly. And all kinds of snakes, I suppose, and tigers—and—and fierce things, and the trees all covered with orchids—and—and monkeys.

Mrs. Hudson—How you go on, Madge!

Madge—And all winter I've been learning the "Jota." They're dancing it in all the ball rooms now. Look. Whistle it—Jim—

(While Madge and Fleming are dancing and Hudson whistling and Mrs. Hudson laughing and clapping her hands, Deering crosses to Hudson and whispers quickly.)

Deering—There's a man down stairs who wants you—he's a plain clothes man. Jenkins says he's been watching the house, and from the description I've seen him before. He's the post-office inspector's man. You must get away on the Serenata at once—at once, do you hear? Take the madam and don't ait for explanations; I'll see to the man down stairs while you get away.

Hudson (holds his heart and his head and sinks heavily into his chair with a gasp. Laughter and dance changed to confusion and terror. Mrs. Hudson and Madge run to Hudson in alarm.)

Mrs. Hudson—John! John! What is it? Oh, Mr. Fleming—Jim—it's another one of his attacks. Oh, what shall I do?

Madge—Daddy, Daddy! Jim, get some water, quick!

Deering—Come now, gov'nor. It's all right, you know. It's quite all right. I'll take the whole thing off of your hands. You go to Mexico. That's the place to hide. (Hudson feebly sitting up.)

Hudson—Oh my God, Jim. You don't know why I can't go to Mexico. My poor wife and child!

With the change of scene from the well-ordered library in the New York home of the Hudsons to the clearing of the Santa Clara ranch, "The Mexican" begins to live up to its title in atmosphere as well as in spirit. Jim Deering, established with Madge at the Casa Grande, soon begins to understand the hatred the Mexicans have for American "gringos." Madge, on the other hand, is delighted with her new home, and makes a warm friend of Don Jose, the Mexican who is in charge of the ranch. Fleming becomes the cavalier of Carmela, the pretty niece of Donna Inez, a servant of the Casa Grande, who is regarded by Deering as particularly dangerous and treacherous. Carmela is faithful to Donna Inez, but enjoys the flirtation with Fleming.

Fleming—Well, chica, que tal? Que ubo? And a lot o' other k's. How are ye, anyway? gettin' prettier every day, too!

Carmela (laughing and coquettishly avoiding him)—The Senor Americano es very fenny, no?

Fleming (trying to pinch her cheeks)—Sure. Funny as a clam. But don't call me the Senor Americano, Carmela dear. My

name's H. Bremer Fleming. Call me H. Carmela (laughing)—Etch? Eet ees a fony name, no Senor Fleming?

Fleming—Now see here, chica, cut out the flamingo. I've been a goat, in my day, likewise a jackass, but if you think I'm a bird, call me duckie, but not Flamingo.

Donna Inez (appears in door of house, calls wrathfully)—Oye, Carmela, Carmela! (grasps Carmela and thrusts her in doors, while she casts a baleful glance at Fleming and follows Carmela.)

Fleming—The old tiger.

Deering (appears excitedly in doorway of Casa Grande, guns and cartridges in belt)—Have you read the *Mexican Herald*?

Fleming—Not yet. No hurry to read news six weeks old.

Deering (excitedly)—Well, read it. It's inside on the table. Tell me if you recognize any picture in it. I'm going after Madge. Hurry, Fleming, and have your gun ready. We must find Madge! (Both gallop up road and disappear. Donna Inez and Carmela appear in doorway of house. Both shade their eyes and look across the river after the riders, in the direction of the red and gold dying sunset. Donna Inez shakes her fists in the direction taken by the riders.)

Donna Inez (through her teeth as they retire to the house)—The barbarians—the gringo pigs—the cursed grosseros. Maria Santissima, help me to wreak my vengeance. Let them not find my boy. Let him avenge my wrongs. I ask it of thee, Maria Santissima!

As the sun sets, Don Jose and Madge Deering reach the clearing on horseback.

Madge (enthusiastically)—Oh, but that was a glorious ride along the river bank by moonlight. But I must tell my husband—he will be worried—I never stayed away so late before. (Runs into Casa Grande, calling)—Jim, Jim. (Inside)—You say he's gone looking for me? And Mr. Fleming, too, Sam? Oh, dear, that's too bad! But of course they'll be back presently. (Appears in door way with guitar, takes off her hat, throws it carelessly on a chair). Don Jose, Mr. Deering is out looking for me; Sam says so. And Mr. Fleming has returned and is out with him. I suppose my husband is worried to death. But he ought to know I'd be safe with you.

Don Jose (bowing his head in his hand, describing a gallant semicircle from his head to the ground)—Servidor de usted, Senora. I would guard you with my life!

Madge (hastily)—Thank you, but it won't be necessary. (Seats herself on top step of piazza.) Now come here and teach me the accompaniment to that beautiful serenade. (Jose throws himself gracefully at her feet on ground, takes guitar gently from her hands, looks at her adoringly, and sings with a world of tender meaning.

Don Jose—

Siempre contemplo, tu radiosa imagen,  
En mis calladas noches de dolor:  
Y por doquiera que la vista fija,  
Y por doquiera que la vista fija,  
Te mira yo, En cada raya, etc.

(Translation)

Always I see thee, thou radiant vision,  
Thy image is fixed upon my soul,  
I see thee everywhere, etc.

Madge (enthusiastically)—Oh, that's lovely! Now let me. (Takes guitar from him. He seats himself up one step nearer her. She strikes a chord. She sings "Siempre contemplo, tu radiosa imagen." He sings with her, all the time looking at her passionately.)

Madge—Now what does that mean?

Jose (passionately)—Always I see thee, oh, thou radiant vision.

Madge (stops, embarrassed)—I—I don't know the next line.

Jose (sings)—En mis calladas noches de dolor. (Explains)—In the silent night, the pain—

Madge—Oh, dear, the Spanish love songs are so beautiful, but always so melancholy. Love is joy—the greatest joy in the world. Can't you love without suffering?

Jose (passionately)—No, Senora—no—to love is to suffer pain, torture exquisite, night and day. To see one face—one figure always before you, like a bright star in the night—so near and yet so far—to hear always the one voice so enchanting in your ear, and to know the music is not for you. To be starved and denied food, to be thirsty and to be denied water, these are to suffer—no? But, Dios, Senora, to love and be denied love, aye, Dios, but it is to die! (Covers his face with his hands.)

Madge (frightened, nervous)—Don't talk like that, Don Jose. You—you frighten me. Come now, sing the song with me again. I think I know the chords now. Just show me that last one. (Jose slowly lifts his head, places her fingers on the strings, then suddenly snatches her hand to his lips, and covers it with kisses. Madge pulls her hand away, throws guitar from her and rises to her feet. Jose clings wildly to her skirts, embracing them, looking up into her face.)

Jose—I love you—I love you, Senora, querida, Santa, I love you—you are my life—I love you!

Madge (breaks away from him and runs down steps to center, panting)—How dare you! You—you forget yourself! You are like all Mexicans. A woman's honor is nothing to you. You cannot be trusted. Your own women are afraid to trust themselves with you one minute alone, and they are right. They know. And I was kind to you. Day after day I have been with you alone and you haven't known what to make of it. But I thought you were different because you have American blood in your veins. My husband and I have trusted you. You have betrayed us. I—I despise you!

(Jose rushes to her, takes her forcibly into his arms.)

Jose—You despise me? But I do not care! I love you! I will make you love me! You are mine! This man you call your husband—he is cold. He does not know how to love. I will show you. I have no honor, no? You have been in the woods with me alone, no? But I have not molested you. I have not dare touch you. Because I love you! I adore—I worship you! Not because I fear. I am master here, not your husband. You are far away from everywhere. I can do with you what I will, and no one will ever know. All the men here are my slaves. They will do what I desire. I have try to keep this love from you, but it is greater now than I. It is more to me than my country, my mother, my life! Kiss me—kiss me—or I will kill you! (Madge struggles desperately and finally frees herself. Stands before him with arms folded on her breast.)

Madge (in low tones)—Then kill me, you miserable coward. You will kill me, will you? And you're the man I trusted and treated as an equal. You are nothing but a servant here, and I will have you put into the stocks for this. I am not afraid of you. I wouldn't even call Sam. I should be ashamed to have even that Chinaman witness this degradation. Now if you're going to kill, you must kill in a hurry, for my husband will soon be back.

Jose—You defy me? Ah, you do not know my power. You do not know who I am!

Madge—I do! You are Miguel Camara, the revolutionist! (Pause.) And God help this republic if she must depend on men like you to save her!

Jose (rising wildly)—You mock me. You laugh at my agony. But you shall love me—you shall. (He flings his arms about her and presses her close to him.)

(Madge struggles desperately, finally calling "Jim, Jim." The clattering of horses heard in the distance. They come nearer and nearer. A pistol shot rings out. Don Jose staggers away from Madge.)

Jose (cries)—Dios, I am shot. (Falls at her feet. At the same moment Deering and Fleming appear on horseback in full gallop from road and fling themselves from their horses.)

Don Jose's wound, however, is not fatal. He is captured and imprisoned, while Deering finds another serious tangle in the affairs of his little colony. In a locket worn always by Donna Inez he finds the photograph of John Hudson, and is horrified to learn that she was in truth married to Hudson during his early days in Mexico. Deering, at Donna Inez' quarters, is doing his best to bribe her to keep the matter secret when Madge bursts in, later followed by her mother and father, who have just

arrived in Mexico. The dramatic situation forces a confession from Hudson:

Hudson (kneels at his wife's feet)—Mary, Mary, forgive me, dear. I never loved anyone but you—and I wanted you, Mary. My God, how could I tell you this thing that would have separated us. I was young, Mary, a young, hot-headed fool when I came to Mexico. I met this woman and somehow she fascinated me. She had many lovers, and she chose me from among them all. Then she had me in church and married to her. But it all seemed like part of a play, Mary. It wasn't real. It didn't seem solid or binding. I lived with her a few months, then I discovered she had a lover. One of the Mexicans whom she had cast off for me. His name was Miguel Camara.

Deering (excitedly)—It is for him that she has named her son.

Hudson—When I found she was unfaithful to me, I left her. I returned to the States. I was glad to be rid of her. I realized this woman could not be my wife. She was a savage, an Indian, a half-breed, crude, vulgar, brutal. It didn't seem possible that I had really married her, and the further I traveled away from this country, the more unreal it seemed, until finally it was nothing but a dream in my memory. And then I met you, Mary. Forgive me—forgive. Madge, my darling daughter, forgive me. (Mrs. Hudson stands sobbing, with her face in her hands. Hudson kneels at her feet. Donna Inez stands calmly and triumphantly smoking, Carmela near her. Madge stands grief stricken.)

Action reaches a lightning pitch when Fleming, wild-eyed and panting, rushes into the house.

Fleming—He's got away from us—Jose! I left him in charge of Julio for a minute and the treacherous devil helped him to escape. Now he's got the whole ranch roused and they're following him blindly... God Almighty, we're lost! These Mexican barachos won't do a thing to us. Jim—Guv'nor—draw your guns! We must protect the women!

(Deering and Hudson quickly draw their guns. Don Jose, wild eyed and with hair disheveled, appears in doorway holding machete aloft. A dozen dark-skinned Mexicans crowd at window, looking in and pointing guns through the bars of the windows into the room. Hudson thrusts Mrs. Hudson behind him into a corner. Stands facing door, holding his gun ready. Madge has her arms protectingly around her mother's terrified, shrinking figure. Donna Inez rises, triumphantly and rushes to Jose.)

Donna Inez—Jose, my son, thou hast come by the grace of Dios! This man—this peeg of a gringo—he has insult thy mother!

Jose (indignantly)—But they shall suffer. We have them in our power. But we shall



make them dance—si—we shall make them dance. The whole ranch is ours, mother. We shall take of it what we will and then to the woods. But first we shall make these gringos dance. They will imprison me—yes, they will send me to San Juan—yes—but they shall die first!

Deering—Advance one step and you're a dead man. You've outnumbered us, but every American is worth a dozen of you. We'll sell ourselves dearly. Every one that advances is a dead man!

Jose (contemptuously)—Bah! You are a brave man. But my men have you covered with their guns. One word from me and they fire. I have you in my power now, my brave Don Santiago. Bah! I hate you! I despise you. You own the woman I love—I adore. When you are gone she will love me—she must!

Madge (rushes forward, arms extended, shrieks)—Jose! Jose! I am your sister!

Donna Inez (triumphantly)—Yes, she speaks the truth. Yonder is your father. You thought him dead. But no, I did not tell you. He is the Senor Hudson of the Hudson Corporation. Twenty-five years ago I married him and he deserted me. All this property is yours—because you are the son of John Hudson!

Jose (dazed, looking around, first at Hudson, then at Mrs. Hudson's shrinking figure, then at his mother and finally at Madge. Slowly whispers tensely)—Mother, is this true?

Hudson (coming forward)—Alas, it is true. I married her. She says you are my son. I will give you half my fortune to go away from here quietly and never let me hear from you again. This night of horror will never end. You say you love Madge. She is your sister.

Jose (staggering back, his machete falling from his hand)—My sister! Mother—oh my mother—say it is not true!

Donna Inez—Aye, but it is true! Are you not glad? You are reech, now, reech!

Jose (looking sadly but still bewildered at Madge)—No, mi madre, I am poor. Dios! But I am poor. I have lost all—mother—all.

(Carmela extending her hands to him pityingly.)

Carmela—Are we nothing to you, Jose?

(Jose takes no notice of her. Turns to Hudson, looks at him silently for a moment.)

Jose—Yes. It is the same face—the face my mother has in her locket—that she has worn ever since I can remember. Then who is this woman (pointing to Mrs. Hudson)?

Madge (rushes to him)—Jose, it is my mother. Oh, Jose, save us. You say you love me; then save us, Jose.

Deering—The lady is Mr. Hudson's only legally wedded wife. You understand? This church wedding of your mother's could not hold in any court in Mexico. You can't make any trouble for us.

(Jose furiously advances on Deering, but Madge throws herself between them, hanging to Jose's arm. Jose shakes himself loose.)

Jose—To the devil with you, all of you. What care I to make trouble? You are small souls, all of you. I—I am crushed. I think not to make trouble. You have all escaped me. I have no power now, I am dead—my heart is dead. I have lost forever the one woman I love. (He bows his head in his hands and weeps.)

(Hudson crosses to Jose)—I will give you money—I will do what I can—

Jose (blazing up)—You dog! You dog of a gringo! You are my father? Well, I will not recognize you! D-o-! But I would crush you—crush you like this (closing his hand, convulsively)—all of you! You cursed gringos! You come to our country, you steal it—you corrupt it. You dishonor our women. There are thousands of young men in Mexico like I—whose gringo fathers will not recognize them—Curse you, curse you! Mexico for Mexicans! Mexico for Mexicans! [Approving shouts from mob at door and windows.]

Madge (touching his arm softly)—Jose, Jose, my brother, my brother!

Jose—With your permission, Senor (stroking Madge's hair, cries brokenly)—My little sister, my little sister. (Holds her silently for a moment, then kisses her tenderly on the forehead.) You are my star of hope—my guiding star. I shall love you—always. (To Deering)—Take her, Senor. She is yours.

(Deering advances slowly and takes Madge in his arms. Hudson puts his arm around his wife. Fleming stands in corner with bowed head. Jose picks up his machete and waves it.)

Jose—Adios, little sister, adios! May the San protect you. Come mother, Carmela. We go to fight for Mexico! (To men at window and crowding in doorway)—Vamos, hombres, vamos! (Waving his machete aloft) Viva Mexico!

(The mob takes up the cry enthusiastically) Viva, Don Jose, Viva, viva Mexico!

Miss Champagne has written her play from a first-hand knowledge of Mexican conditions. She owns a plantation in Mexico and lived there many years. With unerring hand she has pointed out how some Americans have sought to take advantage of the simplicity of the natives in Mexico for commercial purposes. Certainly these "gringos" have not truly reflected the spirit of their country in their dealings with the Mexicans, and who knows—perhaps today we are reaping the harvest of "wild oats" sown by unscrupulous Americans in years gone by.

# The Dalrymple Mystery

By  
Octave Thanet

Author of "The Man of the Hour," "The Lion's Share," "By Inheritance," etc.

[SYNOPSIS: The dignified Dalrymple household is awakened one morning, shortly after daybreak, by heartrending screams. There is a rushing below stairs and a medley of voices, while a maid informs the Dalrymple sisters that a man has been killed in the library. The body is found in a pool of blood, the doctor is summoned for a post-mortem examination, and the police notified. Ghastly evidences of the murder found outside draw the party from the room a few moments, and upon their return the body is missing. Exhaustive searching reveals evidence of several pair of snowy footprints. Meantime Master Roger Dalrymple appears, also young Patrick Cathcart, a nephew of the surgeon, and several newspaper reporters, among them Miss Betty Gray, who wins Cathcart's admiration by her keen observations. She leads the party to the cellar, where in the ash-pit clothes are found burning, but no trace of human relics. The garage is then investigated, and a bloody axe found. Betty's slight suspicions of Kuno, the Japanese chauffeur, are allayed by the Dalrymples, and an enigmatic "Red Hand" society is suspected. News of the tragedy spreads, the papers expressing different views, while certain of the town's gossips suggestively name the affair "the Dalrymple murder." The Dalrymple sisters, accompanied by Roger and a school friend, take a trip to Chicago to rest their nerves. The return train is wrecked and a man found dead. The porter informs the ladies, however, that his death was not caused by the accident, and the signs of the mysterious "Red Hand" are found on his shirt-front.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE LETTERS TO THE PAPERS

THE sisters found a great pile of mail awaiting them, for they had not had their letters forwarded. But they only glanced at the exterior of letters; it was the daily journals which they examined, finding them all thoughtfully folded in the most convenient form, thanks to Mrs. Radcliffe's interest in the Red Hand.

The *Blade* and the *Age* had simultaneously received a letter purporting to be from the Red Hand murderers, although signed "Unterrified Citizen." Each paper gave the letter the benefit of editorial doubt and the very blackest of headlines. The *Blade*, however, photographed it, while the *Age* apparently did not consider it of importance to justify that amount of extra space.

Anne read the letter aloud to her sister over their morning coffee.

EDITOR OF THE "BLADE":

Sir,—It is time for the Red Hand to de-

clare itself. We are not Outlaws and Bandits. We are not Cowards either. The condition of affairs in this town has become intolerable. There is absolutely no protection of the people from violence and fraud. Look at the facts! Eight murders and at least nineteen hold-ups during the last nine months. One lady returning with her husband from a neighbor's house at midnight lost her jewels, very valuable. A traveling man was held up, stabbed and robbed of \$2,000 on one of our principal streets before ten o'clock. And there has not been, despite a vast deal of talk and many arrests and a great deal of money spent by the city, *one single conviction*. Every Saturday night, in the vile dens which blazon their shame along Dane Street, or the viler ones hiding on Rawdon Street, workmen are plundered by fraud or by force of every cent of their wages! Does anybody know of anyone punished? The city has a particularly greedy and heartless gang of loan sharks who gnaw the very bones of the poor! Only two weeks ago a poor woman who had paid two or three times for the furniture which she bought without her husband's knowledge that it wasn't paid for, after being hounded for months, was threatened with losing the furniture or having her husband's wages attached. In her despair she committed suicide. Has anything been done to

punish her assassins? And now the Black Hand has come into town. They have threatened an honest and peaceable man who never wronged a living creature. Their motive is robbery, pure and simple. The police appear to be unable to protect him—or any other quiet, unoffending citizens. You others do nothing. Well, we will help you. We are not afraid of thugs or strike agitators or hold-up men or the Black Hand.

We propose to clean up this town. There is no danger for good people. There is a great deal of danger for evil-doers and oppressors of the poor. We strike as we threaten. And we strike *swiftly*! Make no mistake, well-meaning but stupid officers of the law, none of the inmates of the Dalrymple house had any knowledge or anything to do with the just punishment inflicted that night. The Jap and the Swede are equally innocent of the murder, as you call it. The house was chosen accidentally. And I may mention there are other latch keys missing. Unless our commands are obeyed, and those whom we have ordered to leave the town and lead better lives elsewhere, *go at once*, their blood will be on their own head! All who have received notice that you have been placed on our *List of Missing Articles*—this means *You!*

UNTERRIFIED CITIZEN.

Elinor did not speak while her sister read this surprising epistle. At the close she breathed her surprise in a single word "Well!"

"Humph!" said Anne.

"They seem to have good motives," suggested Elinor, "and Dr. Remsen says things have been going from bad to worse; he says they are intolerable, too; and the police and the good citizens are too—too—supine, I think is his word—to remedy them. I wonder what he will say to this."

MRS. DALRYMPLE was rustling the papers. "It's in the *Age*, too," she remarked, "word for word the same except the beginning. Did you notice the beginning? Quite correct and proper. There are four letters in this same paper on different themes, but the Red Hand man is the only one who has the accepted form. And he writes like an educated man. Do you suppose he lives here? Or is he imported talent? And what do you suppose he really wants—*really*?"

"I think it sounds sincere," said Elinor, "maybe he is a reformer, not—well, not quite sane."

"And the others, the accomplices, for it isn't possible that this Unterrified Citi-

zen was alone even if he is a crazy giant; besides, there were the footprints in the closet—how about the accomplices? Were they crazy, too?"

"I think he is a very remarkable man probably, a fanatic, of course; and such men always seem able to get followers."

"Humph," said Anne Dalrymple, and returned to her papers. "The *Blade* says that the letter was dated the thirteenth, but not received until the next day's mail—posted late at night evidently. That it is written on a very common brand of typewriter paper by a Smith-Premier typewriter; and the envelope is one of the common commercial type stamped envelopes sold everywhere. There isn't a clue of any sort. The *Blade* says further that there is a kind of panic in town among loan sharks since the murder; and that another one has left town, pretending he was going to visit relatives in Texas. What does the *Age* say?"

"The *Age* keeps on sneering; it says that the whole thing is a—where is it?—'monumental bluff,' and that sensible people will decline to be deceived into horror; but that the sentiments are excellent regarding general virtue and its being very wrong to hold people up or swindle them, and it is to be hoped that the boy who probably wrote it will retain them when he grows up. By that time he will have learned that it takes juries as well as policemen to convict criminals. The *Age* always has that patronizing *Evening Post* air, you know."

"I suppose we shall have to wait until afternoon to see how it will take the Red Hand's latest proof of sincerity," said Anne, musing; "but the Chicago papers will have the wreck and the murder in it, I fancy."

But on examining the pile of papers she discovered the enterprise of the local newspapers; both *Blade* and *Age*, as well as the German journal (which had preserved a consistently neutral reticence) had printed extras containing an account of the accident to the train and its startling details, with editorial comment as well.

"The *Age* dies, but never surrenders," laughed Anne, who had taken its extra while Elinor skimmed over the *Blade's*

narrative. "Of course, they say it is possible that the train murder was committed by the same parties who have been given the infamous credit of the 'alleged' murder at the Dalrymple house—alleged murder indeed—but they say, too, that it is quite as possible that some private enemy took advantage of the Red Hand notoriety to divert suspicion from himself by using their 'emblems,' as they call it."

"I daresay they are squirming, just the same. And the *Blade* jumps on them. The *Blade* says that the Red Hand is a band of fanatics or that it pretends for its own purposes to be one; and anyhow, that its criticisms are only too well founded. And it calls attention to the utterly baseless accusations of Kuno, and hopes his accusers will have the decency to admit that they were wrong. Well, they won't."

"But Kuno was here," cried Elinor; "he can prove an alibi."

"Oh, they will not say that he killed What's-his-name; but they will say that he belongs to the gang."

Herein Mrs. Dalrymple proved herself a prophet; for without an alibi, they argued, proved nothing at all. There must have been accomplices to the Dalrymple murder ("Aren't they odious the way they always call it that?" sighed Elinor), and there was nothing to prevent such accomplices perpetrating another murder without Kuno's personal direction or assistance. Elinor absolutely gasped as she listened to Anne's reading of choice excerpts.

"I'm almost dazed," she bemoaned, "and scared to think that maybe Kuno may be some—some awful kind of social reformer, after all. You don't think he is, Anne?"

"Of course I don't," returned the sister of harder mood. "All I think is that newspaper reporters are the most hardened liars on the face of the globe! They care for nothing but to make an interesting story, and they let their imaginations run riot, never disturbing themselves an atom how many reputations they may be hurting or how many people who have never harmed them they may be making wretched over their picturesque insinuations."

Elinor said that she wished that Dr. Remsen were there to consult; he had such good judgment.

Anne looked sharply at her sister, then smiled over her own freak of fancy. "Why not send for him if you would like to consult him? He's likely to be home mornings."

"He's not in town," said Elinor mournfully, "don't you remember he has a case in Joliet, a consultation to meet some great doctors from Chicago; it says in the Chicago papers that he is the greatest authority in the country on—I forget exactly the name of the disease, it's no matter—"

"Not a bit. He's out of town just the same whatever it is, but Pat's home. Let's have him and Betty Gray up to luncheon."

PAT (who was in a law office in the town) responded cordially that he would come and bring Miss Gray in his car. He did not mention that he walked down town habitually for the exercise and that his car was in the garage; why should he when the telephone can summon a chauffeur so easily? Promptly at one he appeared with Betty. Betty had more color in her cheeks. She wore a new gown. It was a simple, dark gown, but being her first new frock in three years, its wearing gave her quite a happy assurance of being well dressed. Besides it represented a "raise" in salary. Neither of the kind ladies who greeted her had seen her look so pretty or so happy before.

Pat, however, seemed rather thoughtful, not dejected, but serious. They read the letter from the Unterrified Citizen aloud, Anne being the reader.

"By Jove," exclaimed Pat as she finished, "it certainly does sound like—" He broke off with a queer little whistling sigh that turned into a laugh.

"Like what?" asked Betty Gray. She spoke quickly, she looked directly at him; her soft eyes were keen.

"Like the truth," said Pat, frowning. "all that about the town is true, you know."

"Yes, I've heard your uncle say every one of those things," agreed Miss Elinor, "he often—Signa, Miss Gray needs a bouillon spoon, no consequence, my dear, no harm done."

"So stupid of me," apologized Betty with a blush, but she had merely dropped her bouillon spoon, which clattered on the

silver tray holding the tea equipage, and bounded off the table.

"No harm intended and not much done, as the man said when he shot the chicken thief by mistake for an owl,"—this from Pat, who had picked the spoon up before Signa could step on it.

Anne watched the young couple's byplay with a pensive interest, but Miss Elinor was wrapped up, soul and hands, in the newspaper theories.

"The Chicago papers have quite a long account," she said, "and they republish the letter. They seem to think it may be written by someone who had nothing to do with the case; they say the police have ever so many such letters after every murder that becomes notorious. Do you suppose the people who write these 'freak letters,' as they call them, are insane?"

"Probably not; they merely want to break into print, and the magazines won't let them," ventured Pat.

"What did your uncle think of the letter?"

"I don't know; he went away early yesterday morning, and I haven't seen him really since it came out; I only ran my eyes through it myself. To tell the truth, I was rather of the paper's opinion. But going over it more carefully, it sounds too rational and hits the facts too accurately for a crank. Yet the notion is too dippy to consider seriously; a band of unfrightened citizens who are gaily murdering people who need it and taking the fool-killer's job off his hands and jocosely risking the gallows out of pure public spirit—oh, no!"

HE might be crazy," said Betty Gray. "He might, but not a whole gang of him. There is another theory, though. Maybe this man who writes hadn't the least thing to do with either of the murders, but thinks he may scare some evil-doers by pretending he has. How does that strike you, Miss Betty the Sleuth?"

"It has its good points," admitted Betty, "but no theory which I have run across yet explains all the mysteries of this case."

"I do hope we shall see your uncle tonight," said Miss Elinor.

"Wild horses wouldn't keep him away if he gets home; I never saw him so inter-

ested. He reads every scrid about the case, and he has every unsavory scamp in town catalogued in that bally red notebook of his. I'd give odds that if he were here he could read out of it all about that fellow who was killed."

"I can hardly wait until he comes," said Mrs. Dalrymple.

"You don't need to wait"—it was Betty who spoke—"I can tell you about him. I helped the doctor look him up. I rather wonder McCabe, who helped, too, hasn't told the papers something already. I wired the doctor for permission, but I haven't got an answer yet. Still I'm very sure he wouldn't mind you."

"Not a doubt of it," interposed Pat, "free your mind, Miss Betty."

Thus encouraged, Betty told them that the dead man was supposed to have come from Chicago and to be a Chicago Black Hand desperado, who had been suspected of numerous crimes, but had always eluded conviction. He was a wonderful pistol shot; at one time he had been a labor slugger, but having become too well known, had drifted into blackmailing; it was whispered into kidnapping.

"We became convinced that *he* was the real head of the Black Hand business here. The other man was only a tool," said Betty, "in fact, he was such a wretch that I almost hope his murder will not be punished or the murderer caught."

"I imagine my uncle would agree with you," volunteered Pat, "he told me that this Vinal (or so he called himself) was about the loathsome miscreant that had ever struck this town. I daresay he will have some choice bits of information for you. I'll bring him over tonight."

"You come, too, Betty," urged Miss Elinor hospitably, "maybe you'll get something for a story."

Pat was as good as his word and surrendered his uncle to the entire family's curiosity, Roger being at home and deeply interested.

The doctor, however, was not as vivacious as usual; he looked tired, almost haggard, and Elinor noticed that at times his deep-set, alert eyes would glaze in an absent-minded fashion. He confirmed everything that Betty Gray had told them, and added some sickening details on his own



account, which a young girl could hardly relate. "You needn't be sorry for him, Elinor," he concluded, "if ever a man needed killing, he did; but he did look—nasty, with his yellow shoes and that white napkin over his face!"

And not until after he had gone and she was back in her own home, in fact in her own bed, trying vainly to go to sleep, did Betty Gray wonder how Dr. Remsen could know how the murdered Black Hand man looked. He spoke like an eye witness; yet he was not on the train. It was puzzling.

### CHAPTER V

FROM Assistant Chief of Police Timothy McCabe to Dr. Remsen:

February 18, 191—

Private and Personal.

Dear Sir: You'll find all obtainable information about V. in enclosed envelope. I got considerable out of Buckingham. Maybe more than he knows he gave me. I guess that notion of mine about his being their spy is a sound one. He pretended to be all cut up about Vinol being killed, but he was the only one knew about V's going to Chicago and then doubling on his tracks and getting off down to Florida. Unless they were tipped off by somebody I don't think they would expect to find him on a train *going back our way*.

The porter on the train has a recollection of three men in his car, well dressed and liberal, but he didn't know them. They had tickets to St. Paul, but he didn't see them again after the accident. They might bear looking up. B— might turn on his gang if we put the screws on him. He seems pretty nervous. I think it would pay to shadow him a bit. Thanks for check. Receipt enclosed. I always keep these things separate and a bit careful. Let me know if you want to see me or to have a little tab kept on B.

Respectfully yours,

T. M.

From the same to the same:

DEAR SIR: Simpkins reports B is turning everything into cash. This morning, after my leaving you, S reported he had just drawn \$800 out of the Grand Trust Company, and he drew a thousand yesterday from the First National; and got a draft somewhere—don't know where, for our man was too far away to hear. He shipped a parcel by express to a woman somewhere down South. That was Wednesday, day before yesterday. The parcel was valued at \$15,000. He sent same party a letter, Wednesday. Today our man saw him go into

the *Blade* office. Stayed most an hour. Came out back door. Couldn't find out who he saw; but Miss Gray came out later. It was half past five. She usually quits at five.

T. M.

McCabe's information was correct enough so far as Betty Gray was concerned. At half past four by the clock she was sitting in the local editor's room obligingly loaned her for the interview; and contemplating it, beforehand, with a grim and somewhat nauseated smile.

"To think of my making a date, as the shop-girls say, with a creature like him; trying to scare or to bribe secrets out of him!"—so she communed with herself and shivered with disgust—"Well, when you have a family to support you can't afford all the refinements of squeamishness. The ten commandments have to be the limit—so far the boss has let me keep *them*!"

She did not in the least imagine how much was to depend on the next hour and the interview with the man whose oddly diffident tap sounded on her door, a moment later.

AT first glance he did not look like a greedy and ruthless plunderer of the poor. His face was dogged and heavy rather than cruel. He was handsome in a coarse fashion, tall and strongly built and of good carriage, and his dress, if showy, was carefully neat. He laid his immaculate hat on the table, pushed down the pearl pin in his scarlet and gold neck scarf; and casually undid the top button of his coat, as he threw back the lapels of his topcoat, to disclose the splendor of his waistcoat.

Then he bowed and smiled. When he smiled his chin pushed forward. He had very white, long teeth, and Betty's imagination took a fantastic caper back to the wolf of Little Red Riding Hood.

"But I've a notion you'll be eaten up instead of eating, my man," thought Betty. With her trained eye for noticing little points, she was noting how the man's shaven cheeks sagged and that there were new lines in them and new hollows dented his temples. He had lost flesh during the last week. The loss of flesh was not the only change in him; he looked haggard; his shoulders stooped; his mental strain betrayed itself in his unhealthy mottled

color, his twitching hands, his furtive, unceasing watchfulness. When he sat down he put his back to the wall; his eyes went after every noise.

Yet he made a pretense of a jaunty air. "I'm flattered, I'm sure," said he, "to have a handsome young lady like you want to see me. What can I do for you?"

Betty was looking at him with her steady, clear dark eyes; they did not waver in their solemn, almost compassionate regard. "I suppose you know," said she, "that there was a letter to you all ready to mail found on Vinol's body.

He essayed a sneer. "I haven't been allowed to get it," said he, "I suppose they are trying to find out who killed him, from it!"

"Do you want to know what was in it?" said Betty in her curious level tones which gave the man who heard her an unaccountable sense of dread. "Here's a copy of the letter." She had tendered him a sheet of typewritten paper before she finished the sentence, and he was reading it.

The letter was short enough for her to know it by heart:

On board train.

JIM: I took the bundle off your desk. This was inside the bundle. I don't know how on earth it got there. Your typewriter said you had not been in all day; and only some clients had come round. I'm sending it back in case you want to act on it, for it wasn't opened. I opened it. Jim, I think P—'s at the bottom of this whole thing. Give it up. Give them the money and make a sneak to Florida. You know where. Buck up, old chap; and for God's sake don't wait.

There was no signature to the letter beyond a scrawl which the copyist had imitated and which was probably a signature agreed upon by the two. On a separate sheet of paper were the words: "To No. 3. This is the second warning." A red hand was painted below.

THE hand which held the paper did not tremble, but he couldn't control his color, which slowly, in a sickening fashion, ebbed from his cheeks.

Betty's hand was shifting a pile of printed slips on the table, from which she selected one and pushed it across the local editor's litter of copy, pencils, proof and photographs.

"This came out in today's issue—perhaps you have seen it?"

"The paper hadn't come," said he; and she knew from his voice that he spoke out of a dry throat.

"It comes to the same thing; merely says, 'No. 3: This is the last warning!'"

"How's it signed?"

"Unterrified Citizen. And paid for as an advertisement."

Buckingham slowly poured himself a glass of water. Slowly he drank it. "Of course," he muttered venomously, "those boneheads of cops haven't any clue."

"None—unless you know something that you'll tell them. But I wonder if you know that Nos. 4 and 6 have left town and that *this* is in tonight's paper." Picking up a folded and marked copy of the *Blade*, she read aloud: "R. H. Gents: I know when I have had enough. I sent it, and I leave town as per directions. No. 5."

Buckingham bounded up from his chair like a man struck by a bullet; he opened his mouth and his teeth clicked; he grasped the arms of his chair to keep his hands steady.

"Tony Graff?" he mumbled, "Tony! Why, I saw him go through a trial for murder; I was his attorney. He never turned a hair. He laughed when he got that notice—it was real laughing, too; the others were scared, but he laughed; said he'd call their bluff!"

"Perhaps he did," remarked Betty, "but we're wasting time. I asked you to come here not only to get information (which I've certainly given you and kept my word), but to give it."

He was trying to pull himself together. "What's your game?" asked he.

"The *Blade*'s game is always news," returned Betty calmly. "You know a lot more about this business than you have told. We want it."

"But what's in it for me?"

"Not much, just your life. The police think you are a Red Hand spy—"

"They're dippy!"

"Maybe, but they think it. They are watching you all the time. Unless we speak for you, you'll be stopped when you leave town tonight. You can figure out your chances if you don't get away."

THEN the man's bravado broke down; it was not much more than a shell, for his nerves were all gone; a sob tore out of his despair: "O Lord, what I've been through these two weeks! I wonder I ain't raving crazy myself—God! no money's worth it. But I held out longer'n Graff, didn't I? Say, I won't talk for the *Blade*, but I'll talk for you. Your father tried to get me disbarred; but he was always honest. I know most of the folks in this rotten town think I'm the worst scoundrel unhung. I know I've gone too far squeezing people; but if I didn't take their money away from them, somebody else would. And why should I be so mushy merciful? Nobody had any mercy on me! If you only knew the kind of way I've been treated and the kind of life I had! I never knew who was my father or my mother. A gutter rat, that's it. Yet I ran away from the institution, and I got an education, swearing to myself all the while I'd be rich, yet. When you've starved and smoked cigar stubs other people have thrown away you know the worth of money! When you've been kicked and cuffed as a child and hated and hounded as a man, you grow to not mind fools whining. After I made my fortune I meant to be all right; but I got to make it, first. I was nearly ready to quit, and now these devils want to skin me. Yes. They want me to pay back the money I got from half a dozen people. I wasn't responsible; but they hold me responsible and expect me to collect from the outfit. And they all scurrying to cover like rabbits and leaving me with the sack. Well, I won't stand for it. I am willing to tell you everything I know, if you'll help me to get off."

"Very well, who is P?"

"In the letter? Oh, he's just a Dago chap that Vinol made come across with a couple of thousands. In Chicago, you know. Threatened to blow up his girl's house as well as his, then, after he got the money, he cut him out with the girl. She was a fool, but he didn't treat her right, and Pietro went wild. First he had Vinol arrested for blackhanding him; and when Vi got off all right, for nobody dared testify against him, Pietro tried to kill him. He would have succeeded, I guess, if some of

the gang hadn't happened in handy; as it was, Vi got an ugly slash."

"And what happened to Pietro?"

"He got the pen, of course. He's serving time, now, I thought; but Vi was sure he was out and plotting to pay him back. He thought that he had got a lot of Black Hand victims together, and they were trying the Black Hand methods on their own account. But I never believed it, myself. He imagined that they got subscriptions from some rich people whom Vinol had antagonized when he was a slugger for the unions; he was a versatile chap—"

"He seems to have been," said Betty drily, "yet he hasn't been able to save himself. Now, what we want is a list—you can make it now, here—of all the men who have received notices from the Red Hand. When they got them and all about it. But first, how did that Red Hand warning get into that bundle of notes which Vinol took away?"

"I don't know."

"You didn't put it there?"

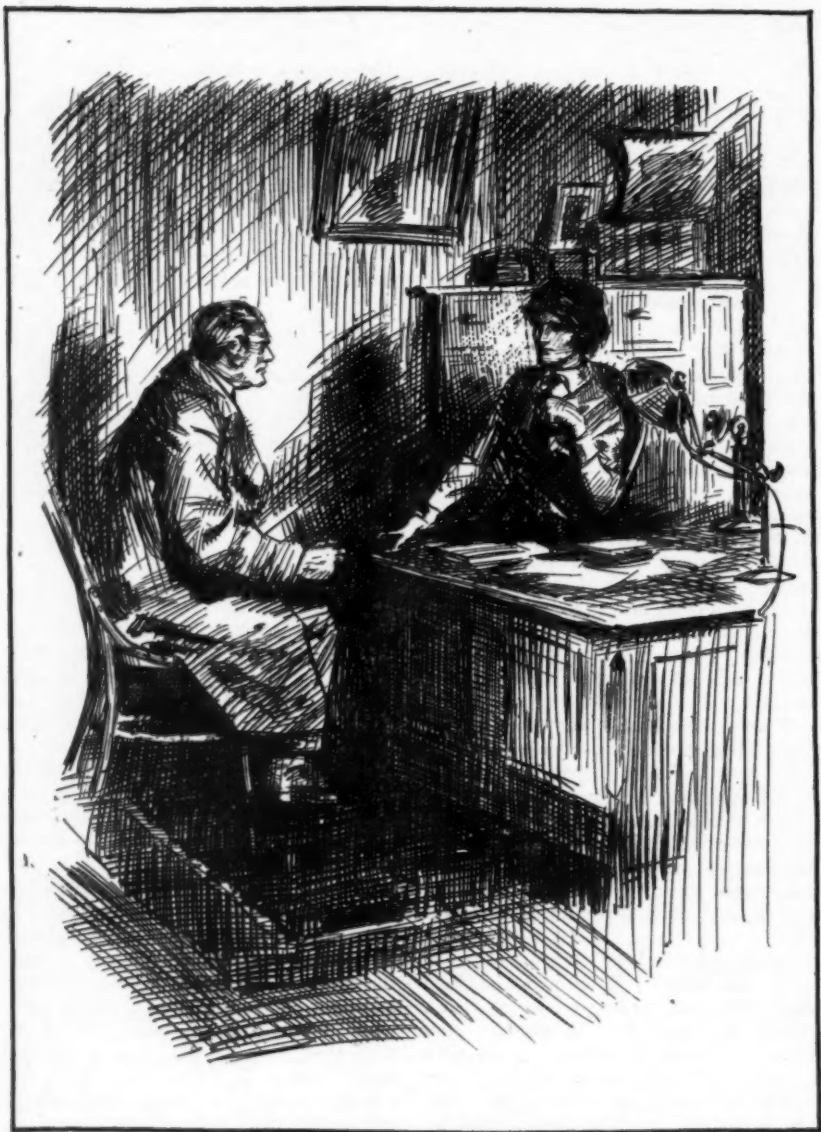
I NEVER saw it. The notes came from Farrell, the pawnbroker, you know. He's done some lending for me. I wanted them out of the way, and Vinol was straight between pals. Anyhow they were all made out to me. They're mine all right. Where are they?"

"The police have them. Farrell didn't put that notice in them. He has been asked. Could anyone have come into the office and put that bit of paper in among those notes?"

"I don't see how. That package didn't come in until four, and Vinol went on the five forty-five to Chicago. My typist said he came in just after I went out. I took the envelope and slipped it into the other addressed to Vinol and left it on my desk when I had to go out. I had it right on my desk until I went out. In my private, inside room. I hadn't been gone ten minutes before Vinol came. And nobody but him had come in my absence."

"Did you seal the envelope?"

"Sealed it good and tight. I wasn't putting temptation in that girl's way. She's homely 'nough to be good, but I'm not taking chances." Although he spoke



*He was trying to pull himself together. "What's your game?" asked he. "The Blade's game is always news," returned Betty calmly. "You know a lot more about this business than you have told. We want it!"*

flippantly, his paling cheeks and restless eyes betrayed a growing panic.

"How about Farrell's envelope? Was it sealed?"

"Yes, but I broke it open, to see if the notes were all in."

"Did you seal it up again?"

"I put a rubber band about it."

"Did you immediately put it into the envelope or was it lying on your desk a while with that band on it?"

"I guess—yes, I left it lie, because Dr. Remsen came in to see me."

"Dr. Remsen?"—Betty's surprise did not ruffle her clear, cool voice.

"And McCabe. I had to look up something for them; and then I went away with them to—on business."

"The business they came on?"

"Yes, ma'am." He was almost truckling in his deference, now.

"What was it? About the Red Hand?"

"No, ma'am. Dr. Remsen has a washerwoman who wanted to give her daughter a set of furniture and a wedding that cost a lot more money than she could afford, and she borrowed it from me and didn't want to pay me back."

"I see, you needn't explain; and you had to go out and straighten up things to suit the doctor and the police? And before you went you put that bundle with the rubber band on the desk, securely sealed."

"Yes, ma'am, I had the envelope already addressed, I just slipped the package in, and sealed it with sealing wax; and left it."

Betty considered. She knew of McCabe's suspicions, and in the flash of a thought she imaged the detective inserting a decoy warning in the package which Buckingham was likely to examine at once; perhaps it were wise to drop the subject before her witness caught a glimpse himself of that same possibility.

"That Red Hand is uncanny"—in this fashion she made her retreat and at the same time dealt a stab at the man's tottering composure—"you never know when they may spring at you. Still, I'd look up that typist of yours. But, now, for that list. Then, I can run over the whole at my leisure; and I've a little plan of my own for you."

## CHAPTER VI

### ACCIDENT OR SUICIDE?

ALL the Dalrymple intimates were amazed at the equal mind with which Miss Elinor met the violent harassment of this time; the petty mortifications of publicity; the recurring excitement; the fear, which with so many of her townswomen was become absolute panic; the complete upsetting of their whole dignified and placid order of life. They wore even Mrs. Anne's elastic humor thin; but Elinor, hitherto so retiring and timid, not only was serene, she developed a positive relish for peril and mystery. Anne bolted their chamber doors nightly; but Elinor bought a revolver and slept in peace. She took immense pleasure in "breaking" the weapon and reloading it, to Anne's frank consternation. "I never go to bed," she said, "that I don't expect to wake up in another world, on account of that awful toy of yours going off when it isn't loaded!"

"It can't," protested Elinor, "you have to press the trigger. 'Peerless-Safety, hammer the hammer,' you know."

But Anne was not reassured. Elinor could not practise at a target on account of the city ordinances forbidding, but she bought an air gun loaded with a cork and practiced on the English sparrows with moderate success; that is, she didn't hit any sparrows, but she often hit twigs of the trees near them, and she was sure that she could hit a burglar because he would be so much larger.

"I believe," Anne once accused her, "you really find some fun in this horrid condition of things."

"I believe I do," apologized Elinor, "there is something cocktaily about danger. Don't you remember we both enjoyed that runaway, last year, after it was over. The Dalrymples were always fond of fighting, and maybe it's latent in me."

"I used to think I was plucky enough," said Anne, "but this is too darksome and ghastly, it gets on my nerves. As Pat says, I 'should jolly well like' to run off to France. Well, since I can't go there today, I'm off to the bridge club. There's Betty Gray coming. Tell her I'm sorry I can't stay to see her."



IT seemed to Miss Elinor, watching Betty come up the walk, so pleasantly welcoming in summer with its rose trees and spirea, so chill now with the dun violet mist darkening above its banks of snow and the skeleton shrubbery, that the girl's footsteps dragged a little. Perhaps it was fancy, but to the watcher her brows knit and her face was haggard in the intensity of her thought. Yet when Radcliffe ushered her into the living room and the firelight, she was smiling brightly enough.

"I expected to see Dr. Remsen," she said, after the first cordiality of greeting, while Radcliffe wheeled in the tea wagon, more leisurely than usual on the chance of catching some stray bit of information, "he was intending coming here, he told me."

"Has anything happened?" Miss Elinor was on the alert at once; and Radcliffe halted in the doorway, out of sight but not out of hearing. "We are trying to save a Red Hand victim," said Betty, "the worst loan shark lawyer in town at that; and we have been helping his get-away. I will say, however, that Dr. Remsen made him let some of his victims off, first. You read last night's paper, didn't you? It's Buckingham."

"Indeed, I did read the paper, last night," cried Miss Elinor, "and all about there being notes sent to all the loan sharks and lots of other bad characters in town. Did you get that from Buckingham?"

"More than we published. Miss Elinor, did you notice how very queerly that notice was given—I mean the one to Buckingham found in Vinol's effects—how it was sent to him in a bundle of papers from a pawnbroker who is a loan shark, too; how did it get there?"

"How did it? Have you found out?"

"I wish we had," Betty sighed, "I had a notion about it, myself, McCabe and — another man were in the office just before Buckingham went out that day; and the bundle of papers was lying open on his desk. You may not know, but the astute McCabe suspects that Buckingham is a Red Hand spy; and I had the notion that possibly McCabe himself sent that notice, thinking to get some clue by the way he would take it, you know."

"Yes, Dr. Remsen explained that," interrupted Miss Elinor, "he said that he had questioned McCabe and he says he never had an idea of such a thing."

"He told me so, too; and I'm inclined to believe that he told the truth," Betty said thoughtfully. "Had the doctor any theory?"

"He said he couldn't imagine. He said, too, that it was rather ticklish for Buckingham, since the Red Hand people undoubtedly expected him to get the warning, direct; but he didn't go over the papers carefully; but bundled them up in an envelope; and Vinol carried them away without his knowing about the warning. So he's a day or two late in time. Do you suppose the Red Hand think he did get the warning, and defied them?"

"Not if they read the papers—or rather the *Blade*—they would have seen in yesterday's paper just what happened to their warning. By the way, Buckingham got another warning by mail, this very morning. He came around with it scared out of his wits—what was that?"

THAT was only a gurgling groan, Radcliffe's irrepressible comment; but before Betty, encumbered by a plate and a priceless Mapo di Monti teacup, could get on the other side of the table and reach the door the listener was safe in the shelter of the dining room.

"Don't mind," soothed Miss Elinor, "if it was anybody it was just Radcliffe; and she is absolutely safe. Naturally she is interested. But what did the warning say?"

"Only, 'YOU ARE WARNED FOR THE LAST TIME! SETTLE UP AND LEAVE TODAY.'"

"Will he?"—Miss Elinor breathed a little more quickly—"Oh, why don't they see that it is better to obey? The Red Hand hasn't asked a single wrong or unreasonable thing; it gives these wicked men a chance to make restitution and save their lives. Why won't they?"

Betty flicked the crumbs off her lap into her napkin and shook that at the fire; it must have been the blaze which painted her pale cheeks that sudden crimson. "Do you think so well of the Red Hand?" said she.

"Why, consider it, yourself, Betty," Miss Elinor responded with spirit, "McCabe says that there has been a regular exodus of bad characters since the letter came out in the paper. And you know in last night's *Blade* there were two letters from poor people who said the Red Hand had saved them. Sam Cary says their washerwoman fairly cried when she talked about it; her daughter paid four hundred dollars in two years for a loan of sixty; and they were threatening to take her furniture away. And, now, would you believe it? the shark has sent her a receipt in full and *fifty dollars*. She's Dr. Remsen's washerwoman; and he told me, too."

"And does he think as you do about the Red Hand?"

"Oh, he's even more convinced that only some 'extra-legal,' as he calls it, movement could clean up the situation and let us sleep in peace."

"I confess I don't see that we sleep very peacefully now," said Betty grimly, "the town is panic stricken! You'll find a message of comfort, however, in tonight's *Blade*. We have another communication from The Unterrified Citizen."

"Oh, what does he say?"

"Merely that there is no cause for alarm by anyone except evildoers and *their protectors*—the last two words in italics! I reckon that means Us!"

"You?"

"Yes, Miss Elinor, Dr. Remsen and Shertain and McCabe and Betty Gray, for we have all tried to save that wretched cur of a Buckingham."

"I don't believe they would touch a hair of your heads," declared Miss Elinor stoutly.

Betty laughed. "That's the least of my worries," said she. With which remark she jumped up quickly while her color turned.

"I think that is my employer," she explained. "Didn't you hear someone at the door?"

"Only Roger and Sam and some other boy coming home from school," said Miss Elinor, "they will not come in. Roger may intercede with Signa, or Radcliffe when it's Signa's afternoon out, to fetch him up a plate of cakes— Oh, won't you

take another muffin? Here's Radcliffe with a hot supply!"

But Betty declined the hot muffin; indeed Miss Elinor observed with pain that a large fragment of her first muffin lay on her discarded plate. "I think, Betty, you are working too hard. I shall ask Doctor to scold you; did you say he was coming?"

"Yes, Miss Elinor," said Betty, declining the topic of health, as she had declined the muffins. "I was to report to him here—that is he, at last, surely, at least it is his car!"

THE doctor was all by himself, looking as erect, alert and shrewd as possible; and with a wonderful bouquet of orchids which he laid before Miss Dalrymple, triumphing; "How is that for an amateur greenhouse? I have something for my young sleuth, too. A neat display of home-grown mushrooms from the cellars of Dr. Basil R. Remsen." He pulled off the cover, displaying the plump, white fungi. Not until the ladies had properly admired would he talk of anything else; then he asked for Betty's news. She told him about her interview with McCabe first. "I didn't think he had anything to do with that note," said the doctor, "ah, what nice tea! Neither of us were within three feet of the desk where the papers were. I noticed the old vulture keeping his eye on a bunch of papers. No, I don't see how Mac could possibly have slipped anything into that pile without being seen!"

Betty drew a little sigh and smiled. "I don't, either," she acquiesced, "well, there remains the supposition that the Red Hand got it into the envelope at Farrell's somehow."

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised," the doctor volunteered after an interval of tea and thought, during which Betty seemed to have a reviving appetite and begged a fresh hermit cake. "No, I shouldn't be a bit surprised if that was precisely how it happened. Young Sam Cary was there, that very morning—"

"My word!" cried Miss Elinor, so shocked that she interrupted a speaker, probably for the first time in her life, "however did Sam Cary go to such a place?"

"Oh, lots of the High School boys go;

and other people. He has sales every Saturday; and big bargains in jewelry, watches, revolvers, clothes and such things. I believe Sam was after an automatic revolver."

"But what did he see?" asked Betty, who was on a quest of her own.

"He saw the girl busy at the desk in the inside office, sorting some documents. One of them had fallen on the floor and he picked it up politely for her. That may have been the identical envelope of the warning!"

"Maybe," said Betty lightly.

"Tell Miss Elinor about the other things which we got out of the repentant vulture," said the doctor, dismissing the mystery.

Betty repeated the substance of Buckingham's confession in advance of the afternoon edition of the *Blade*.

He had only known of some ten notes of warning, but he was sure that there were many more. The loan sharks appeared to be the particular object of the onslaught to him; but he admitted that he had other clients who were threatened. Some were simply warned to leave the town within a prescribed time; the loan sharks were further harried since it was demanded of them that they return their notes to all victims who had repaid the principal and ten per cent interest. And the unknown writers, according to Buckingham, displayed an uncanny knowledge of these victims' names and circumstances.

MISS ELINOR listened to all this, but with a mind distraught; she was considering the possible demands of her conscience in regard to Mrs. Cary, Sam and visits to pawnbrokers to buy automatic revolvers. No wonder when Roger, Sam and the third boy trooped past the door, she summoned them within and proffered cakes. They stood about refusing tea but unable to resist cakes, and eating in their best company manner. Miss Elinor appealed to Sam at once. "Sam, you High School boys don't really buy revolvers at that disreputable Farrell's, do you?"

"When we can get them, Miss Dalrymple," replied the truthful Sam.

"And have you one, Sam?"

"No, ma'am. They were all gone when I got there."

"Well, I am glad they were, Sam," Miss Elinor avowed, "what would your mother say to you having an automatic revolver, even—" her mind harking back to her own possessions—"one with a safety latch; why, she couldn't sleep nights!"

Roger giggled aloud. "Why, his mother gave him the money to buy it; she's so scared of the Red Hand, and Dr. Remsen went with him to see he wasn't cheated. And it isn't Sam's revolver, either, it's Mrs. Cary's; she's a dandy shot."

"Oh," said Miss Elinor, then she smiled. "I'm ever so relieved!" said she; and at once passed the boy the plate with its luring load of frosted pound cakes and dark, rich hermits. The strange lad shyly took one of each. (They were small and as he afterwards told an inquisitive mother, you could eat half a dozen "just as easy!")

Impelled by a grateful desire to return something of interest for such hospitality, he observed to the world in general, "—Did you know there was a man drowned crossing the ice this afternoon?"

"He saw them hunting for him," said Roger proudly, "and he had seen the man drive out on the ice."

"It was a red car," said the boy modestly, taking the conversational limelight thus proffered, "and he wore a gray cap. They found the cap on the ice. He ran into one of the air holes. I was talking to a feller who saw him; he was on the boathouse landing. Maybe something was wrong with his steering gear, for he stooped over and seemed to stop a minute; but then he sat up and went straight off at a kind of tangent; but steered right straight towards the open water; and went right in it with an awful splash. I saw another man who saw it; he thinks the feller was crazy or else he meant to commit suicide; he went so straight. I looked at the track mark, myself; it didn't wobble an inch far's you could see."

"How awful!" cried Miss Elinor.

"Do you know if there was anybody on the *Blade* down to the river?" asked Betty.

"The last feller who talked to me said he worked on the *Blade*," continued the boy,

"he was writing up the ice harvest and was right down there."

"Did you hear who the man was?"

"Yes, Miss Gray, they said his name was Buckingham."

"He's a shyster lawyer," explained Roger, "and they say the Red Hand was after him. Some of the fellers say the Red Hand did it."

"How could they do it?" cried Betty.

"Well," said Roger, "they say that a man might get in and slug a feller and turn the car, and then hop out."

"They told me there was a cap found," broke in the silent Sam.

"And there was a letter from the Red

Hand in the cap"—the third boy felt that his honestly due importance as almost an eye-witness of the tragedy was being rent from him by those who had not even been near the river, and reclaimed it, hastily—"The feller didn't see what was in the letter, but he did see a white envelope; and he said he saw a man on the ice right near where the car was just after the car went in; and this man simply hurried across; didn't seem to be giving any alarm!"

The little group looked at each other. Miss Elinor turned pale.

"W—what was Buckingham's number?" she asked Betty.

"He was No. 3," said Betty.

*(To be continued)*

## WHEN GRANDMA GOES AWAY

by FANNY S. STONE

IT'S awful lonesome in this house, when Grandma goes away.  
She's gone to old Aunt Betsey's. Gee! I hope she doesn't stay.  
If she'd only be here Sundays, I could stand it through the week;  
My Dad has gone to take a nap, and I can't move or speak.  
I'm tired to death of reading, and of course I cannot play—  
Oh! Sunday's long and lonesome when my Grandma's gone away.

If she was here, she'd read to me and tell me stories, too,  
And then we'd crack some hick'ry nuts, and when that fun was through  
Maybe we'd take a little walk—course Tige would have to go—  
I tell you what he misses her! I'd really like to know  
If when he whines and looks at me, he doesn't try to say,  
"It's awful lonesome in this house when Grandma's gone away!"

Yesterday, my football smashed our largest window pane;  
Then of course it had to go and rain and rain and rain!  
And did I get a call down? Say! It was pretty bad.  
Dad forgets when I do things that he was once a lad.  
Grandma often tells me things that happened in his day—  
Oh! Nothing seems to go quite right when Grandma's gone away.

'Course now my ball is busted! Who'll mend it I can't see,  
For Mother's always busy, going out to clubs or tea;  
And Mary in the kitchen is cross, I'm lying low,—  
It's awful hard to be a boy and not know how to sew  
When your fav'rite ball needs mending! Well! I certainly must say  
This house is not a pleasant place when Grandma's gone away!

# The Ubiquitous Traveling Man

*Flynn Wayne*

WITHIN the hospitable shelter of the Authors' Club in London, while American affairs were being discussed, I heard some tributes paid to American traveling men that brought to mind familiar pictures of American life. The tremendous business development of the United States in the last half century owes a very large proportion of its growth to the untiring, tactful, enterprising, resourceful and oftentimes exhausting and perilous labors of the traveling man. Cheap wits and closet theorists have made him the butt of gibes and sneers, but the ubiquitous "drummer" has very often been of more importance to a firm than the sleeping "partner" or "credit man" who questions his judgment and will take none of his advice. The genius of salesmanship in this line of business ranks with the learned professions in ethical standards, and frequently builds up a valuable clientage when the supposed prestige of a long-established house and ample credits have utterly failed to secure business in new territory. Far ahead of the railroad and telegraph, among "bad Injuns" and worse white men, exposed to the greatest extremes of temperature, and all the fatigues of frontier travel and transportation, the traveling man has been in the very vanguard of advancing civilization. Marked changes have come into the traveling man's life in later years and now there is seldom any necessity for "treating the crowd" or "making a night of it" with some jolly but hard-drinking customer,

who himself has perhaps settled down into the quiet of a mellow and prosperous old age.

The traveling man of today is often qualified to act in one or more professional, as well as business capacities, and in many lines must demonstrate to experts that he is well and practically conversant not only with his own specialties, but with perhaps a score or more of different and competing commodities. From their traveling men large industrial interests are able to collect and consider material facts, and make their calculations and decisions as to present credits, and forecasts for the future.

It has often occurred to me that if there were a political party composed largely of the traveling men of America, it would exercise great influence; but as men posted on current affairs and business under varying conditions, they perhaps might differ so greatly that they could rarely act as one unit either as a business or political organization.

\* \* \*

The personality of the American traveling man is many-sided. Always ready to take the initiative, he must still rely on the conventional solicitation of business with men who remain in the ruts of continued "store-keeping"; listen to ancient stories and time-worn jests; and condone unpleasant but well-meant familiarities. On the other hand, the changing conditions of public sentiment as embodied in his various customers, call upon him for careful



praise or dissent in discussing public men and questions—for there are rivals pushing behind, who are only too ready to depreciate a rival. After long and often wearisome trips going from city to town and town to village day after day, unpacking samples, sending in orders, expense accounts, and letters of advice and possibly special reports, and planning his itinerary for the next few days, lonesomeness comes when Sunday arrives, and he must bridge the chasm of time between Saturday night and Monday morning.

There is no vocation that more completely tests the real strength of manhood, physical, mental and moral, than that of the traveling man. "Doing their devoir" like true knights of old, they have carried on the crusade of the "Gideon Band," which places Bibles in the hotels all over the country. Through the efforts of the traveling man, many thriving businesses have blossomed out where one bloomed before, and the competitive spirit is keener than ever—a most healthful sign of trade even in the day of industrial combination. Specialization is becoming more pronounced, and in large cities firms selling tea and coffee now send out one salesman for coffee and one for tea to see the same customer.

Many a young retail firm has succeeded through the kindly advice and practical experience of its salesmen, and in all the wide range of American commercial activities, the traveling man has become more essential than ever. The letter or circular alone does not largely attract new trade without his co-operation, although it often opens the way for his solicitations. The catalogue of the mail-order house has made great inroads on retail trade, but this only applies after lines of goods have been created and introduced to the trade, as the result of the traveling men's exploitation of their merit by meeting retailers, man to man. In the introduction of new breakfast foods, of new styles in clothing, conveniences and utilities, advertising has been a potential factor, but would be of little value if the traveling man did not go direct to the possible customer and salesman and tell his story face to face. There is something in the manner and effect of an "eye to eye and heart to heart talk" that

cannot be secured by any other method of communication.

As the son of an old traveling man, I remember looking forward to Saturday nights when father came home, dropped his heavy grip, and gathered his children about him after an absence of several days, and sometimes weeks, and what a dear Dad he was! There seemed to be a sweeter appreciation of our father as he sat down and related the experiences of his travels here and there; and how he appreciated the comforts and rest of home after the dreary routine of hotel life, and carrying a smiling face with sometimes a homesick longing for the companionship of loved ones.

With his heart sometimes saddened by anxiety and cares, there is a real heroism in the traveling man that is little realized, as we sit comfortably at home and enjoy the luxuries and conveniences that have been introduced and made possible through his crusade of exploitations. It is the man who precedes the bill of lading that creates the traffic. Where would the great freight traffic be without his order book or the passenger profits, lacking his mileage? When you see a traveling man start out, and in the wake of his journeyings orders pour in "on the house," it reveals workings of a great vital artery of American trade.

There are five hundred thousand traveling men in the United States today. When Abraham Lincoln issued his second call for three hundred thousand men, it was not much more than half the number of men who are now already enlisted as traveling men, men who have left their homes, and many of their comforts, and make daily sacrifices of which the world little dreams, in their strenuous yet peaceful campaigning. Their knapsacks are their grips; their ammunition attractive goods, fair prices and reasonable terms for the retailer, but more than all a genial, kindly, helpful spirit which makes their visits a pleasant interlude in the dull monotony of village life. In the traveling man's bag is a little card of insurance against accidents or death. Where is the traveling man who does not give first consideration to his family? Everywhere this characterizes

the manhood and quality of the "men on the road." Where in any other single pursuit are there more men who are making provision for their families? This is evidenced in the tremendous rolls of accident insurance companies.

\* \* \*

Summarizing the whole situation, the American traveling man forms the vanguard of business development. When depression comes or confidence returns, he is the first to know it. He not only knows, but gets his reports from actual and personal knowledge, and even in these days of consolidation is becoming more essential than ever because trade has never been possible except through personal contact. The traveling man's calling has already become a vocation requiring scientific training, not only of schools and books but the training that teaches one to influence men, to make them meet the inevitable of the present attitude of the purchaser who sits at the desk ready to defend himself from any suggestions. The old Biblical allusion comes to mind, wherein "the buyer saith, 'It is naught'" and it is this "naught" the traveling man overcomes. He does not figure in cipher transactions. The "naughts" disappear in the light of his genial comment.

Think of what the army of traveling men

are producing and accomplishing in America as compared to the same number of men wearing uniforms in European armies. The army in Germany even does not equal in number the traveling men of America engaged in creating trade and developing and becoming producers instead of consumers. Think of the burden in this one respect that is lifted from the revenues of the government, and not only lifted from, but adding thereto—because every dollar's worth of merchandise sold and marketed means that more must be produced and more wages put into the envelope of the workman—more also added to the receipts of the great lines of transportation (which have never yet appreciated or lessened the burden of the army that is forever on the move). So that altogether one cannot conceive of any class of men that is more essential to the betterment of general trade conditions.

Everywhere, night and day, the traveling man is on the march. His day's work is never done, for when he is beginning his activities on the Pacific slope, the work has scarcely been completed on the Atlantic seaboard. Every hour as it passes finds the American traveling man at work, tireless, enthusiastic and optimistic—the very embodiment of American progress.

## A TOAST TO THE TRAVELING MAN

This rough-diamond verse, prized by "men of the grip," was read at the funeral of J. D. Gibbs, in 1899. It was written by James Whitcomb Riley—one of his anonymous poems—but has never been widely published.

COULD I drink of the nectar the gods only can,  
I would fill up the glass to the brim;  
And drink the success of the traveling man  
And the house represented by him.  
And could I but tincture this glorious draught  
With smiles as I think of him then,  
And the jokes he has told and the laughs he has laughed,  
I would fill up the goblet again.

\* \* \*

I would drink to the strangers and friends that he meets  
And greets with a smile and good cheer;  
To the welcoming hands that good fellows extend  
To the wayfarer journeying here.  
And at last, when he turns from his earthly abode  
And pays the last fare that he can,  
Mine Host of the inn at the end of the road  
Will welcome the traveling man.

—*From Heart Throbs, Vol. II.*

# Through the LATIN LANDS

*The Picturesque Railways of South America*

*By*  
*Peter Mac Queen. F.R.G.S.*

THE engineers of England, Germany and America have done marvelous feats in railroad building throughout South America. The mighty Cordilleras of the high Andes have been pierced, traversed and conquered by these ambitious men. The English built the railway in Venezuela from La Guayra to Caracas, a line that rises over the craggy ravines of the Andes three thousand feet in twenty-five miles. They also built the wonderful road from Santos in Brazil to Sao Paulo in the mountains, a road so complete that passengers declare the only thing left to do is to gild the telegraph poles. The Germans built the splendid line from Caracas to Valencia; they constructed the marvelous cog-wheel railway up the Corcovado in Rio Janeiro and the aerial line to the top of Sugar Loaf Mountain. They have just finished a superb subway in the city of Buenos Aires.

But the American engineer in railroad building is the magician of the Andes. There is a good line built by Americans running two hundred and fifty miles from Guayaquil to Quito in Ecuador. And then the scenic Peruvian and Chilean railways across the mountains, built by American engineers, are the second wonder of the world today, next to the Panama Canal. Americans are behind the English and Germans in trade development in South America. The English and Germans have practically all the banking system, with a few Belgian and Swiss banks; their trade with South America is two hundred

million a year. Our trade is forty million a year, but we are rapidly forging ahead. That figure just about equals what we are paying yearly to Brazil for coffee and rubber.

Of all the railways in the world, the one from Lima to Oroya is the most extraordinary. It is still, after pictures of its bridges have served as a stock geography illustration for a generation, the most impressive bit of railroad engineering in the world. Built fifty years ago, in the days when Peru was rich and reckless, it stands a monument of that time and of that gifted Yankee soldier of fortune, Henry Meiggs. Meiggs was born in New York State and after making and losing several fortunes, he left California on account of his debts. He was not an engineer, but he went to Chile and Peru, built bridges and railroads for the government and became again a millionaire, after paying off his debts in California. For he had energy, ideas and the courage of his imagination. After floating twenty-nine million dollars in bonds, he started the Oroya road in 1869. He did not live to finish it, but he completed the hardest part. He carried it up the eyebrows of the Andes, from the seacoast at Callao to the icy galleries of the upper Cordilleras.

The narrow gauge over Marshall's Pass in Colorado, for example, climbs to the twelve thousand foot level, but to get there from sea level one crosses the continent and creeps up the long ascent from the Mississippi to the Great Divide. To



CUZCO VALLEY SOUTHERN RAILWAY OF PERU

climb as the Oroya climbs, a Hudson River train leaving New York would have to ascend, half an hour before it reached Albany, a distance one thousand feet greater than that from the sea level to the summit of Pike's Peak.

It was at seven o'clock, on one of those tawny June mornings which come so often in Lima, that we started up the Rimac valley for the roof of this Peruvian world. For an hour or so we wound through an irrigated valley, fat and prosperous looking, with plantations of sugar-cane and cotton fenced in by mud walls, the roofs of a hacienda showing now and then amid the verdant green. Beyond that the bare, brown mountains shut in and shouldered upward yellow and terra-cotta colors; occasionally flashing through a slit in their flanks gleamed the snow of peaks miles and miles away, to which we were to climb. Steadily the train crept and panted upward; downward the busy Rimac rattled merrily. It had a right to sing and clatter thus. Rushing from the high snow line, it had watered the llamas on the brown tablelands; below that split into

silver slivers; it had fed the shelf-like plots of barley and corn of the temperate zone; joined again in its lower reaches, it irrigated the orange and lemon trees among the rocks; and all united far below had made the electricity for Lima's crowded streets. And now, as it heard the ocean calling, it traveled through a lovely valley, even that valley it had made. For without the Rimac River, the city of the Viceroys would never have been built.

The valley narrows and the naked rocks close in, the mist that lies on Lima and the coast is thinned and cleared. Thirty-five miles from Callao is Choisica, about three thousand feet above the sea,—the charming summer resort of the Limenas. Twelve miles beyond, at the height of five thousand feet, we come to San Bartolomeo and the first "switchback." This curious device is characteristic of the Meiggs road. Of it a writer says:

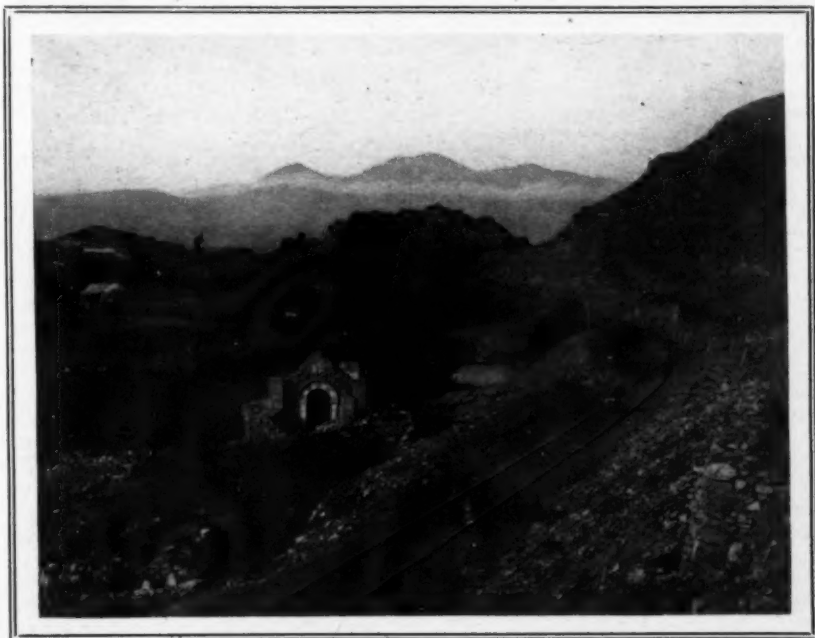
"When he reached a tight place, instead of climbing up an abnormally heavy grade, by the aid of a cog-wheel, or tunnelling and wriggling round circuitously, he simply zigzagged up the face of the

mountain in the same way that a man makes a trail. When there is no room to turn, the track runs as far as it can go, then backs out on a 'V' and climbs upward until a suitable place is reached to reverse on another 'V' and go forward again. The time that is lost in stopping and switching is, of course, very great, but the time and money that were saved in constructing the track were also great, and the way a train of heavy cars fairly walks right up the face of a precipice, with the help of these 'V's' is startling to see. Seven such switchbacks lift the train over difficult levels, eight spider-web bridges are thrown across the canyon, and there are more than sixty tunnels of varying lengths."

The train climbs almost three thousand feet more by means of these switchbacks, in the next hour, to the little town of Matucano, where we had our *almuerzo*, that is, breakfast, which is served according to the Spanish mode on the Peruvian railways at about eleven o'clock, "early coffee" having preceded it at eight o'clock away down at Choisica. *Almuerzo* costs

only fifty cents (one sole) and consists of six courses of meat, an appetizing tidbit of each from llama meat to plain old cow, brought fresh in from some neighboring valley. It is always cosily served in the station instead of on the train.

The station of Matucano makes one side of the plaza. A little church stands opposite, and there are houses on the other sides. In all these mountain towns you find just such a little church as this, with Spanish facade and two or three old bells. They seem very real and genuine, as though the simple folk had built them with their own hands, as indeed they have; and a faint musty perfume drifts into the Andean sunshine, like that which floats from the dim interiors of Cologne and Notre Dame. You may very likely see a church fete in progress,—the townsfolk congregated in the square about an industrious, if somewhat unmusical band, and busy youths setting off sky-rockets and Roman candles in the noonday sunshine. You will also see, whenever you pass through such a town, a beautiful



RAILWAY SCENE NEAR TINGO—APPROACH TO AREQUIPA



Spanish lady, a dainty child, perhaps even a courtly Spanish gentleman,—unexpected and all but out of place, so far from what the world reckons as culture, just to show you that in Peru no community is without its own nucleus of refinement and substantial gentility.

Above Matucano the railroad climbs swiftly other thousands of precipitous feet, over more spider-web bridges and by means of many switchbacks and through tunnels to the lofty terraces, cultivated centuries ago by the patient Incas, but now grass-grown and deserted except by the busy puffing trains. Skirting, it goes on, along some of these narrow plateaux,—by which, in fact, the mighty Cordillera has heaped its massive weight at the very edge of the continent, Babel-towered, so as not to topple over into the neighboring Pacific,—winding in and out among zigzags of the furrowed Andean brow the train carries you past many an abrupt precipice, down which you may look upon the roofs of villages far below and miles away, where ant-men and ant-llama pack trains meander here and there in seeming aimlessness among the rocky defiles or from section to section of the curiously partitioned valley floors. Thus you have a bird's-eye view of the inter-montane map of Peru, which is scarcely changed in the lower and warmer valleys since the days of the Incas, who divided their fields by high mud walls and tilled after the intensive farming methods taught in a modern agricultural college.

At Chicla, at twelve and a half thousand feet, the gardens are all past, the treeless rocky steeps extend forward and upward interminably, and by this point those who are affected unpleasantly by the rarefied atmosphere begin to suffer from the trying mountain sickness known as *soroche*. I felt no discomfort beyond a slight giddiness on these heights, and feel sure no traveler need hesitate to take this marvelous ride, if his heart and lungs are sound and he simply refrains from strenuous exercise and eats with discretion while among the mountains. I discovered also that the use of a good germicide, sprayed into the air of the coach, readily relieved many of the tortured ones.

Upon these bleak heights I saw thousands

of llamas grazing like sheep in a rocky pasture, gnawing away at the scraps of insignificant verdure that spring out of clefts and nooks among the crags. They are the most absurd looking animals in the world, with their long, ostrich-like necks, and their woolly backs and slender legs. They live like camels, on the most abbreviated diet, drink only when they have the opportunity, never complain of their lot, which includes nearly all the burden-carrying of the Andes, never lose their manner of timorous disdain for the noisy human creatures that harness them without asking anybody's permission, or their quaint dignity under every kind of circumstance. Their Indian owners love them, even when, as drivers for the mines, they urge them to undertake sometimes a heavier load than any llama would condescend to bear. For does not every llama know that one hundred pounds is enough to the last straw? Llamas carry much of the silver and copper ore of the Casapalca and Cerro de Pasco mines to the smelting sheds. Pack-trains of these animals bobbing slowly along like a camel caravan over an African desert, are seen again and again in Peru and Bolivia, carrying produce, new fabrics, wool and various other wares to and from the markets.

\* \* \*

High up above Casapalca we went, whose chimneys, at thirteen thousand six hundred feet, looked like pins stuck into the carpet of the valley below, as we looked back on them from the windows at the next thousand feet. Then up and up to fifteen thousand feet, then six hundred more and the train stopped at Ticlio, the highest railway station in the world, 15,670 feet above sea level, a well-equipped station on a full gauge railway. There are private railways to mines that run higher. We alighted there to stand awe-struck for a time upon the very roof of the Andean range, cold, bitter cold, gale-swept, and not a glowing stove or register anywhere in the train or out of it, for South American trains, like South American houses and hotels, are still waiting for some enterprising Yankee to come down and show them how to keep comfortable without the aid of a dismal oil-stove or a much-per-

forated poncho. Down in the valley, somewhere quite out of sight, might have nestled Vesuvius or Ben Lomond, while barely a hundred and thirty-six feet higher might have towered the aspiring peak of Mont Blanc, elbow to elbow, for all its fame in another part of the world.

From Ticlio the railroad extends to

station agent's pleasant office. We would think this attention rather remarkable in Europe or North America.

Mr. J. H. Feehan, general manager of the railway, gave me every facility for viewing the marvellous scenery coming back towards Lima. From Ticlio a hand-car goes ahead of every train to look for



RAILROAD SCENE IN CUZCO VALLEY  
Showing ancient terraces of the Incas far up the hills

Huancayo, just beyond Oroya, about three thousand five hundred feet lower altitude, and is ere long to extend all the way to Cuzco, three hundred miles further,—the route is now being surveyed by American engineers. I stopped at Oroya, and by the courtesy of the railway officials slept in the railway station, where they brought me a comfortable bed from the neighboring hotel and arranged it in the

obstacles and warn against accidents. Through the kindness of Mr. Feehan and his assistant, Mr. Holstein, both Americans, I was enabled to ride upon this hand-car, in company with a Mr. Ellis of New Jersey, the road-master. The ride was the most thrilling I ever took in my life. There never was and there never can be another railway such as this. We whirled through the tunnels, across the fathomless

chasms, around the aerial turns and corners of the road, until my imagination fairly reeled. We looked down into abysses five thousand feet below us, and then up into the yellow sunshine and on to the great white crowns of the Andes, where

cans are the best railroad managers of the globe. Accordingly, they have in charge of this railway Mr. J. H. Feehan and his assistant, Mr. Holstein. Mr. Feehan came to the road in 1908, with a long record of past success in railroading in the United



RIVER ACONCAGUA ON THE TRANSANDINE RAILWAY

the condor divides his empire with the sun and even the lightning wearies and subsides.

But majestic scenery will not make a railroad pay. This railway cost enormous sums, and for a long time was a losing property; now, however, the entire system of railways in Peru is in the hands of an English company called the Peruvian Corporation. This corporation has assumed the entire indebtedness of the Peruvian government, two hundred and fifty million dollars, taking as collateral the railways and the guano fields of the country. But these shrewd Englishmen have found that it is one thing to own a railway and another thing to make it pay. They have discovered also what has long been suspected by the world, that Ameri-

States and Mexico, and now this Central Railway of Peru pays a net profit of two million dollars a year.

I returned to Lima, then took the English steamer at Callao, which is the port of Lima, to Mollendo, two days' sailing south. There are two fine lines of steamers running from Panama to Valparaiso. These are the Pacific Steamship Navigation Company and the Chilean line, called The Compania Sud Americana de Vapores. Your ticket reads by either of these lines. For example, I sailed by the Chilean line on the well-equipped steamer, the *Aysen*, to Callao; then I stopped over a week at Lima and took the English steamer on the same ticket to Mollendo. The steamship *Orissa* is a first-class traveling vessel with all the comforts one would get on a trans-

atlantic steamer. I stayed two weeks upon the tablelands of Peru and Bolivia and then sailed on a third vessel from Mollendo to Valparaiso, on the same ticket. I mention this for the benefit of travelers who may be booking through from New York to Valparaiso, for I think it is a splendid arrangement.

From Mollendo we travel on the Southern Railways of Peru to Arequipa, Cuzco, Lake Titicaca and La Paz. This system extends from the port of Mollendo to Puno on Lake Titicaca, whence a connection is made by the steamers of the Peruvian Corporation with the Guaqui to La Paz Railway, which, as its name implies, links

with their celestial mission to the scattered and miserable beings who originally occupied this country. Hence the ruins on mainland and islands in this region, of the great temples to the Sun and of palaces and cities constructed by those devoted Incas. It was at Cuzco that the wedge of gold that the children of the Sun bore sank miraculously into the earth, denoting that here they had reached the spot which was to be the centre of their future work and the foundation of their ruling city. Here, therefore, grew up the mighty city with its magnificent golden temple, spacious dwellings of the Inca nobility, abounding throughout with evidences of



SHOWING RACK AND PINION ON ARICA LA PAZ RAILROAD

the lake port town with the Bolivian capital. The visitor to Peru should consider this trip as an indispensable item of his itinerary, covering as it does the most historical ground in the whole of South America. It was from Lake Titicaca, according to ancient tradition, that there came the first children of the Sun, charged

supreme wealth and luxury and splendor,—the metropolis and wonder-city of Peru until the rude foot of the invader stepped ashore from a Spanish caravel, far down on the Pacific slope. Soon after that day the glory of Cuzco departed forever. But its brave old foundations remain, and fragments of its history appeal to you from



EXTERIOR OF CHURCH AT, COPOCABANA ON LAKE TITICACA

every street and corner. Its relics stand with those of Egypt as marvels in stone that no modern skill could excel.

Steamers usually arrive at Mollendo at an early morning hour, so that one has time to eat a leisurely breakfast at the Hotel Ferrocarril, after strolling about the town a little, before train time. I found that baggage was looked out for better than in most European places of transfer.

The first stage of my journey ended at Arequipa, another of the old Inca cities, but now much more modern than sleepy, dreamy Cuzco. On the route thither I noted the conformation of sand dunes, which make the desert region of Peru famous and interesting. These dunes stretch miles upon either side of the track. They are of crescent shape and move regularly forward in the direction of the horns of their crescents at the rate of about one hundred feet a year. Water for the trains must be transported at considerable trouble daily over this moistureless tract, a hundred miles and more, to great tanks, these being for the traveler of observing mind one of the marvels of the road. Here, as farther north, the Andean heights rise in terrace upon terrace,

each mounting abruptly out of the preceding level and each in turn seeming more sterile than the other. Now and then appears a small oasis of verdure, where some mountain stream or an old Inca irrigation trough brings water to the parched soil. At such points there is sure to be a group of haciendas or a busy hamlet, perhaps of Indians, perhaps of half-Indian, half-Spanish farmers and herdsmen. There are so few gardens, however, between Mollendo and Arequipa that one wonders where the hamlets gather enough vegetable food. Arequipa lies in a lovely valley in a hollow of the mountains, seven thousand six hundred feet above sea level, with Pichupichu and Chachani on either side and the fire-mountain, El Misti, looming protectingly between. This latter is the highest peak in the world that may be scaled on mule-back. It is a volcano not yet entirely extinct, but crowned almost constantly by mists that rise out of its lofty crater, whence its title.

The city is one worth going far to visit. It has a climate of perpetual comfort, fine buildings, electricity, the ways of modern city life combined picturesquely with that of Spanish grandees, scholarship, educa-



tion, amusement,—all set in a landscape of remarkable charm. Harvard Observatory has its important sister station there, too, where in the clear atmosphere much valuable data are recorded and photographs made of the southern celestial hemisphere.

The train mounts a few hours after leaving Arequipa to the highest point reached by this railway, 14,666 feet altitude, at Crucero Alto; thence to descend through a picturesque country dotted with herds of wild vicuna, as well as countless numbers of sheep, llamas and alpacas, whose wool is one of the important exports of Peru. A night stop is made at Juliaca, the junction whence the road branches north and south. The northern branch crosses the plateau to the foot of the glaciers at La Raya, 14,440 feet, then descends to Sicuani, runs parallel with the Vilcanota River along a beautiful valley which shows many of the ancient Inca terraces still under cultivation, and thus on to Cuzco, its terminus. The southern line runs to Puno on Lake Titicaca through a wildly grand and awe-inspiring region of serrated peaks and tumbled, overhanging crags. Titicaca is the highest navigable lake in the world, as most persons know. Four thousand square miles of deep blue

water, in which the snowy mountains are reflected, where many islands lie like painted caravels in a painted sea, and where the natives ply hither and yon in strange reed-fashioned boats called balsas, exactly like those that Pizarro and his conquering companions saw,—such is Titicaca, 12,450 feet above the sea, with a modern steamboat creaking and groaning its throbbing way all night long to hasten inquisitive man amid those enchanted scenes and historic ruins to his destination at Guaqui on the Bolivian shore, where he may take the morning train and hurry over the steel rails to La Paz, sixty miles hence, in time for his dinner.

Besides the fame of being the highest city in the world, at 12,600 feet, La Paz also furnishes the most startling surprise in the manner of its welcome,—for you are landed at a railway station perched on the side of a mountain that towers precipitously above the platform and not a dwelling seems to be in the vicinity; but walk to the edge of the platform and look over—there is the city almost a thousand feet below, in the bottom of a little vale, and you must go down thither on a cog-wheel electric railroad built by an American engineer. Thus, descending fifteen hun-



EL MISTI WITH HARVARD OBSERVATORY IN THE FOREGROUND



TYPE OF CUZCO, PERU

Same people as those ruled by the Incas

dred feet, you reach a fine station among the red-tiled shops and houses, and walk out upon electrically lighted streets, whose citizens wear the most gaily colored clothing in the world. When you see the laundry spread out upon the hillsides each wash-day, it looks like a field of poppies in the month of June.

Mr. Blaisdell, the American manager of these Southern Railways, courteously placed at my disposal every facility for seeing this remarkable railway system in a journalistic way. He was extremely interested in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, as was the case with nearly all the people that

I met in South America, who admired the editorial policy of a magazine which sent a representative to these seldom visited countries.

From La Paz to Antofagasta, seven hundred and fifty miles, runs a railway along the cold and barren deserts of Bolivia and northern Chile. It is a two days' ride with very little to interest the traveler and very much to wear upon his nerves. A new railway has just been opened by the Chilean government from La Paz to Arica, two hundred and fifty miles, which is a very much more picturesque and comfortable way of reaching the coast. They were just beginning to operate it when I was there, but unfortunately it was not in operation during the week that I travelled to the coast.

One of the greatest railways of South America is the Transandino Railway, from Valparaiso to Buenos Aires, twelve hundred miles. The most important engineering work, that which lies be-

tween Los Andes and Mendoza, was constructed by American engineers. The railways of the Argentine are in the hands of Englishmen, but South America is fast becoming gridironed with steel highways like the great progressive countries of Europe and the United States, and the English, shrewd financiers that they are, looked fifty years ago into the wonderful future of this noble continent and planned for themselves magnificent fortunes, to be derived while opening the Latin-American lands to the world and helping the Latin-American peoples to further their respective fortunes. So, since the midway mark

of the last century, when they built their first line in British Guiana, they have financed line after line of the shining rails, until they have more than two billion dollars' worth of railway property in South America, netting them yearly a fine interest. The Germans have been industrious seconds in railroad construction, patterning according to English leadership. They own most of the roads in Brazil, which are among the best constructed in the world. They also own the subways of Buenos Aires, just opened to traffic, and the short subway and the fine aerial lines of Rio, as previously remarked in this article. Excellent railways lead from Rio into the interior. From Santos to Sao Paulo the lines connect the coffee fields with Rio and the coast. Brazilian railroads are in progress from Bahia harbor inland, and now new lines are threading the swamp lands of Amazonia to the rubber and cocoa lands.

In the Argentine, long lines extend over

the broad plains, almost as intricately as they veined our own great West some twenty years ago, uniting far-off Patagonia as well as the Bolivian border with Buenos Aires, a run of less than thirty-six hours. Ten years hence the railways of the Argentine will be as complicated and far more scientific and satisfactory than our own are today. There will be five trans-continental lines in South America then.

In all my rides over South American railways one fact was most discernible and impressive,—that while the English and Germans are eager to finance these lines, they usually turn to American ingenuity and skill to lay out and operate the roads. Yankee pluck and quickness are gaining prizes everywhere in South America. The Americans are just beginning to see South America through the telescope of the Panama Canal. They will not stop until they have a line of steel from Patagonia to New York.

## BOSTON

By NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

THE ocean dutifully to thy hills  
 Pays tribute of his homage, like a God  
 Whom aspect of a mortal maiden thrills  
 As forth she fares upon the daisied sod.  
 Fair flowing rivers throw their arms around  
 Thy beauty as if chosen to secure  
 The Maiden of their vision violet-crowned  
 Whose charms might be to gods and men a lure.  
 Yea verily, thou art a virgin Queen  
 Firm-throned forever on thy gracious heights serene!

Ever more beautiful and fair thou'lt grow  
 As ripening years bring fuller, richer powers.  
 Devoted lovers will their gifts bestow;  
 Thy poets twine thee Song's enduring flowers.  
 Thou shalt exalt thy head with modest pride  
 Conscious how well thou art by all adored,  
 How sweet thy gracious scepter reigning wide,  
 How keen thy intellect's far-piercing sword!  
 Beloved of God, by birth stern Puritan,  
 Now, open-minded guardian of the rights of Man!

# The Little Brown Brother

by Hon. J. Sloat Fassett

(Former Congressman from New York)

NO American can visit the Philippines today without becoming proud of the work his countrymen have done and are doing there. No other country has ever brought another land and race under colonial administration and given them such a measure of freedom of action and practical education in civilization and self-government. It is forever too late to talk about abandoning these islands. It was too late twenty-four hours after Admiral George Dewey took possession of Manila. At this time, to withdraw under any pretence, even the transparent one of a desire to bestow upon the Filipinos complete self-government, would be not so much a mistake as a crime. Too late we should see that we had been party to an historical tragedy, the deep shadow of which would forever darken the stars and stripes.

Self-government by a people is of course the ideal. We have been struggling toward it ourselves for generations. Our ancestors blazed the way centuries ago. Yet there are those who express doubts occasionally if even we are adequately ready for successful self-government. Some current events might, to a visitor from Mars, seem to justify such an opinion. Millions of Filipinos have as yet had very little preparation for the arduous and complicated duties of popular government. For three hundred and fifty years he enjoyed nothing better by way of experience than the wretched misrule of Spain. Previous to these years, his experience through the ages was that of one unbroken savagery. There was no written language, no uniform speech, no national organization, no common religion, no general intercommunication. There were numerous dialects, numerous tribes, varying superstitions and the isolation resulting from such diversities. Spain did something to bring the islands under one dominion, but she did not do very much in all her three

and a half centuries of rule to bring the islanders to a national consciousness. Less than seven per cent of them could speak Spanish and despite the schools, maintained by the friars, not over one person in two thousand could, without a violent stretch of imagination, be called educated. There were a limited number of Spaniards and Filipinos and half-bloods who were highly cultivated and charming people of most fascinating manners, who constituted the ruling classes, and they ruled with a rod of iron. Of the eight million of islanders, seven million became nominal Christians. The other million were and yet are Moros and savages, roughly speaking, seven hundred and fifty thousand Moros and two hundred and fifty thousand head hunters and savages. There were no railroads and no good roads in the islands. Sanitation, if not wholly unknown, was wholly unpractised, and contagious and infectious diseases swept away thousands annually. There was continuous warfare with the Moros and frequent conflicts between tribes. This was the situation when Aguinaldo formed his short-lived government. The history of his attempt has never been fully written. It was compiled at one time from the official records, captured by the army, but this history was never published owing to the startling nature of its revelations. In view of the insistence by certain aggressive and very able half-blood politicians of the fitness of the Filipinos for self-rule, and of the fact that it is more than likely that those who were the leaders of the Aguinaldo government would again come into control, it is to be regretted that Mr. Taft discouraged this publication.

Now come a few, but powerful, men to agitate for and demand "independencia." The appeal for independence strikes a responsive chord in every normal human heart, and particularly in American hearts.

When the islands are fitted for independence, they should be given independence. To think that in fourteen years this eight millions of people, with such an historical experience, is now ready for self-rule is to ignore the facts of human nature and the teachings of all human experience. We have promised them independence *when prepared*. We should, in all fairness and in a broad spirit, keep that promise, but we should firmly refuse even to discuss independence with them for fifty years. The experiences of Mexico, Cuba, Hayti, Santo Domingo, nay, our own experience with the negro should warn us that willingness to be independent is a far different thing from preparedness for independence.

But to get back to what our people have done and are doing out there. I have said that no equally as good colonial work had ever before been done by any nation. That is a strong statement, but I challenge the record. We have been in power for fourteen years. Two of these were absorbed in war. Except among the Moros, peace reigns. The Filipinos exercise a greater part in selecting their office-holders and making their own laws than they dared dream of twelve years ago. In fact, if we have made any mistake, it has been in going too rapidly in giving them power before they had any adequate conception of the proper functions of government. Six hundred thousand school children are on the rolls, with a daily attendance of half a million. School-houses are model buildings and are being erected rapidly throughout all the islands. There should be a million children in daily attendance and there will be before the work is completed. All these children receive not only instructions in academic studies but in manual training and industrial arts. Too much praise cannot be given to the genius and the courage of Hon. Newton W. Gilbert in insisting upon introducing training in cottage industries, agriculture, carpentry, blacksmithing, cabinet work, silk culture, weaving, braiding, lace making, sandal making, wood carving, basketry, and in fact in most of the useful handicrafts. Few things are more interesting than a visit to the industrial classes and an inspection of the

work and the workers. This instruction has been going on with increasing interest and success for four years. It is too soon to measure accurately its splendid results, but no better educational work could be designed. England has discovered very tardily the error of the exclusively academic instruction in India, and here in America we are just waking up to the fact that youth and childhood should be instructed in something more than the three "R's" and a smattering of science and history. The hands and the body need training and the dignity, nobility and value of labor needs teaching, as well as the brain and the dignity of scholarship.

All this instruction is in English and already fully as many natives understand and speak English as spoke Spanish after three hundred and fifty years. Dean C. Worcester has coaxed the Igorotes into school with American games and almost stopped head hunting. He has literally coaxed the Bakidnans down out of the tree tops to erect and dwell in model villages and to adopt civilized methods of life. Not to make insidious comparisons, these two men, Gilbert and Worcester, splendidly illustrate the American Colonial spirit, which is distinctly a *missionary* spirit, as over against the English Colonial spirit, which is distinctly *commercial*. Two systems of railroads have been constructed which give good service and greatly assist the development of the islands. Improved steamship service among the islands and between the islands and Asia, Europe and America has been established, and inter-island and foreign trade is growing by leaps and bounds. Sanitation along the best lines has been practiced with almost magical results. Under the direction of Dr. Heizer, this work has made Manila an exceptionally healthy city and one of the finest and best equipped hospitals in the world, in fact the best between San Francisco and Paris, is in operation there. Nearly three thousand miles of excellent roads, one-half of which are fine macadam, have been constructed, to the great benefit of communication and transportation.

Mr. Green, as superintendent of public works, deserves the highest praise for his



work. History will be searched in vain for a parallel to the unselfish devotion and integrity of the entire body of American officials in the Philippines. There is a noble spirit of disinterested endeavor in all departments to help the islanders to a better way of living and thinking. They are being taught to help themselves. It is not an easy task. It requires firmness, patience, sympathy and tact. Our work is to be judged by its average and not by individual instances. We have to meet, at every step, not only the inertia of a tropical race, but the sullen resistance of the suspicious ignorance of a repressed people who have never known anything approaching an altruistic government, and who, through the habit of centuries, are accustomed to regard with complacency, if not with approval, graft, peonage, slavery, cruelty, unsanitary conditions and many social delinquencies not approved by us.

Dean C. Worcester has recently pointed out the persistence of peonage and slavery. He might have gone further and given instances in social and political life of conduct which to us seems abhorrent, but which does not shock a people so little removed from an unhappy past. We do not need, however, to be discouraged. The heaven is working. The dawn is brightening. But it will be two or three generations before we can hope for such a harmony of speech, customs, ideals and purposes, such means of forming and expressing public opinion, such a sane conception of human rights and the method of enforcing them as to justify turning the islands adrift to take care of themselves. They are only just in the beginning of a new life. To scuttle now would be to abandon these millions to a condition worse than that from which we rescued them. We have given thousands of our American youths in battle and in sickness and millions of money in war and in peace, and the devoted labors of a host of teachers, physicians and officials for a dozen years, and we owe it to these and to the millions of Filipinos who are not yet

prepared, and to the world at large, to go on with our duty, which fate so singularly put upon us, until it is fulfilled.

If all this clamor about immediate independence could be stopped and a definite assurance given that it would not be considered for one or, far better, two generations, the work of the new Governor General would be made far easier and the people of the islands be greatly blessed.

There is an impression abroad that the Philippines are costing us great sums. The fact is that the United States Government no longer pays a cent to the islands. Not one cent. The islands support themselves wholly. The United States maintains a part of its army and navy there, which it would certainly have to maintain somewhere soon if the islands were abandoned.

I have said nothing about the marvelous beauty and potential wealth of the Philippines nor of the limitless possibilities of their industrial and agricultural future, nor of their tactical importance commercially and politically, for these are matters of material selfishness. We can afford to lose all these, but we cannot afford to lose the respect of all the world and our own self-respect by abandoning a task so well begun, but only begun.

The Filipinos need, for many a year, the continuous pressure of a stronger race, the continuous insistence of a more virile and a more experienced race, the sympathetic instruction of a wiser race to set them on their feet. They are in the infancy of development now. Like a child, some of them are fretful under restraint, but the child is full of promise. When they are arrived at manhood, we should be as wrong to keep them against their will as we should be now to let them go. The Philippines need and deserve our best thought and best work. They are too important to be a football of politics and a plaything for adventurers. We are responsible to them and to our good name and to God for the present and the future of these millions of dusky brethren and their children's children.

# COLOMBIA and The Panama Canal

by  
*Marcos J. Trazivuk*

**N**INETY millions of people in the United States expect Uncle Sam, in the near future, to open the Panama Canal, a monumental work which will stand unrivaled for ages, and will give glory to the American people as the builders and owners of this stupendous waterway which will unite the two oceans.

Today we feel proud of our position as the most powerful nation on the American continent, but when the Panama Canal is in full operation, our political and commercial prestige should make the United States the greatest nation of the world. With the opening of the Panama Canal, it is expected that the United States will come into much closer and more friendly relations with the South American Republics, and if this proves to be the case, the United States, with the aid and support of the ten South American Republics, should become not only the leader of American but of world-wide enterprise.

The details of how we became the masters of the Panama Canal are too many to repeat here; suffice it to say that after the Spanish-American War, we decided to build a canal somewhere across the Isthmus, that we are now building it, are going to finish it, and what is more, expect to hold it as long as there remains a drop of water in the Pacific and Atlantic oceans.

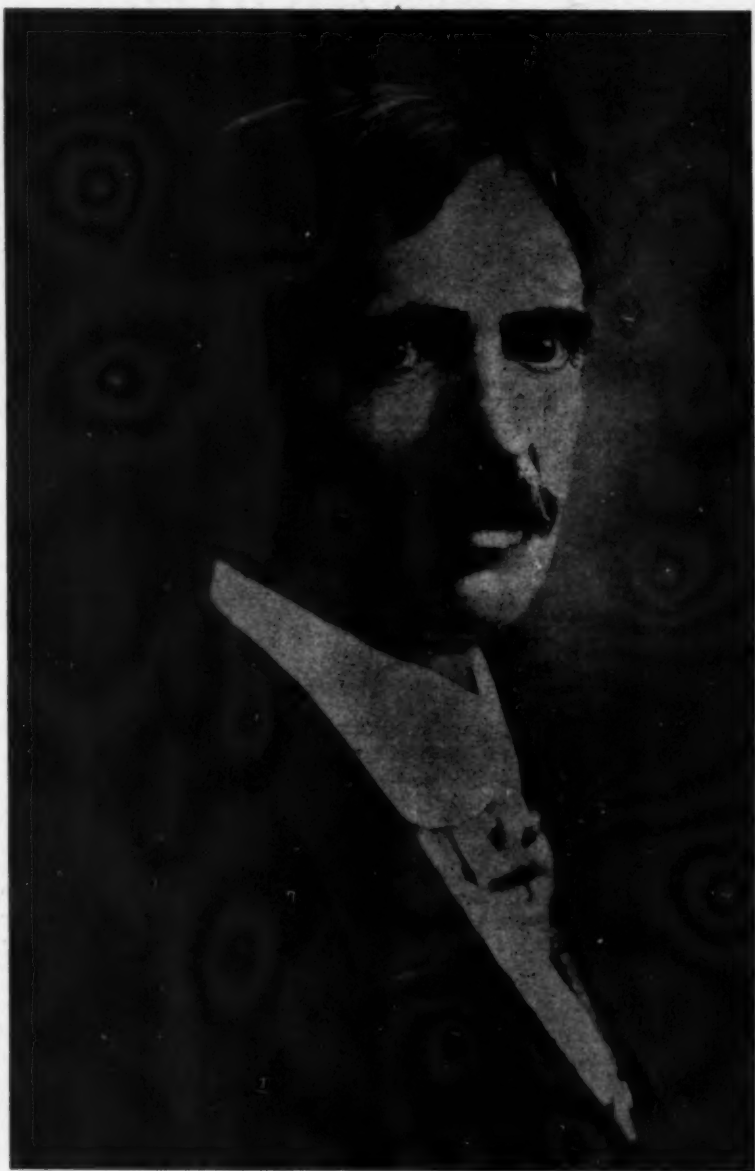
Unfortunately, however, we have never been able to take determined steps to settle our differences with the Republic of Colombia, which, previous to our occupancy, had been the sole owner for seventy-three years of that strip of land known as the Canal Zone, where the stars and stripes are flying today.

Ten years have passed and, as this question has never been decided, we cannot

say whether we are right or wrong, but the time has come when we must either forget once and forever this transcendental question or must in some way demonstrate to a weaker nation our equity and sincerity toward them and toward the Latin American race as a great and glorious United States, the protector and defender of our South American brothers.

There are, including the United States, twenty-one republics on the American continent. The other twenty, all Latin American republics, became independent, following the example and traditions of the United States. They imitated us in every possible way, they followed our example and, until a few years ago, we served them as a model to build up and organize their nations, when suddenly an imperialistic policy practised toward them, as they thought, caused hatred and indignation against our nation.

For several years we have certainly tried very hard to prove our good will toward the Latin American countries, yet this has had but slight effect. The Latin Americans say that we cannot be trusted, since we directly violated article 35 of our treaty with Colombia, of 1846. To promote peace and to strengthen our friendship, we have founded the Pan-American Union, we have organized several other societies and institutions in our country, we have sent the Latin American people some of our most distinguished diplomats, we have introduced the Spanish language into our public schools, and we also have tried in several other ways to prove our equity toward them; but above everything, we have devoted most of our time toward the expansion and increase of our commerce and enterprises in those countries in which



HON. ISAAC A. MANNING

The American consul at Barranquilla, Colombia, one of the most popular United States consuls in Latin America

we are gaining many valuable enterprises and connections; but withal, from the Latin American point of view, they say that we would rather have a dollar than closer and more friendly relations.

In the matter of the claims of the Republic of Colombia against the United States, we have against us, beyond any doubt whatever, at least eighteen of the Latin American republics, notwithstanding our friendly relations with most of them, and since we became the owners of the Panama Canal we have ceased to be a model to our Southern neighbors, as today they distrust our sincerity and admire our progress with indifference.

Generally speaking, the United States is disliked today through some of the Latin American countries more than ever before, and particularly since we acquired the Panama Canal. To corroborate this statement, let us read the Latin American Press and consult our Ministers and Consuls in those countries, and lastly, ask the forty thousand Latin Americans living in New York City whether the anti-American feeling did not begin in South America when we became in possession of the Panama Canal. And although we have been able to prove before the greatest nations on the earth that we acquired the Panama Canal in a most honorable way, it must not be forgotten that we still have a great responsibility in the face of this distrust of the Latin American people.

It is not a question of what Colombia is asking from the United States or what Colombians expect in settlement for the Panama Canal, but what the United States, as a wiser and more intelligent nation, will do under the most favorable conditions for both countries.

During my recent visit to Bogota, Colombia, I interviewed many people of the highest and middle classes, but it seemed to me that the majority had many and diverse opinions as to how this most vital question to every Colombian ought to be settled, by the two republics. It must be remembered that Colombia has suffered more than any other South American country through her self-centered and ambitious politicians, who have contributed a great deal to the present state of affairs and to the rejection of the

Hay-Herran treaty by the Colombian Congress in 1903, which resulted in the separation of the Department of Panama as a free and independent republic, following immediately on the acquisition by the United States of the Isthmian Canal.

The opinion, however, of the better class of Colombians and those in power today in regard to their claims against the United States in connection with the Panama Canal, is not by any means as stated by some people, who have termed such a claim "a blackmailing scheme." To comprehend this, it is necessary to go to Bogota, the Colombian Capital, and associate with Colombians in a friendly way, as I did during my recent visit to Bogota. Never have I met a nobler body of men than the general staff of the Colombian Army. The snapshot reproduced in these pages shows, to my right and to my left, respectively, General A. Arzayus, chief of staff, and General Paulo Emilio Escobar, two of the youngest and most distinguished officers in the Colombian Army.

Although Colombians may feel aggrieved by the action of the United States government, yet they have no enmity against American citizens who visit their country. Americans are most welcome in Colombia, as is shown by the fact that at the present time there are in Colombia nearly forty millions of dollars of American capital invested, managed and controlled by Americans.

Since Carlos E. Restrepo became the President of Colombia, his country is liberal and progressive, and a new era of liberty and law has begun in Colombia. President Restrepo is an upright and liberty-loving citizen, whose principles could well be compared with those of our greatest presidents. Probably Restrepo is doing more for Colombia today than any other man since the time of Bolivar. His term will expire in August, 1914, and according to the Colombian constitution, he cannot be elected for the second consecutive term. Notwithstanding his many excellences as a man whose name ought to be printed with gold letters in the history of Colombian presidents, he is not popular with the public in general, merely on account of political reasons. But the best elements of Colombian



THE GENERAL STAFF OF THE COLOMBIAN ARMY

A snapshot showing some of Colombia's gallant soldiers. Mr. Trasiyuk is in the center; to his right is General A. Argayus, chief of staff; to his left is General Paulo Emilio Escobar

society and those who are working for the progress and prosperity of their nation realize the value of President Restrepo and are only eager to see him settle the existing claim against the United States before the expiration of his term, and especially before the official opening of the Panama Canal, which is being built in the interest of all the world, but above everything, for the interest of the American people, our flag and our navy. What a pity it would be to say when the canal is officially opened, that only a few hours from that site on which we have invested hundreds of millions of dollars, we have one of the most bitter enemies of the United States. The question to be asked is: Can we afford to have at the very door of the Panama Canal a nation which today feels bitterly toward the United States, and which tomorrow may become our formidable South American enemy?

Sooner or later, the Panama Canal is bound to give to the United States new perils as well as new privileges. The evidence is that we are already fortifying the Pacific and Atlantic entrances. Moreover, only a short time ago our Congress was busy passing a resolution denouncing any power which would acquire any bay in lower California or elsewhere in the vicinity of the Panama Canal. Further steps are being taken by the British

Government to establish at Kingston, Jamaica, one of the most formidable naval stations under the British flag, to say nothing about German commercial enterprises in the Gulf of Darien, a short distance from the Panama Canal, on Colombian territory. In this connection it is public gossip in Colombia that Wilhelm von Hohenzollern is financially interested in a certain German corporation operating in that section. Let us suppose that the Panama Canal is attacked by some power on the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean. Colombia, which is only a short distance from the Canal, could become a base of operations, her ports in the Atlantic and Pacific could be utilized by the enemy's fleet, to the great disadvantage of the United States. The Atrato River, which is navigable for more than one hundred miles by river steamers, and through which during the rainy season it is practically possible to pass clear through with a small craft from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, could also be used in transporting the enemy's troops.

At the time of my visit to Bogota, the Colombian capital, I became a close friend of Mr. Manrique, the editor of "Gazeta Republicana," the leading daily, and upon request, he submitted to me the following statement, which may be considered as a public point of view:



"The Panama question, as far as the positive rights of Colombia are concerned, has been the most important problem considered by Colombian statesmen, the press and private citizens. The question has been incessantly discussed, but owing to circumstances easily explained, it has been impossible to find the right way for the definite solution of the problem.

"Immediately after the Panama occurrence, the problem was considered from the point of view of National dignity, without considering outside circumstances and without admitting anything but an absolute revindication of our rights. Afterwards the interests created and the necessity of a definite solution have modified the opinions of many to a belief that something should be agreed upon that would harmonize our needs and our rights, and the conditions of modern life. It could not be otherwise, because it is impossible to delay indefinitely the uncertain situation in which we find ourselves, in order to obtain the definite revindication sought at first, since our economic interests are at stake, as well as our participation in the development which the opening of the canal will necessarily bring about in the South American countries. The present condition of the national spirit is propitious to a settlement that will reconcile our rights with our interests, and it is to be hoped that, if the United States shows an equitable spirit towards us, there will be no longer any diplomatic delays and that we shall soon see the end of the present contention, and then

our relations with the United States and its immense interests will help us to develop our great natural riches.

From the statement of Mr. Manrique, and from my investigation at Bogota, it may be seen that the Colombian people are eager to come to terms with the United States, become our warm friends, and open their country and their immense natural undeveloped wealth to American capital.

I went to Colombia as a private citizen and remained there nearly three months. I was cordially received everywhere, particularly at Bogota, the charming capital whose civic life, intellectual attainments and noble families make it worthy of its distinctive title, "the Athens of South America."



HON. LELAND B. HARRISON

The brilliant young charge d' affaires of the United States at Colombia

# The Real Glory of Gettysburg

by  
The Editor

(Lincoln's immortal words fifty years ago—a prophecy fulfilled)  
in the great reunion of the Blue and Gray on the battlefield)

*"For these shall not have died in vain."*

MEMORIES of desperate fighting, courage, endurance and devotion—a peaceful and blooming valley suddenly transformed into a very inferno of lethal lightnings, ceaseless thunderings and murky warclouds, under which one hundred and fifty thousand men, the flower of American manhood, battled like demons, suffered like martyrs, and died or conquered like heroes, hallowed the Vale of Gettysburg in the eyes and hearts of between forty and fifty thousand veterans of the Blue and the Gray as they met after fifty years.

The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of this battle was an event without a parallel in history, this meeting and mutual esteem of thousands of aged soldiers who had last flung themselves at each other's throats in the most desperate and decisive battle of the great Civil War. Now softened and mellowed by the lapse of half a century, a growing respect for each other's courage and devotion to their chosen cause, and in many cases a conviction, however unwelcome, that the fates had decided happily for the world and the republic—the very champions who survived that epochal conflict met in peace and amity on the battlefield hallowed and consecrated by so many proud and yet sorrowful memories. They came, not merely to the celebration of a great event;

threescore years and ten had brought to most of them the unmistakable signs of advancing age, and tamed the hot blood which in the past had impelled to immeasurable enmities. Brave and noble men and women had long ago spoken and done great things for mutual honor, esteem and sympathy; and under the ancient banner of the stars, Northron and Southron, youth and veteran had fought and conquered and died together for a common country and the flag of their fathers. It was a pilgrimage to the scene of the greatest trial of their soldier lives; a gathering of the veterans from Maine to Texas, to a reconsecration on an altar of Peace, hallowed by the heart's blood of the very demigods of the American Valhalla.

Only a few years ago it would have been impossible to have brought so many together, but the men who did the fighting have always been the largest-hearted and most generous after the war drums have beaten the summons to a truce, and what great political leaders could not have compassed was willingly granted when old foes asked for one more meeting at Gettysburg.

So I, not a veteran, but the son of a veteran who suffered to the day of his death the almost mortal wound received in Grant's fatal assault on Pemberton's lines at Vicksburg, joined the great pil-

grimage, and found myself in a stream of Gettysburg-bound veterans which, fed by continual dribbles and joined by other streams, grew into a very Mississippi of crowded cars and over-plentiful excursion trains.

Joining them at New York, I saw the veterans atop the automobile omnibuses that transferred them to the stations, each man carrying his modern "kit," chiefly moderate in size, and simple in its little provision of clothing and toilet requisites. Some, however, had made more elaborate provision in a "strapped telescope" for the week's outing. The divergent ways and worldly success was reflected in the traveler's bag.

**H**EARTY were the greetings, not only of known comrades, but of members of other regiments who had been brigaded or in battle with their own. "How are you, Stannard's Brigade?" "This is easier going than the last time we visited Gettysburg." "In the old Sixth Corps? So was I. Shake." "You bet we were glad to see you march in behind us on the third day." "I'm glad so many of the 'Johnnie Rebs' are coming; they are all right in war or peace."

Here and there a querulous complaint was heard, but it was "dollars to doughnuts" that it wasn't a real veteran that was fussing. Their training of half a century before had taught them how little was sufficient for comfort. In the old days they did grumble in camp over the cussedness of cooks and the shortcomings of the commissary department, but it was usually with a smile, and besides there was often good reason to grumble, which, indeed, is often the private soldier's only privilege where his superior officer is at fault. Many a tale was recalled of the old commissariat. One I heard was of Corporal King of the —th Massachusetts, a good man, but suddenly grown austere and unsociable as soon as he donned the blue stripes of his promotion and emphasized by his selection as superintendent of the company commissariat. He was neither original or gifted in the art of preparing a toothsome menu, and his tent comrades "had it in" for Corporal King.

"So one day," said a genial looking vet-

eran of about threescore and ten, "a mischievous devil put it into my head to prepare a greeting for poor King, which would certainly surprise if it did not gratify him.

"Now, boys," said I, 'as soon as he comes in, I'll ask him about that rice we had for dinner. Before he can answer me, someone else must chip in, and then, quick as a flash, another must ask about the same ration. He's right here now. Don't laugh for your lives. Keep the rice flying like at a Dutch wedding.'

"The corporal came in, silent and wonder-



GOVERNOR TENER OF PENNSYLVANIA

The official host of the great reunion, who spared nothing to make the Gettysburg Celebration the event of the veterans' lives

ful in authority. "What was the matter with that rice you gave us today?"

"He was just turning upon me, when Gill said soberly, 'Yes, what did your cooks do to that rice they served out at dinner?' 'By heck,' says Big Bill, 'I don't mean to growl over my rations, but that rice—' and he sighed deeply as if there were some things that even he couldn't stomach. 'Yes, Corporal,' said our oldest and toughest man, 'What in Hades—well, he used a less classical term—'was the matter with that rice?' King,

who had never had a chance to get in a word edgewise, made his exit amid a shower of rice grains."

"We owed our commissary sergeant for a good turn," said a silver-haired New Yorker, "although he took a big risk and might have been court-martialed. We were marching up here toward the distant roar of the battle and our surgeons wouldn't draw our whiskey rations, except a small supply for the medical chests. The Sergeant S—— stopped with his wagons near a big pile of whiskey barrels, guarded

meate and fruite," canvassed hams, ingeniously shaped of tin, and big plum cakes that contained more brandy of flask than any other ingredient; the inspiring medium of certain jolly gatherings, in which there was rarely enough liquor provided to do more than drink to "The Flag," "Sweethearts and Wives," and possibly one or two more favorite toasts.

So the old days were recalled as the gallant veterans met again, fifty years later, and there was many a laugh as well as many a tear, for only too often a hearty inquiry after some comrade or officer was answered in a saddened tone with the story of his death, or of some fatal malady with which a staunch comrade was fast "wearing away to the Land o' the Leal." No tale of crime blent with these stories of our common mortality; sickness and pain, poverty and death there might be, but not dishonor.



CAPTAIN J. B. GREENHUT

One of the veterans whose name since Gettysburg days has become known throughout North and South as a leader in the business world

by some cavalymen, but he tipped the wink to two or three of our men, and got the nearest sentinel interested in some story or rumor until two full barrels were added to his supplies. When the surgeon was lamenting that he couldn't spare any of his small stock of whiskey to the exhausted men, he was too glad to be angry, and only insisted that one barrel be reserved to revive our poor wounded boys, after we had helped to drive Early's men from our northern defences and defeat Pickett's charge."

Other veterans remembered "canned

AS we rode southward in Pennsylvania, the boys recalled the torrid enervating heat of those last June days in which the vanguards of the two great armies, marching hordes of reeking, grimy, half-fainting men had met unexpectedly, where neither Lee nor Meade had planned to give battle, until Buford's cavalry and the ill-fated Reynolds had held both Jubal Early and Johnson in check until crushed by ever-increasing numbers. Howard retired behind Gettysburg and sheltered his men on Cemetery Ridge, to make it the next day a stronghold not to be relinquished, until Lee had exhausted his military skill, and the fiery valor of his best and bravest in vain assault and futile bombardment. Some told how the citizens of Gettysburg had greeted the union vanguard with flowers and hearty welcomes fifty years before, only to find that destiny had reserved for their peaceful city and valley a titanic struggle whose issue was big with the fate of the great republic, and possibly of human liberty and popular freedom throughout the world.

Arriving, train after train was switched onto terminal trackage, which hour after hour, by day and night, was kept full to its capacity, and ever disgorging or taking away the honored guests of the state and nation. As seen from Confederate Ave-

nue, the tall brown conical tents suggested some medieval or oriental leaguer, as contrasted with the snowy canvas of former days, for everything in this age of quick-firing, long-range arms of precision, seeks to find safety in unobtrusive colors and deep instead of lofty defences.

Here, there and everywhere a cloud of clean-limbed, merry Boy Scouts in neat khaki uniforms hailed the incoming veterans and directed them to their allotted tents, often relieving them of their luggage as they sought the quarters of their state and regimental delegation. Many of the tents occupied a part of the very campaign over which the occupants had seen with tense lips and bated breath the steady, splendid, unflinching but fatal advance of Pickett's gallant infantry. Some of them, though they bore themselves sturdily enough, were somewhat worn with their long journeyings, and looked a little dazed as they tried to get their bearings, and locate their allotted tents and gathering comrades.

Ere long that eventful night before, fifty years after, all were cared for, and those who came late in the day were soon cosily wrapped in their blankets and slept the deep sleep of wearied age, while a cool breeze swept down the valley from the northland on the day before the anniversary of that 1st of July, '63.

In the morning the veterans seemed as fresh as when they left home and the grassy avenues were soon worn and dusty as the throngs paraded the splendidly lighted thoroughfares, whose glaring arc lamps seemed to illumine some enchanted city or ephemeral encampment of Genghis Khan or Alaric the Visigoth. Many gathered in the dusk under the smaller reunion tent just across the track, and the old campfire stories kept going over and over and over again, and many new ones with songs and laughter broke cheer fully upon the night. There were naturally many reminiscences of the opening skirmish between Buford's cavalry and Early's advancing column, which so soon became a strenuous conflict into which Reynolds' and Howard's Corps were drawn as they came up.

"We were just dawdling along the Emmettsburg Road," said one of Rey-

nolds' men, "with our artillery in the advance, and the boys utterly indifferent to where we were going, and just admiring the farms and crops of the valley, with the harvest fields beginning to ripen, just as they are today. All at once the orders for action rang out sharply and vehemently, as if we were badly needed. Then we fixed bayonets, unfastened our cartridge boxes and tore down the fences so that we could cross over from the Emmettsburg Road to where General Reynolds was killed in the woods. Then at the close of the terrific fighting of that first day we were driven back across the college grounds and rallied at last on Cemetery Ridge."

One of Buford's cavalymen, for this "experience meeting" was largely a gathering of the Federal and Confederate cavalry, related how as the Union troopers rode through Gettysburg on the night of June 30th, "a little girl stopped my horse and said she wanted to give me a bouquet. I got down and she pinned a little purple ribbon to my coat. 'Wear that in the next fight you get into,' she said.

"We're not going to have any more battles around here," I replied.

"Oh, yes, you are," she insisted, "those hills back there are full of Johnnies."

"I wore that purple ribbon through the three days' battle. I never saw the girl afterwards, but I've kept that ribbon, and it's back home in Illinois today."

The veteran looked searchingly at six survivors of the girls who had greeted Buford's horsemen as the Attic women welcomed the victors after Salamis, with songs and flowers. Only six of all that bygone bevy of graceful forms, fair faces and eyes radiant with loyalty and admiration, sat upon the platform and sang "Rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once again," while hoarse voices joined in the chorus, and strong men, with tears in their eyes, thought of the Then and the Now. Perhaps the little girl might be among them, or at least have told of the battle-gage to some one of these survivors. But they gave no sign, and the bearded Illinoisan said simply and sadly, "I guess she's with the army above."

"The Army Above!" Who can doubt that over and about that midnight camp, so brightly illuminated that only the Cele-



tial City will exceed its radiance when "the Lord is the light thereof," there mustered a greater army of the brave and true and loving who after battle and suffering, bereavement and loss, human joys and mortal sorrows, have entered at last into that eternal peace of which this magnificent American gathering but dimly gave promise. Who could doubt that over that wonderful Peace gathering, the



LIEUTENANT COLONEL LEWIS C. BEITLER  
Who was secretary of the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg Commission, and who endeared himself to the thousands of veterans with whom he was brought in contact

wonder of all the centuries, hovered a crowd of witnesses: Meade and Lee, Longstreet and Hancock, Reynolds and Armistead, Hazlett and Barksdale, Pickett, Pettigrew and Zook, Hancock and Longstreet, Buford and Stuart, with myriads of erring but repentant fellow-mortals, who at least were capable of the supremest self-sacrifice, met in rapt adoration of

the All-Father, and at peace in their complete comprehension of His justice and over-ruling providence. For here surely, if anywhere, he had "mocked the wisdom of the wise and the valor of the brave," and through almost innumerable "accidents and happenings" on both sides, turned back the tide of invasion from the North, yet crowned Lee's retreating legions with military laurels that while the English tongue is spoken can never wither or grow old.

Here, too, the spirit of Lincoln, loved and lamented alike by a united nation, must surely have seen the fruition of "the travail of his soul and been satisfied," for if he did not fight in that fated valley, he uttered there those wise, sympathetic and inspiring words which will be the watchwords of all true friends of human liberty, as long as earth endures. Washington and Henry, Jefferson and Jackson, rugged Ethan Allen and Israel Putnam, the wolf-slayer of Pomfret, Mad Anthony Wayne, and myriads of simply brave souls who in colonial forays and revolutionary battles, on sea and land, suffered, battled or died for the land and the Flag, might well have crowded those interstellar expanses of velvety softness, and like the angels of the hills about Bethlehem, rejoiced in a new message of forgiveness and peace.

Wearied with the journey and many subsequent wanderings, including an automobile ride, divided into the three days' fight I had come from, where General Buford's gallant stand was made with his dismounted cavalry against Heth and Early, I had barely fallen asleep when a knock at my door effectually broke my repose. The visitor was a one-legged veteran who couldn't sleep until he found Room No. 70, not that he was to occupy it. "Oh, no," he replied gleefully but grimly, "I wanted to see the operating room this very night in which my missing leg had been amputated with neatness and dispatch half a century before. The doctors didn't lose much time in consultation over amputations fifty years ago, but took off legs and arms on the least provocation." I lighted up the room, which must have decidedly ghostly memories, and returned to bed, but found some difficulty in suc-

cessfully attempting to "compoge myself," as Mrs. Gamp would say. It was a gruesome overture to a three days' celebration in blistering July.

The next morning I began to realize what had been prepared for our reception and comfort by the Pennsylvania Gettysburg Commission, whose active head, Colonel Lewis E. Beitler, was here, there and everywhere, and all the time courteous and sympathetically attentive. A skilled chef from the Union League Club of Philadelphia presided over the immense kitchens, whence appetizing viands and "lashin's an' lavin's ov thim" came prompt to the hour to the plain clean tables and soldier's "tin table-ware." The white colonial pillars of the college dormitory were draped in the national colors, the green foliage of the elms and the brown tents provided for the governors of a score of states presented a tableau which under the glaring electric lights was really theatrical in its effect and beauty. Under the trees the band gave open concert with the magic march of "Aida," including many operatic selections, but it was not until they rendered a medley of old-time war songs, beginning with rollicking, care-free "Dixie" and ending with the tender chords of "Tenting Tonight" that the real charm of the music was appreciated in the witchery of a summer night. Then indeed men's hearts recognized the appeal to their dearest thoughts, beating time to the old marches, or singing softly the familiar words which brought back so many and such varied recollections. When the bugles sounded "taps" that night, Colonel Beitler chokingly announced with tears in his eyes the death of the first veterans who "passed on" at the Gettysburg encampment, dying on the field like true soldiers.

The chief square of Gettysburg with its present ten thousand population is known as the "Diamond." The erstwhile quiet streets were thronged with hundreds of thousands of visitors, each of whom had to go everywhere and see everything at the same moment and in the briefest possible time. This immense and somewhat strenuous throng of sightseers was deftly managed by the mounted Pennsylvania State Constabulary, under Major

Groome, who with their jaunty furred hats, dashing turned up at the side, showed themselves fully masters of the situation.

**A** RIDE through the camp in the early morning gave one many character sketches. Here was a veteran ready to go the rounds and see "just where I was," neat and soldierly from tasseled hat to radiantly blackened footwear. There another, hatless and shoeless, lying flat on his back on the curbstone, was reading the morning paper, and evidently didn't care whether the regular program was carried out or not, but having "the time of his life." The post-office was stormed, the telephone and telegraph booths unapproachable, for everybody wanted to get and post mail and talk with distant friends at the same moment.

In the streets souvenir cards were fired out to purchasers and by buyers into the mail boxes about as fast as cartridges exploded fifty years ago. Especially noticeable were the Confederate contingent, who were, indeed, the honored guests of the State of Pennsylvania, the national government, and in a way of the Union veterans themselves, who indeed prized nothing more than a friendly "talk over old times" with some gray-bearded "Johnnie" who had done all possible to wipe him off the face of the earth fifty years previously. A cabinet officer, a United States Senator, even the gold-laced diplomatic corps itself or President Wilson counted for little except as the recipients of formal honors. This was the day of the honored dead and the laurel-crowned living, the one day in which the humblest infantryman who lived through the inferno of that epochal battle came into his own—to honor won in the very courts of death and the gateways of hell; the crowded portals of that Valhalla into which so many gallant men had passed before him, that the Valkyrs might summon no more to the hero-feasts of Odin. And how they talked! Often in quaint provincial verbiage of the various sections from which they hailed and colloquialisms no longer known in the cities, with simplicity of phrase, not unmingled with homeopathic profanity or quite as frequently a religious cast of thought and

speech, which was not uncommon in either army during the Civil War.

Under the trees on the college campus at Gettysburg, incident after incident and life story after life story were surging in the sea of reminiscences, related at the notable semi-centennial reunion. One day just before the noon parade, I met Captain Greenhut, whose record as a soldier is one

he returned like many a young man and true patriot from the North, giving the best that was in him for his adopted country. He invested all his earnings in oranges to ship North, realizing that southern shippers had ceased to ship any more fruit to their northern correspondents. He arrived in St. Louis with a cargo, which he could have sold to profit, but took them on to



GENERAL BENNETT H. YOUNG

A gallant Confederate veteran who as a young soldier conducted the famous raid at St. Albans, Vermont

that makes the G. A. R. reunions more brilliant year by year with their stories of heroic deeds. Young Greenhut came from Australia at the age of eight, attended the public schools at Chicago, and before he was twelve had started out to earn his living in a tin shop. He worked at his trade in New Orleans and Mobile and spent his evenings reading and studying, determined to be an American citizen. Just before the war broke out with the North,

Chicago as a better market. During transit a heavy frost destroyed all the oranges and he lost all his investment, having scarcely enough money left to pay the freight. He took up his old trade and established a tin shop, but, the first day, his partner took in a \$10 counterfeit bill and that closed up the business. In the meantime Lincoln's call for volunteers had been made and young Greenhut enlisted.

At Fort Donelson, he was shot in the arm and refused to have it amputated. After a few months he rejoined the army, organizing the 82nd Regiment of Illinois Volunteers at Chicago, and was given a commission as captain of Company K. His regiment participated in many important battles and was in the thickest of the fray at Gettysburg where Captain Greenhut especially distinguished himself for bravery. He returned to Chicago after the war, and in the fire of 1871 lost practically everything, but started in business again. In 1879, he moved to Peoria, Illinois, where he was instrumental in building up the largest alcohol distillery in the world.

During the strenuous campaign of 1896, Captain Greenhut purchased a controlling interest in the Siegel-Cooper Company and later established the firm of Greenhut-Siegel-Cooper Company, consolidating the two companies. Although past seventy years of age, Captain Greenhut keeps in close touch with business, and is an enthusiastic golf player. During all the Gettysburg reunion there were few officers more endeared to their command and comrades than Captain Greenhut. The incidents of his army record were told and retold by enthusiastic and admiring comrades and members of his own company. Under the trees the old soldiers gathered together and Captain Greenhut felt that of all distinctions that came to him in life, the one that he prized most was that of being an American citizen, even if he were only an adopted one. He had done his full duty in earning that distinction, and did his part in defending the flag which all Americans love and honor today in the happy glow of their reunions, wherein rancor and hatred have passed away, leaving only the balm of comradeship and soldierly esteem to mask the scars of former strife.

IT was a pity that a corps of stenographers were not on hand to gather in the stories of individual experience, for that is about all that the average man really knows of any engagement, except what he sees of its results. Furthermore, the real fighter does not care to talk of his own deeds, except to some friend of whose

sympathy and reticence he feels assured. Among thousands of veterans whom I have met, I cannot recall half a dozen who ever claimed to have killed a man, although they would admit to have worked a destructive battery or joined in a deadly volley or headlong charge. Hand in hand the comrades of blue and gray, who knew what happened on the other side of the picket line, hostile entrenchment or insistent battle-line, straightened out mooted historical utterances and talked as they never talked before, and much of what these ancient men "talked over" at Gettysburg would have shed new light on many an accepted belief.

Appropriately enough, the choicest spot of the great encampment, near the woods on Confederate Avenue, was allotted to the eight thousand southern veterans. Near at hand was the pedestal of the great Lee monument from which the statue of the great Confederate leader will through the ages stand in enduring bronze gazing across the valley of the supreme assault. Back of their leaguer the shady coppices of Spangler's Woods offered the veterans shelter from the intense heat, and to some of their number wonderful memory-pictures of another day, fifty years ago, when, black with powder-grime and reeking with perspiration, Alexander's brawny cannoneers, stripped to the waist, ran from caisson to gun, and leapt and labored like demons, to crush with the fire of seven-score guns the federal batteries along the defences of Culp's Hill and Cemetery Ridge, until Hunt's dwindling fire and their own failing ammunition led General Alexander, Lee's chief of artillery, to notify Longstreet, in no confident terms, that the proposed assault of Pickett's Virginian infantry must move now or never. There each exhausted Confederate artilleryman had thrown himself down to rest, and wondered at the silence of the Union guns and the splendid advance of the fifteen thousand.

Panting, exhausted, and anxious but confident they watched as Pickett's Virginians, fifty-five hundred strong, led the way across the valley, supported by Pettigrew's four brigades—Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, North Carolina—upon the left and Trimble's two brigades of

North Carolina veterans and Virginia infantry, and some other troops forming line on line in the rear. How beautifully aligned were the battle-waves of gray, tipped with steel, and in very truth "terrible as an army with banners, for their battle flags, shot-torn and ragged from many a stricken field, waved jauntily above the sea of warriors, which swept billow on billow nearer and nearer to the zone of the federal artillery fire. Then, when they could no longer try to crush it, the volcanic burst of flame broke out more searching and concentrated than ever

now; even above that awful roar rang their high-pitched battle yells as again and again the awful rents were closed up and the fallen battle-flags in self-devoted hands led the lines into another vortex of canister and rifle fire, the men still mad with the lust of battle, although the long battle-wave had so wofully shortened that the rifle fire and counter charge now came from the flank as well as the front. In a flash they saw the point of that devoted phalanx pierce the hostile lines and raise their banners in splendid exultation, and then they saw streaming back to the shelter



A GROUP TAKEN ON THE SUMMIT OF LITTLE ROUND TOP

With the famous Warren Statue on the boulder in the background. This was a famous rendezvous for the veterans to have their pictures "took" with comrades, after climbing the mountains

before, running from flank to flank of the federal line, but centering each black and brazen tube on that advancing mass of gray, through whose ranks the first volleys of solid shot caromed from graze to graze and rank to rank, gleaning out many a victim; but the lines closed steadily up, and the men went on unfearing. Half way across and there was still hope, but the cruel shrapnel shells replaced the solid shot and came venomously into the charging lines, bursting into volleys of iron shards and leaden musket balls, that levelled whole squads and platoons at one discharge. They were charging at speed

of their guns the broken flotsam and jetsam of that splendid failure. Such an eye witness I found here in Mr. John A. Marshall, a grandson of the great Chief Justice Marshall, who told me much more than I can fittingly repeat about that fateful battle. Even after fifty years, his voice faltered as he told me how, after the firing had died down, filled with grief and fear, he had searched for his brother, who fell in that supreme conflict. Near Longstreet's old quarters, then a schoolhouse and now a barn, where he had received the unwelcome order for that fatal advance, Miss Longstreet, the General's



daughter and biographer, stood busied with thoughts of a mighty past.

It seemed to me that only a soldier could tell this great episode as it should be told, for a jargon of soldier-verbiage mixed up a Babel of exposition and argument in which the words "right flank," "left flank," "center," "right center," "left center," "right advanced," "left refused," "corps in the air," were not always uttered with that suavity and deliberation which conduce to exact comprehension by the unmilitary listener. Also the Confederate and the Federal did not always use the same name in speaking of a given battleground. McClellan's Antietam was known to Lee as Sharpsburg, and Bull Run was Manassas—but Gettysburg is a name dear and common to both.

And yet one heard and saw enough to feel a longing to be able to describe Gettysburg as Victor Hugo has depicted Waterloo: The failure of Longstreet on the federal left to carry Great and Little Round Top, as Napoleon's general failed to capture Hougoumont; the miscarriage of Ewell and Early when they tried to hold a part of Culp's Hill on Meade's extreme right, even as Milhaud's cuirassiers rode in vain against the British squares, and then the last splendid infantry charge, like the onset of Napoleon's "Old Guard, which dies but never surrenders." Here, also, wandering all over the field of their deathless exploits, were the survivors of these splendid episodes: old men in their shirt sleeves walking mile after mile in the blazing sun, rapt in wonderful memories, or perhaps conversing in low, measured tones with some comrade, or better still, with some ancient foe turned friend, both equally anxious to hear how it had looked to the men "on the other side." For myself with Comrade E. A. Shores, a dashing orderly fifty years since, we drove around and about, finding among other relics of the struggle the barn in which General Sickles had had his leg amputated by the light of ghostly dim lanterns, while shortly after thirteen Union generals gathered by his bedside to bid him "goodbye" and "godspeed" as he took passage in an ambulance for Washington, whither the dead hero of the first day's fighting, General John F. Reynolds, had also been

borne the night before. Here we were presented with some bullets picked up on the battlefield, and saw where others had entered the trees and been grown over by the bark, now gnarled and covered with misshapen warts.

IT was a wonderful peace jubilee; so must the brave and just meet in that other life where we shall at last see each other indeed "face to face." Everyone was a comrade at Gettysburg, men met with a smile and a kindly greeting. Here was I, "fair, fat and forty" or thereabouts, the son of a Union veteran of the West, wandering around in the grilling heat, with a little active Virginian, Colonel Edward Berkley of Halifax, Virginia, ninety-two years old, yet as active as a boy. Indeed he led me a merry chase, as he followed the line of Pickett's charge across the fields and eminences. He brought with him his most precious treasures—autographed letters from General Lee—whose memory is in the South what Grant's is in the North and West. Perhaps Lee is even more deeply loved, for has it not been said that two books are to be found on every southern table—first, the Bible and second "The Life of Robert E. Lee."

Every veteran you met remarked that he was having "the time of his life," and indeed it was a graceful and a beautiful thing in the federal and state legislatures to abolish for the time all privileges of rank and wealth, and make every veteran the honored guest, who could sacrifice nothing but his time, in revisiting the scene of the great battle. Many arrived, a little weary and travel-worn. As they mounted the car platforms with cramped limbs they said apologetically, "Just give me time," or "My legs are a little stiff." But soon they were wonderfully fresh and vigorous again, and when they sat down to supper in an atmosphere deliciously redolent of splendid coffee and beefsteak and onions, it was evident that "the boys" were all right. There was no fear of many cases of overtaxed vitality. Indeed as one expressed himself, "This is all right. After this we can go home and die happy."

The meeting in the big tent on July 1 was the great event of the gathering, and the ovation which greeted Governor John

K. Tener of Pennsylvania as he welcomed his myriads of guests lacked neither the northern cheer or the southern battle-cry to give it spontaneity. A son of George E. Tener of Tyrone County, Ireland, and an English mother born at Nottingham, England, he came to America when very young, was educated in the Pittsburg common and high schools, began his career as an employe of the manufacturers of "the Smoky City," but from 1885 to 1890 became prominent as a professional baseball player with the Chicago National League team. In 1891 he became cashier

in well-chosen and generous words, leaving unsaid all but a message of love and admiration, for the men on both sides who had spared no sacrifice, that the right, as they saw it, might be maintained—a typical, able and sincere Northern speech. When the applause, which was general and hearty, had subsided and the bands had finished their interlude, he was followed by Commander-in-Chief General Bennett H. Young, whose eloquent and impassioned address fitly emphasized the psychical differences of temperament and impulse. It reminded the hearer of the



**BREAKFAST IN THE NORTH DAKOTA HEADQUARTERS**

The group of veterans includes: J. H. Mathews, Larimore, N. D.; Gov. L. B. Hanna of North Dakota; Ex-Gov. Van Sant, Minnesota, ex-Commander National G. A. R.; Col. Henry Hale, of the General Staff, Devil's Lake; C. H. Palmer, Casselton, N. D., farmer and business man

of the First National Bank of Charleroi, and later its president, and through his activity and services as Grand Treasurer and later Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, added to his already great popularity. In 1908 he was elected to Congress, but in 1910 was chosen Governor of Pennsylvania, in which capacity he became the official host of the great anniversary.

Judge Alfred H. Beers, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, welcomed his comrades and their fellow-guests of the United Confederate Veterans

plan of a Confederate assault as he declared with intense fervor, "I came more than half a thousand miles from my home, but I am at home anywhere within the confines of this, my country. We men of the South are here today with unshaken faith in the justice of the cause for which we fought. We have no apologies for aught we did in the past. As we bring no regrets, we ask none. If any Confederate soldier came here with even the thought in his mind that in that great struggle he was wrong, his uniform should be torn from him, and he should hang his head in

shame." Equally fervent were his expressions of esteem and good-will for his former adversaries, and one could well imagine what this silver-tongued, courteous gray-haired gentleman must have been fifty years ago when with Morgan or Forrest his fiery thoughts found expression in charge and foray. He, too, was applauded to the echo, and the high, shrill "Rebel yell" easily rose above the deeper diapason of the Northern "Hurrah" or throaty "Tigaarr," the overture of the attendant bands, and the sharp staccato rhythm of some veteran snare-drummer, whose resonant strokes nearly rivalled the detonations of musketry file-firing. Many allusions drew tears from dimming eyes that had seldom yielded to pain or self-pity, for there is something in bygone comradeship and the memories of a great past that few men can contemplate unmoved.

On the college campus I met Dr. Beckley, of the Seminary faculty, who had heard President Lincoln's immortal address at the dedication of the cemetery half a century ago. He pictured the tall, gaunt form as he delivered his brief address, holding the manuscript in both hands with a benediction-like gesture, and yet no one was conscious that he read from the paper. As he turned to leave the platform people thought he was about to take a swallow of water and had no idea that he had finished his speech. There was no applause or response, and Lincoln felt that he had failed in rising to the grandeur of the occasion, but posterity realized the simple, magnetic strength and beauty of his words. A little fair-haired girl also heard him, and now was present at the anniversary, a silver-haired lady, who vivaciously told how she had seen with her eyes and heard with her ears what most of us know only as ancient history.

ON the crest of Little Round Top, surmounting a rough boulder once red with human blood, and scarred with bullets, stands the statue of General Warren, Meade's chief of staff, whose foresight and prompt action on July 2 undoubtedly saved this commanding position from capture by Hood's Texans and Law's Alabama riflemen. Here in almost hand-to-hand

conflict, and under the deadly fire of Barksdale's Mississippi sharpshooters, firing deliberately from the Devil's Den, Vincent, O'Rourke, Weed and Hazlitt died to hold the heights, while Barksdale fell mortally wounded and Hood and Anderson went to the rear seriously injured. That boulder is kept sacred; no one may profane it; like the Druid's Stone of Sacrifice, it has been hallowed with libations of the blood of the self-devoted and the brave. Beyond the boulders and cavernous clefts of the Devil's Den whence like deadly hornets so many fatal bullets had picked off its Federal defenders, Little Round Top looks down on the grainfields which greeted our eyes in much the same condition as they were before Sickles' infantry and artillery moved out to beard Longstreet's assault on July 2, and fought the good fight at the salient angle of the Peach Orchard and the Wheatfield. General Sickles, past ninety years, the observed of all observers, sat at the Rodgers House, looking across the arena in which he had balked Longstreet fifty years ago at terrific cost. The fiery old veteran was greeted by thousands of old soldiers of both armies, among them Major Bigelow of the Ninth Massachusetts Battery, who had covered his left flank as long as flesh and blood might endure, to be led off the field supposedly mortally wounded, yet half a century later able to visit the battlefield. Later General Sickles was carried by Confederate veterans to the field where photos were taken, after which he rode in a taxicab to the storied Bloody Angle, where the wheat stood still uncut, as it had done so many decades ago. Some seven or eight score Confederates, survivors of Pickett's Virginians, were already there, eager to secure one of the medals given by John Wanamaker on this occasion. My friend Colonel Beckley was as eager as the others to secure his medal, for these men will for the remnant of their lives treasure the simplest souvenir of their service.

On the Fourth of July President Woodrow Wilson arrived in Gettysburg and spent just forty-two minutes. It is said the President's first intention of remaining away from Gettysburg, due to a resolve that his first year of service should be

rigidly devoted to the duties of his office, was suddenly changed, recognizing the pre-eminent claims of this great anniversary.

**T**HE spectacle of General Bennett H. Young, as, splendidly mounted, he reviewed his veterans in camp exchanging greetings or pleasant reminders of ancient comradeship, suggested the gathering of Longstreet's brigades and reminded many of his sudden foray on St. Albans, Vermont, and fierce pursuit into Canada.

The story of Lee's failure at Gettysburg, in the light of the almost idolatrous affection in which he is held by the whole Southern people, has its striking analogy in one of the most frequent paradoxes in human life; that supreme struggle in which a man, after doing his best, falls short of success, yet even in defeat has the consciousness of deserving and in no small degree tastes the sweets of victory.

So, too, the greatly-daring advance of Sickles' Second Corps to check Longstreet's assault on the Federal left on July 2, has with the lapse of time come to be considered a stroke of military genius, which, whether proved or not, from a military point of view, prevented the occupation of Little Round Top and the consequent "crumpling up" of the left wing of Meade's army.

The interesting human incidents and traditions that in an uninterrupted stream flooded the heart and brain of the visitor

during those four days at Gettysburg are a thrilling memory. Handing in their checks for extra baggage, packing the old knapsack or modern grip with their small belongings and collecting relics of tin cups, flags, and souvenirs, the veterans made ready for their final parting. Many friends had met one another for the first time in many years, and thousands of old soldiers had found in one another a companion and friend whom it was now hard to part with forever. "For the years fly fast like a homing dove," and even the staunchest septuagenarian knows that distance, economy and the chances of life and death forbid another such meeting this side of the Final Review, "when the serried hosts of the Civil War file by the legions above." So with many lingering graspings of wrinkled hands and regretful goodbyes, the veterans parted, some of northern birth to seek homes in the sunny South; some of southern, to go far northward and westward, where home and business ties had drawn them, and after they had met in amity and mutual good offices, there was little to keep the most of them away from home. The old banners were waved, the bands and drums broke the silence for the last time, and with cheers and farewells and waving of hands, the old soldiers of the Gettysburg fight bade adieu to the scenes of their ancient battle wrath and their present reconciliation amid mutual tributes of esteem and honor.



GRAND ARMY OFFICERS AT CHATTANOOGA

Left to right—Alfred B. Beers, Commander-in-Chief, G. A. R.; Henry J. Seeley, Adjutant-General, G. A. R.; Cola D. R. Stowits, Quartermaster-General, G. A. R.



A CHARMING personality, known to millions of newspaper readers in all parts of the country, is Walt Mason, original blank verse, postal-card, breakfast table poet. He lives at Emporia, Kansas, which is also the home of William Allen White. Day after day, with the eye of a philosopher, he comments with neighbors and even talks to strangers in rhyme, just as he writes. Day after day, the townsfolk see his sturdy form, hair thrown back *a la Pompadour*, "hitching up" his horse to the buggy to take a ride from his vine-covered cottage in and around Emporia boulevards (not streets since William Allen White went to Europe). Here is a real picture of the Kansas poet who, with the grim humor of Artemus Ward, the philosophy of Josh Billings, and rhymes that in rolling rhythm would match Kipling, has made his name of household fame. Even if he were becomingly attired in a green denim suit with a yellow necktie, Walt Mason could not better fill his title, the "Sunflower Poet," as he walks down the streets of Emporia, talking with "his home people" as in the early days before his name was known outside the city limits. To adorn Walt Mason with a sunflower might suggest Oscar Wilde, the aesthetic poet, and there the comparison ends, for plain, homely, common sense permeates the tabloid philosophy prescribed by Mason each day for his readers. "What Walt Mason says" is now in the minds of readers as they open up the newspapers and look for that "preferred position, double column" on the editorial page. The genius of Walt Mason is simplicity and rollicking good humor.

Big-hearted, jovial, brainy, a good citizen and an all-round good fellow—what more could be said of even a poet?

We might append herewith the date of his birth, the figures of his girth and height, and incidents of his early struggles up the ladder of fame, whispering that his early ambition was to be head hostler at the livery stable—but that would not seem like telling about "Walt" Mason. Early in life, his friends dropped the "er" from his front name and he remains "Walt" Mason, thoroughly human and one of those authors whose comment is looked forward to and read without a scowl or a frown. To the voice of the tempter calling him East, he has turned a deaf ear, for he loves Kansas and loves his own West with patriotic devotion. It has often been darkly intimated that some time Walt expects to make a trip East; to stand in the shadow of the dome of the Capitol, see the Bowery in New York and Bunker Hill Monument in Boston, and then return to Emporia, his traveling exploitations complete.

Every time a letter arrives from Walt Mason, the inclination is to call back "Hello, Walt!"—for he speaks in a sort of modern telephonic phraseology, and nothing short of a colloquial greeting seems an adequate response to the challenge of good nature and good cheer which flows every day from the pen of the Kansas poet, philosopher and sterling good fellow.

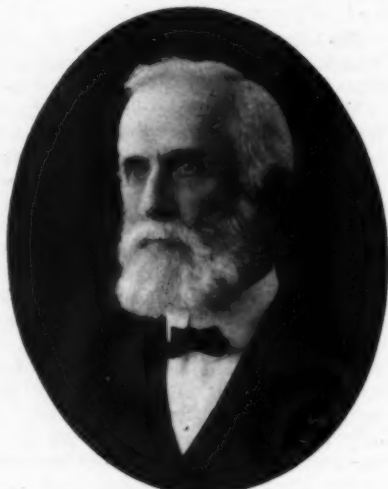
• • •

IN many of the growing cities of the Middle West, men are living who saw the beginning and have done as much for the



development of the nation as those who have figured more conspicuously in public print. Despite ups and downs of pioneer life, they have gone on with unswerving faith and have witnessed more than a realization of their early dreams, inspired by confidence in the future of a country with productive soil and enterprising people.

Leaving his college course at Brown University, Mr. Emmons Johnson married as a young man and started from his home in western New York for the State of Iowa, where at Waterloo he established



MR. EMMONS JOHNSON

Dean of Iowa bankers and pioneer banker in the Middle West

a home, then beyond the extension of the western march of railroads. He built the first grain elevator in Waterloo; and in 1864, four years after his arrival, the first bank in Bremer County, Iowa, was opened and managed by him, under the name of Johnson, Leavitt & Company. After various changes, this bank became the First National Bank of Waverly, of which Mr. Johnson is now the president and principal stockholder. About after seven years, the business at Waverly was sold, a new partnership was formed with Mr. Leavitt, and Mr. Johnson removed to Waterloo. This partnership continued for about forty years, or nearly to the close of Mr. Leavitt's life.

In the business of the firm the efforts of Mr. Johnson were largely devoted to securing funds from the East to help develop the farming interests of the state. In the early days the settlers needed money for the purchase of lands, for buildings, for stock, machinery and supplies. At that time, there were no credit institutions of importance in the East who would lend money upon the Iowa mortgages, now so widely sought. More effectually to promote the farm loan department of the business, the Leavitt & Johnson Trust Company was organized. Through the assistance of this Company, farms were bought, and many comfortable and handsome farm homes were made possible throughout the most prosperous farming section of the world, because the ammunition was secured to battle for development. This ammunition, which was furnished through the agency of this company, totalled many millions. It not only supplied a need in Iowa but satisfied a demand in the East for a solid investment. The interest return alone on these funds has been some six millions of dollars. Not a dollar of either principal or interest was lost, and the elimination of litigation, to the great satisfaction of both lender and borrower, shows the care with which the funds were invested. The friends of Mr. Johnson take just pride in a fifty-year record of this sort. He has been among the foremost in the up-building of his town and has given liberally to its development.

Mr. Johnson is probably the oldest active banker in the State of Iowa and is still largely interested in three of its prominent banking institutions, one of which has had continuous existence since founded by Mr. Leavitt in 1856. His belief in imperial old Iowa continues with his old-time enthusiasm, and he has also taken a personal interest in young men born on Iowa soil, and has given liberally to churches, schools and colleges. In his home at Waterloo are many beautiful paintings by his talented daughter, who is an artist of considerable ability. His oldest son, E. L. Johnson, has been associated with him in the business for more than twenty-five years and will succeed to the business.

Every one in Mr. Johnson's home town and state feel an affectionate regard for the dean of the Iowa bankers and the man who still retains the enthusiasm, cool-headed judgment and common sense resultant from the rugged experience of the early pioneer of the Middle West, whose hard work, healthy ideals and hopefulness brought forth harvests which have made an empire state on the sea of grassy prairies, bordering the waters of the great Mississippi and Missouri Rivers.

\* \* \*

**W**ITHIN the memory of those who still insist on being called young people the use of the talking machine and graphophone has become almost universal and indispensable to the home life of our people. In our own cozy homes we are today enjoying visits from the great musical artists, keeping us in touch with all the best music and song craft of the times—and all this from the point of a magic needle, which from an artificial larynx reproduces the best masterpieces of music and song. The needle that our grandmothers plied in darning socks and mending has now expanded beyond the point of mere utility, for its touch transports from the opera house to the home the charm of music, dramatic eloquence and deathless song.

The life of a popular song is short today because of the swift way in which its melody covers the country from ocean to ocean in an almost continuous echo from home to home.

The educational value of the talking machine and phonograph was long ago established. Popular taste in music has undergone a revolution. Home music in America began with the spinet; then followed the old-time melodeon, the reed organ, the piano and the player piano, and now it is the talking machine and phonograph. Each month the new talking machine records are becoming a subject for the reviewer in his struggle to keep pace with the activities of new books, new music and "best sellers." Improvements and still more improvements are the order of the day, yet still the wonder of the hour is the perfected talking machine and phonograph. It is almost as marked in its influence on contemporary life as the

automobile. The standardization of records is only a question of a few years. It has been a decided step forward from the crude sounds of the early phonograph when Thomas Edison perfected his first instrument with the repeated words about "Mary Had a Little Lamb" to the renditions of the talking machine and phonograph of today.

In New York recently I ran across a



MR. M. B. CLAUSSEN

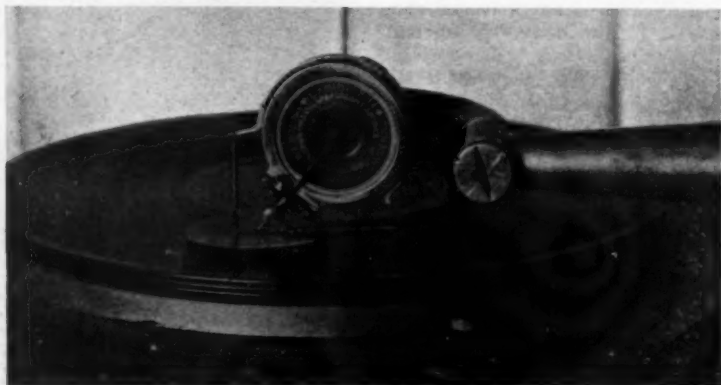
The young inventor of the Masterphone, an attachment which gives a magical interpretation of the human voice in talking machine records

friend whose enthusiasm was beyond expression. He had just purchased a new contrivance for his talking machine, called a Masterphone. He carried it in his pocket and he urged me to stop in at a salesroom on Broadway to see what wonders his simple attachment would work even on the perfected machine. The voice in the box seemed to come right out and stand before us with a tone clear and well modulated with that peculiar timbre characteristic of the human voice. He attached and detached the Masterphone in a few

seconds by simply slipping it over the circumference of the sound box and the point of the needle. This simple clarifying articulating and amplifying attachment for talking machines was discovered by the accidental touching of a fine needle with the finger while a record was being played. The inventor, Mr. M. B. Claussen, while testing out records some two years ago, happened to touch the needle and noticed that it vibrated. He was using a very fine, straight sided needle, which produced a low, sweet tone, but lacked the power to propel the sound from the box. This fine needle was free from scratch, and while it did not produce the volume of the heavy

tones and caused each word and note to be reproduced clearly and distinctly from the next one. Indistinct records became audible. Tones never heard before were brought out. The sound was lifted clear of the machine. The singer or musician seemed to be in the room, not in the box. It reproduced all the artist put into the record in the artist's natural voice and with the musician's exquisite effect.

Tests made under a microscope of records played one thousand times with the Masterphone showed no perceptible wear. The long point of the fine needle reached all parts of the record, but did not break down the wall. Further experiments



THE MASTERPHONE

A wonderful contrivance for the phonograph recently invented, and discovered quite by accident, although its inventor had given long study and much experiment to its perfection

needle, it had none of the heavy needle's mechanical tones. Mr. Claussen argued with himself that if he could add power to the vibration of this needle, it would produce all there was in the record equal in volume to that of the heavy needle without any of its defects, such as scratchy after-tones, which produce the mechanical effect and the great wear on the records caused by its weight and rigidity.

After trying many devices to increase the vibration, Mr. Claussen found that a disk of a certain diameter, thickness and density attached to the fine needle near its point not only increased the volume of the tone manifold, but retained all its purity of expression, and, at the same time, by its vibratory action eliminated the after-

showed that by slightly increasing the length of a fine, straight-sided needle, the vibrations were increased and the reproduction brought to the point of perfection. The Masterphone is made to fit this needle, and with it produces the best results.

Musicians, singers and public speakers who have listened to their records reproduced with the Masterphone are enthusiastic over the clear and brilliant rendering of both instrumental and vocal selections.

\* \* \*

**P**LUPY becomes an Editor! How did it happen? Well, he and Beany and Pewt felt the cruel pinch of poverty. "Got any chink?" "Not a gol-darned red," was the question and answer always

heard when the boys met. So they put their heads together.

"What about Pewt's printin' press?" suggested Plupy.

"My father said," chimed in Beany, "that if somebody started a paper that would print real news in it, he could make gobs of money."

"I say, fellers," said Pewt, "less try it. Franklin printed a paper once when he was a boy."

"Huh! Franklin didn't print no paper; he invented lightning," said Beany.

"Betcher!"

"Betcher!"

"Whattleyoubet?"

"Whattleyou?"

"Don't daster!"

"You don't daster neither!"

"Aw!"

"Aw!"

"Come on, fellers," said Plupy, "quit jawin' now. How about printin' a newspaper?"

And that was the beginning of a new publication which caused more excitement in Plupy's town than the yellowest of metropolitan dailies do in New York, Boston or Chicago. In the December NATIONAL, Judge Henry A. Shute will tell the tale of Plupy's venture, and we believe you will agree that there was never a funnier Plupy story. Some of our manuscript readers say that they are still laughing over it—and it is hard to strike the humorous side of a manuscript reader.

"The Lambaster" of itself is worth the price of the December NATIONAL. Other popular NATIONAL writers, however, will be represented in this number, which we feel will make a fitting close to a year in which the NATIONAL has striven for improvement each month.

A coincidence in the December story list will be the appearance of two poets, Mr. Arthur Wallace Peach and Mr. Edward Wilbur Mason, in the fiction pages. Mr. Peach's story is "Plotters Twain"; Mr. Mason's "The Girl With the Changing Face"—we believe both will make a strong appeal to you. Mr. Horace Hazeltine will contribute a thrilling bit of fiction entitled "The Unruly Member"; and a story by Miss Marie Gueringer, "The Lollypop Woman and the Shoestring Man," is one of those "seamy side" sketches that strike a responsive chord.

Good cheer will permeate the December NATIONAL. Mitchell Mannering will tell about "Laughs Echoed from the Cloak



MR. WILLIAM G. EDENS OF CHICAGO

Who, as the NATIONAL went to press, was elected for the third time as Supreme Representative by the Knights of Pythias of Illinois. By profession Mr. Edens is a banker; he holds office as assistant secretary of the Central Trust Company, Chicago, and is a prominent member of the American Bankers' Association. By inclination "Billy" Edens is a farmer. His creed includes one hundred bushels of corn and fifty bushels of wheat to the acre, and he believes that the only good weed is a dead weed.

Room," a sketch of Congressional wit, and the editor is already on his way to the National Capital to gather up interesting material and photographs for the December "Affairs at Washington." The feature article will be "West Virginia, the Land Overlooked." In all, the December NATIONAL will be notable as a "year end" issue, preceding the Holiday number, and being in the nature of a farewell to 1913, with a promise for a great New Year to come.



THE CONVENTION OF THE SUPREME LODGE, KNIGHTS

(Continued from page 273)

description. The Pythians of New York made sure of their finances for all time before opening the Home.

Many other Grand Domains are creating Home Funds to be used in establishing Homes in the future, and in some states a relief fund is maintained to help needy members of the order and Pythian dependents.

Pythian Homes are indeed doing a wonderful work, and many incidents could be related illustrating further the character of that work—incidents that touch the heart and make every Pythian proud of his connection with this great fraternity. Such an incident is related by Brother W. F. Bruce, a member of the Board of Directors of the Ohio Pythian Home. It is the story of a little girl who was admitted three years ago to that Home. She was sick, deformed and weary of life. Sadness and gloom were her companions and sorrow walked ever by her side. This little girl was a victim of congenital dislocation of the hip. The deformity was a frightful one and the child walked with great difficulty and only with the aid of a crutch. Her mentality was affected, her school grades very low, and she was cross, peevish and fretful. The members of the board concluded as a last resort to try a

surgical operation, and the little sufferer was taken to Cincinnati, where the operation was performed by one of the most noted specialists of the Middle West. The effect was marvelous. The withered limb was straightened and the work of reconstruction begun. The life of this child was changed by the wonderful skill of modern surgery. Today she participates with the other children in all the games of the Home. Her whole nature has been transformed. She is making splendid progress in her school work and life for her has the same bright outlook that it has for the other children of the Home. From a gloomy, peevish, fretful child, dwarfed in body and mind, she became a happy, natural child, the mental equal of her playfellows and almost their physical equal.

Another touching story comes to us from Brother John W. Carter, Grand Keeper of Records and Seal of Kentucky, the story of five little girls who were received into the Kentucky Pythian Home four years ago. The father was a locomotive engineer and had provided well for their comfort and education during his life. He was strong, stalwart and in the prime of physical manhood. His health was unimpaired and, of course, he expected to care for his





OF PYTHIAS, AT DENVER, COLORADO, AUGUST 6-13, 1913

home and family for many years. In the natural course of events he probably would have done so. But alas! We know not what tomorrow may bring to us of good or ill! One fatal day his engine left the track, and the husband and father, standing at his post of duty, was hurled to his death without a moment's warning, and his wife and children were left with but little means of support. For two years the gentle mother battled with the adversities that had overtaken her; but the way was too steep, the burden too heavy, and the fight too hard, and she too closed her eyes in the sleep that will end only when the angels' call shall be heard on the Resurrection morn! And these tenderly reared little girls were now orphans indeed! Father and mother both gone and they were alone. Ah, no, not entirely alone, for the father had been a Knight of Pythias and had left them a great inheritance—the love and care of his Pythian brothers! He had been a part of this great brotherhood, and his children were welcomed with open arms to the Kentucky Pythian Home.

The Home was made brighter and happier for their coming, and, after a while, Time, "the Great Healer," dispersed the gloom and sadness that surrounded them and they began to respond to their oppor-

tunities. One of these girls graduated from the Home more than a year ago and is filling an important business position in Lexington. Two of her younger sisters contested with eighty-five graduates from all the schools in the county, where the Home is located, for two medals for the best standing of scholarship, and won. The fourth sister is developing great talent as an artist, and the youngest one is a general favorite in the Home and gives great promise of equaling in accomplishments her older sisters. Can anyone conceive of a greater work than is illustrated by these two incidents? In the first, a child rescued from a mental and physical wreck and given a chance to fight and win life's battles. In the second, five naturally bright girls saved from drudgery and want and given an opportunity to become useful members of society. This is indeed a great and God-given work—a work of which the world should know, for it cannot help but touch the hearts of men and women and thus inspire emulation and add to the sum of human happiness.

#### INSURANCE DEPARTMENT

The Insurance Department of the Supreme Lodge Knights of Pythias is a branch of our order which issues certificates of in-

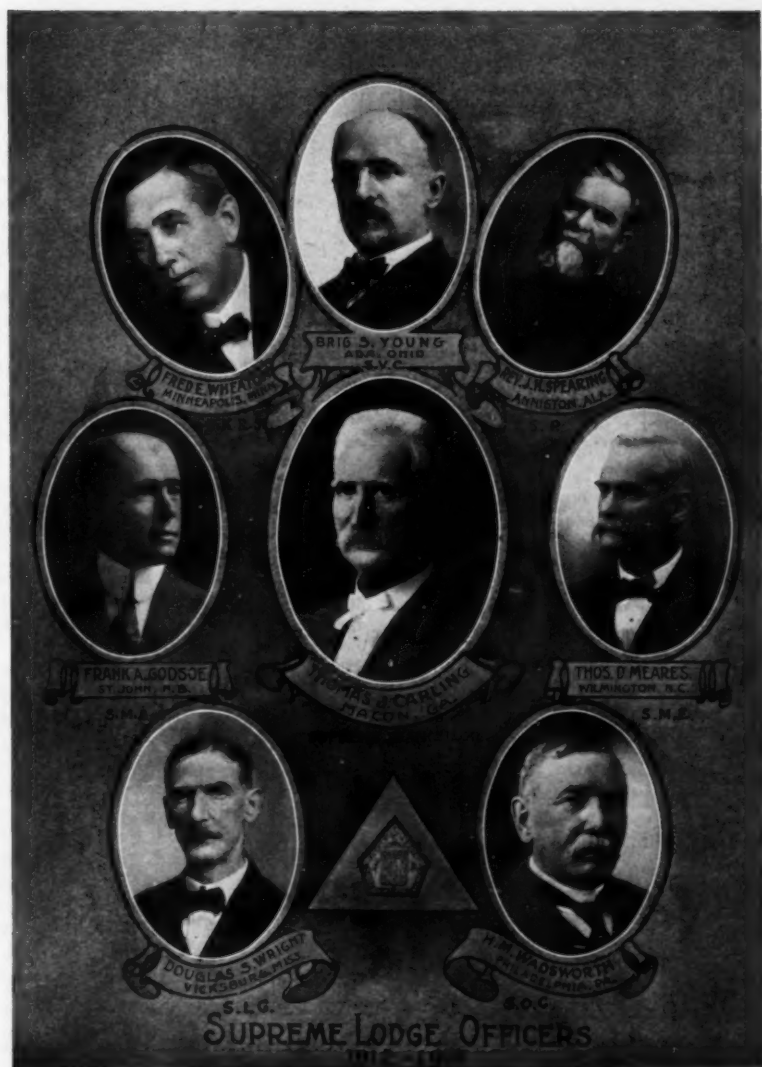
insurance only to Knights of Pythias in good standing and who can pass a satisfactory medical examination. Its rates are based upon the American Experience Table of Mortality, with three and one-half per cent interest, recognized by leading actuaries of the United States as being adequate and safe. It is legislated for and controlled by the Supreme Lodge Knights of Pythias. Its Board of Directors, known as the "Board of Control," is elected by the Supreme Lodge, the Supreme Chancellor and the Supreme Vice-Chancellor being members of this Board. This Department was organized and began doing business in 1877 and since its organization has paid to the beneficiaries of deceased Pythians more than \$36,000,000. It has 71,000 certificates in force, with insurance amounting to about \$100,000,000, every certificate of which, according to the best actuaries that can be found, is protected by the proper legal reserve. Its assets amount to \$5,054,829.13 and are invested in the best cashable securities obtainable, which consist of high-grade state, county, township, city and school district bonds, on which its interest earnings average about five per cent, and amount to almost a quarter of a million dollars annually. At the request of its officers, the affairs of this Department are examined each year by the State Insurance Department of Indiana, where the Home Office is located, and that Department has commended the care and business judgment with which these investments are made. The Department is not operated for profit, but for the benefit of its members. Consequently, any surplus earnings over the amount necessary for legal reserve purposes is returned to the members in the form of waived payments. From 1908 to 1913, inclusive, the sum of \$1,130,000.00 has been returned to the members in the form of waived payments.

#### MILITARY DEPARTMENT

The Military Department of the order, formerly known as the "Uniform Rank," and still generally known by that title, came into existence in the seventies, when the military spirit was strong and found a ready response from the young men of the country. At the time of the birth of this

branch of the order, when Pythianism was making but little progress and there was grave doubt as to the order's future, the military feature seemed to be just the one thing needed to inject new life into the institution. Gen. James R. Carnahan, of Indiana, a born soldier, was the first major-general and continued in that position until his death, when he was succeeded by Major-Gen. Arthur J. Stobart, of St. Paul, Minnesota, who is the major-general of the Military Department at this time. General Carnahan was a soldier in the Civil War, having served as aide-de-camp on the staff of Gen. George H. Thomas, the "Rock of Chickamauga." He was popular with his men, but a strict disciplinarian, and under his command an encampment of the Uniform Rank was under as strict discipline as a camp of United States soldiers. The men who make up the Military Department are among the most loyal, earnest and self-sacrificing members of the order, and most of them have given time and money without any hope of reward, save that which springs from the consciousness of duty well performed, coupled with the knowledge of having been able to do good.

No military fraternal body has stood higher than the Military Department of the Order of Knights of Pythias. It has been recognized and commended by officers of the United States Army and heads of government departments, and during its encampments is given every courtesy the government can extend. During the Spanish-American War, General Carnahan tendered the services of the entire organization to the government, and while it was not deemed necessary to accept the organization as a body, many of the best officers of that war were men who had learned military tactics and had their patriotism intensified as members of the Pythian Military Department. Gen. Curtis Guild, Jr., former governor of Massachusetts, and recently United States Ambassador to Russia, who was inspector general on the staff of General Lee, during the "War of '98," has stated publicly that he saw more badges and emblems of the Knights of Pythias among the "boys," in the Spanish-American War, than he saw of any other society or organization. Since



that experience he has become a member of New England Lodge, Knights of Pythias, of Boston.

The tenets of this Department are Loyalty, Justice and Honor. It is patterned after the regular army, being the only fraternal military department organized and controlled under the United

States Army drill regulations. [It numbers at this time some twenty thousand Sir Knights, organized into companies, battalions, regiments and brigades. In the past the parades of the Military Department have been the most attractive features of Supreme Lodge conventions, and have done much to bring attention

to the order itself. The Supreme Chancellor is the commander-in-chief of the Uniform Rank, while the Major-General is the active commander. General Stobart is working hard to restore this branch of the order to the place it deserves in Pythian Knighthood and with excellent prospects of success.

#### DRAMATIC ORDER OF KNIGHTS OF KHORASSAN

It has been said that the Dramatic Order of Knights of Khorassan is the "playground of Pythianism," and while this may be true, yet as the name implies, its ritual is dramatic and impressive and carries with it a beautiful picture of life. The first temple of the D. O. K. K. was organized in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1895. The uniform of the organization is striking and attractive and always creates enthusiasm whenever worn. The members of this order are men who are especially enthusiastic in fraternal and Pythian work and the membership is limited solely to Knights of Pythias. The last reports show ninety temples, with a membership of 18,688, and a cash balance of \$13,718.90. While not yet officially recognized by the Supreme Lodge Knights of Pythias, steps have been taken to secure such recognition, and a majority of the officers of the Supreme Lodge have expressed themselves in favor of this action. At the meeting of the Imperial Palace held in Minneapolis in July, 1913, the Supreme Chancellor and Supreme Vice-Chancellor assured the members of the Palace that they would favor such recognition. This assurance was enthusiastically received, and the Imperial Palace appointed a committee to present the claims of the "Dokeys" for recognition at the meeting of the Supreme Lodge, to be held in Winnipeg in 1914.

#### PYTHIAN SISTERS

The Pythian Sisters is an organization composed of wives, mothers, sisters and daughters of the members of the order of Knights of Pythias. The author of the ritual of this organization was Joseph Addison Hill of Greencastle, Indiana, who was an intimate personal friend of Justus H. Rathbone, the founder of the parent order, and was a man of great learning. He was an earnest and devoted Pythian, a

sincere believer in the principles of fraternity. He had high ideals of womanhood and believed that woman not only needed organized fraternity, but that organized fraternity also needed the help of women. He prepared the ritual about 1877, but the prejudice against a woman's organization was much greater then than now, and it was not until 1888 that the Supreme Lodge Knights of Pythias, in session at Cincinnati, recommended that a ladies' rank be established using his ritual. The first Temple was organized at Warsaw, Indiana, October 22, 1888, with seventy-three members.

The tenets of the order are Purity, Love, Fidelity and Equality. Its purpose is to promote the moral, mental and social well-being of its members. Its growth has been rapid and it now has forty-two Grand Jurisdictions with members in a number of states that have not yet organized Grand Temples, its total membership at this time being about 145,000.

The Pythian Sisters are doing a splendid work. They are furnishing rooms in hospitals, assisting in educating worthy boys and girls, giving opportunities for the poor to enjoy healthful outings, furnishing entertainment to shut-ins, ministering with gentle hands to the sick and afflicted, providing nurses for the poor, assisting in civic improvements, distributing books and magazines, and at Christmas time providing Christmas trees loaded with toys for children, who but for these good women would know naught of the glad holiday season. The organization spends thousands of dollars annually for charitable purposes, while its individual members work unceasingly to better conditions in the world and scatter happiness and good cheer everywhere.

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The present list of Supreme Lodge officials is as follows:

P. S. C., Judge George M. Hanson, Calais, Me.; S. C., Thomas J. Carling, Macon, Ga.; S. V. S., Brig S. Young, Ada, Ohio; S. Prel., Rev. Joseph H. Spearing, Columbia, Tenn.; S. K. R. S., Fred E. Wheaton, Minneapolis, Minn.; S. M. E., Capt. Thomas J. Meares, Wilmington, N. C.; S. M. A., Frank A. Godsoe, St. John, N. B.; S. I. G., Douglas S. Wright, Vicks-



GEN. ARTHUR J. STOBART  
Commanding the Uniform Rank



HON. UNION B. HUNT, P.G.C.  
President Insurance Department



MRS. IDA M. JOHNSON  
Supreme Chief, Pythian Sisters



CHARLES I. RICE  
Imperial Prince, D.O.K.K.



burg, Miss; S.O.G., Harry M. Wadsworth, Philadelphia, Pa.

The order has had splendid leadership in the past, and in the list of Supreme Chancellors are men whose names are high on the roll of achievement in business or professional life, and whose influence in civic affairs has been marked. Beginning with the founder, Justus H. Rathbone, William P. Westwood and Major Edward Dunn—the latter now living in Washington—were created Past Supreme Chancellors. On the organization of the Supreme Lodge in 1868, Samuel Read of New Jersey was chosen as the first chief executive of the order and served four years. His successors have been as follows: 1872-1874, Henry Clay Berry, Illinois; 1874-1878, Stillman S. Davis, New Hampshire; 1878-1880, David B. Woodruff, Georgia; 1880-1882, George W. Lindsay, Maryland; 1882-1884, John P. Linton, Pennsylvania; 1884-1886, John Van Walkenberg, Iowa; 1886-1888, Howard Douglass, Ohio; 1888-1890, William Ward, New Jersey; 1890-1892, George B. Shaw, Wisconsin; 1892-1894, William W. Blackwell, Kentucky; 1894-1896, Walter R. Richie, Ohio; 1896-1898, Philip T. Colgrove, Michigan; 1898-1900, Thomas G. Sample, Pennsylvania; 1900-1902, Ogden H. Fethers, Wisconsin; 1902-1904, Tracy R. Bangs, North Dakota; 1904-1906, Charles E. Shiveley, Indiana; 1906-1908, Charles A. Barnes, Illinois; 1908-1910, Henry P. Brown, Texas; 1910-1912, George M. Hanson, Maine; 1912- Thomas J. Carling, Georgia.

Such is the great order of Knights of Pythias and its several auxiliaries or branches. It is, indeed, worthy of the best efforts of the best men, for the world is better because it has lived. Its intense loyalty to constituted authority should win for it the earnest support of the patriotic citizens of all countries where the Pythian banner has been planted. Its advocacy and support of law and order has made it a potent factor in the advancement of civic righteousness. Its earnest practice of the principles of fraternity has encouraged many a man, who was almost ready to give up the fight, to take a new start and finally to win the battle. It has kept widows and orphans from be-

coming charges upon the public by providing homes that permitted them to enjoy as nearly as possible the comforts of the family fireside, providing for the comfort of the mother and for the care and education of the children. It has taken indigent members of the order, who, because of failing health, or other misfortune, have failed in their fight for competency, and provided comforts for them and their wives in their declining years.

The principles of Pythian Knighthood are sympathy, love and loyalty to constituted authority, both human and divine, and, therefore, are principles of eternal right. Our adherence to these principles has made and will continue to make our order a mighty reinforcement of the powers that are striving to drive lawlessness from the earth, to make the world better and to lessen the sufferings of mankind.

To help humanity is the mission of the Pythian world, and what a field there is for this work! It is bordered by the earth's circle. It is everywhere. In the great cities, in the towns and villages, on the farm and in the factory, human hearts are yearning for sympathy and love.

In rendering temporal assistance, Knights of Pythias do not hesitate to contribute of their substance when occasion requires, always bearing in mind however, that the most effective help that can be given to a man or woman in need is to assist them in finding employment, where they can make an honest living and maintain their self-respect.

Friendship, Charity and Benevolence are the tenets of our order, and it is for us to live up to these great principles. They are beautiful in theory, but useful only as they bring practical results. True Pythianism means a genuine love of home, a true regard for the rights of our fellow-man, real protection to our loved ones, and gentlest care for the widow and the orphan and the brothers who need our aid. It is ours to visit the sick, to bury the dead, always to be ready with a kind word, a cheering smile, a sincere and honest grasp of the hand, and to make whatever sacrifices may be necessary to drive darkness and hate from the hearts of our fellows and replace them with sunlight and love and good cheer.

# The Passing of Dual Telephones

by W. C. Jenkins

MILLIONS of dollars invested in independent telephone systems in Ohio, at a time when the telephone was largely an experiment and no one knew its real advantages or the limitations of the service, is a tribute to the courage of the financiers who backed these enterprises. What these men have done for the people of Ohio in the way of telephone development must always be recognized, but we cannot go on forever coddling independent telephone exchanges in our various cities, even though such undertakings at one time served a useful purpose, if they have now lost their usefulness, as many of them have.

There was a time when street cars hauled by mules or horses were not only tolerated but welcomed upon the streets of our cities. The highest point of engineering development had provided that these cars be heated by straw up to the knees of the passengers. When the cable systems were introduced, many of the horse cars disappeared, and in a brief period the cable in turn gave way to the electric trolley. During these experimental days every city of importance had street railway companies galore and it is stated that, in what is known as the metropolitan district of Pittsburgh, no less than one hundred and fifty different companies were organized, and each served a part of the people for a few years. All the companies are now consolidated into one operating company. This consolidation has been in line with the spirit of economy and improved methods of development during recent years, and notwithstanding the predictions of those who believed they saw a great monopoly springing into being, the ultimate result has been that no one has been injured, while on the other hand thousands have been benefitted.

The efforts of the early pioneers in street railway construction, even though they were actuated by mercenary motives,

must be given due credit in history; but the extent of the credit can only be for serving a useful purpose for a brief period.

Now what has been the history of the telephone in Ohio? Have the same progressive ideas, which have marked the growth and development of other public utility enterprises, been applied? The answer is an emphatic negative. And who is to blame? Not the people, because they have been unanimous for the past five years in their demands that the obsolete be supplanted by modern requirements; in other words, that the dual telephone system in nearly every Ohio city shall speedily become a convenience of the past.

The people of Ohio have grown weary of political predictions regarding the dangers of telephone monopoly; in fact, such theories have so waned in popularity that today very few men will undertake to insult the intelligence of the people by advocating a continuance of competition in street car service, gas, electric light or telephone. This does not mean that the people are demanding confiscatory methods to bring about better conditions, but that by a practical and satisfactory financial plan the competing systems in the various cities be not only permitted but be required to consolidate.

In order to show that this spirit prevails, the legislature of Ohio passed a law providing a method by which consolidation could be brought about, and providing for the strict regulation of the Consolidated company with respect to the furnishing of a first-class service at reasonable rates. Since the enactment of this measure, the people have waited in vain for anything like satisfactory results with reference to the telephone service. It is true that in a few of the smaller towns consolidation has been effected by one company buying out the other, but in the larger cities, Cleveland, Toledo, Columbus, Springfield, Dayton, etc., conditions are

in the same chaotic confusion as before the law was passed. Not only is this true, but the situation seems to be growing worse. With the lapse of years, the physical condition of some of the properties is rapidly deteriorating, and as the owners are "up in the air" regarding future plans, no new money has been put into many of the plants. As a consequence the people are compelled to accept a service not only woefully inadequate, but exasperating in the extreme.

At the time of the purchase of the larger independent properties in Ohio, by J. P. Morgan & Company, it was announced that the purchase was an investment; but at the same time, it was the general understanding in Ohio that the move was the first step towards a consolidation with the Bell properties. After the legislature had passed the law permitting consolidation, it was said that a general agreement had been worked out providing that the Bell companies in the larger cities should purchase the independent companies and allow local stockholders to acquire the securities in the consolidated companies to the extent of their interest in the independent concerns, and in the smaller towns the independents were to buy out the Bell, the latter to take for its properties either stock in the new companies or cash, at the option of the independents. It was also understood in a general way that the Bell Company should purchase the independent long distance lines, which would give every company in the state connection with the present long distance lines of both the Bell and Independent companies. This, of course, would be a great advantage to every telephone subscriber in Ohio, as the independents are very strong in service with the smaller towns, while the Bell has

the advantage in its connections to the larger cities of Ohio and the various metropolitan cities of the country.

Independent companies have no exchange in Cincinnati, although efforts have been made at various times to secure a franchise in that city. Its people were satisfied with the services of the local Bell company and emphatically refused to encourage the building of more than one system. As a consequence, Cincinnati cannot be reached by the independent lines, which places the subscribers of those companies at a great disadvantage.

The attitude of the Bell towards the independents in previous years has no bearing on the question today. The present spirit of the Bell, as evidenced during the past three years, is one of fairness, and it is said to be ready to meet the situation in an open-handed manner.

Nearly twenty thousand people in Cleveland are compelled to pay for two 'phones. Why impose such an unnecessary burden, especially when modern civilization has emphatically condemned such a useless waste of money. Today there is no principle to be fought for or danger to be averted by such a contribution of funds, and manifestly it is folly and waste.

There is a similar waste in many other Ohio cities through the continuance of two telephone systems.

Why is not something done? Why must this needless burden be longer carried by the people? Why should the intolerable nuisance of two telephones be allowed to continue when all of the necessary authority by the State to stop it has been provided? Will the state officials explain? Will the telephone companies explain?

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The health and duration of a state rests not on that point of its highest cultivation, but on a wise or fortunate equilibrium of its active living powers. The deeper in this living exertion the center of gravity lies the more firm and durable it is.—Herder.



### LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

**F**OR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return unavailable offerings.

#### CLEANING GILT PICTURE FRAMES

BY MRS. G. L. C.

Stir into a quart of water enough powdered sulphur to give it a slightly yellow tinge, and in this water boil four or five sliced onions. When strained, apply with a soft brush to soiled gilt frames.

#### To Clean Leather Couches, Chairs, Etc.

Go over entire surface with a cloth dipped in skimmed milk. This will clean all the creases and folds where the dust is liable to settle.

#### TO HELP AN ETHERIZED PATIENT

BY E. D.

A piece of sterilized gauze or absorbent cotton saturated with vinegar and held before the nostrils of a person coming from under the effects of an anesthetic will tend to ward off the nausea.

#### NUT AND POTATO BALLS

BY MRS. W. J. S.

Two cups mashed potato, one tablespoonful chopped parsley, salt and pepper, one slice of onion chopped, two tablespoonfuls of butter. Mix well, shape into balls. Open in the center and put in browned nut meats, garnish with almonds and bake for fifteen minutes.

#### LAMP CHIMNEYS

BY A. W.

Take a soft cloth dampened with kerosene to clean lamp chimneys, then polish with soft paper. They will be beautifully clear and will not break so easily as those washed in soapy water.

#### For Small Fruits

For cleaning berries or any small fruits, place them in an ordinary corn popper and shake thoroughly. This will not crush the fruit and is more quickly done.

#### KNITTED BOTTLE COVER

BY M. A. MCM.

This is best knitted on four needles, but may be done on two and sewed up afterward. Set up a sufficient number of stitches, according to the size of the bottle, to slip over it easily. The number must be a multiple of three. Knit once around plain; for the second round, put the thread before the needle, slip one stitch, knit two together, repeat until the round is finished, and continue knitting until the cover is a little longer than the bottle. Bind it off, gather the bottom to a point and run a string in the top, by which it may be fastened around the neck of the bottle. These covers are put on bottles to keep contents warm.

**PREVENTS THE SQUEAK**

BY V. B. L.

Rub a little hard soap on the hammock hook that squeaks and the noise will cease.

**Putting on Screw Covers**

If a screw cover troubles about going on evenly, give it a turn once or twice in a backward direction. It will then usually run on smoothly.

**NOVEL FRUIT DRYER**

BY MRS. C. E. A.

Hang a window screen over the kitchen stove to dry fruit on. It will dry very quickly.

**Discolored Dishes**

Discolored dishes may be whitened by boiling in a strong solution of sal soda and chloride of lime.

**NEW SUIT-PRESSING IDEA**

BY MRS. E. S. W.

When pressing a suit, rub it well with a dustless dust cloth. The amount of lint and dust that come off will be surprising. It also takes the shine from serge.

**To Pack Books**

When packing books, line the boxes with oil cloth. The volumes will be protected from damage, mold and mildew.

**LAUNDRY HINTS**

BY M. E. S.

Rub grass stains with cooking molasses, then wash the molasses out with soap and water. A faded dress may be made perfectly white by boiling in cream of tartar water. Add a large handful of salt to the rinsing water and clothes will not freeze while hanging them out in winter.

**Put Sand in Vases**

When using valuable vases for table decorations, fill one-quarter full of sand to prevent being knocked over.

**SEASONING A FOWL**

BY M. P.

In seasoning a fowl, the flavor may be improved by rubbing well into the flesh, salt and pepper to which ginger has been added. A spoonful of vinegar in the water in which fowl are boiled makes them tender. If an apple or onion is put in a duck to be roasted, it gives a fine flavor to the meat.

**EXTERMINATES WATER BUGS**

BY S. I. C.

Sprinkle borax thickly wherever water bugs gather. If done thoroughly, there will be no more trouble. It burns their feet, frightens them, and they leave the place, never to return. It will never fail.

**MOP FOR HARDWOOD FLOORS**

BY MRS. E. W. C.

A splendid mop for dusting hardwood floors can easily be made at home without expense. Cut feet from about six pairs of old stockings and draw through clasp of mop. Cut into half inch strips and oil with kerosene or floor oil until moist, making a duster that will last from two to three years.

**COWSLIP MEAD**

BY A. A. C.

One and one-half pints of sugar, one-half pint of molasses, two ounces of tartaric acid, one ounce essence of sassafras. Into the sugar and molasses pour three pints of boiling water and let it stand until lukewarm; then add the tartaric acid and sassafras. Bottle when cold. When required for a drink, put a tablespoonful of the mixture into a tumbler, fill two-thirds full of cold water, add a very little soda and drink while foaming. This makes a healthy, refreshing drink, which is very palatable.

**TO MAKE SMOOTH SAUCE**

BY E. C. H.

If the sugar and flour used in pudding sauce are stirred together dry, there can be no lumps when adding other ingredients. Boiling liquid may be poured over the mixture with perfect results.

**Tea Stains**

May be removed from china by rubbing with damp salt.

**WAIST COVERS**

BY MRS. L. H. P.

A convenient cover to keep waists from the light and dust can be made of one square yard of silklike of any desired shade. The edges may be trimmed with lace, feather stitching or binding of a contrasting shade. Cut a round hole in the center to put the hook of the hanger through and finish same as edges.

**To Clean Black Clothes**

Brush free from dust and sponge with water and vinegar and water—equal parts, then press.

**CANNING STRING BEANS**

BY B. A. B.

Put one teaspoonful of cream of tartar to each can; it is a great addition. When ready to cook, rinse in cold water.

**LIME IN TEAKETTLES**

BY MRS. F. T.

Place teakettle over fire and let it stay until steam ceases. Then turn in a little cold water and the lime deposit will be thoroughly removed.